

THE
WORKS
OF THE *K*

Famous and Worthy Knight,
Sir *DAVID LINDSAY*
of the *Mount*, alias, *Lyon*,
King of Arms.

Newly Corrected and vindicate from
the former Errors wherewith they
were corrupted : And augmented
with sundry Works, &c.

44-7-26-1489

JOB VII.

Militia est vita hominis supra terram.

Vivit etiam post funera virtus.



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Successors of *Andrew Anderson*,
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cellent Majesty, Anno Dom. 1709.

The PRINTER to the READER.

IT hath pleased GOD in all Ages, to raise up faithful and worthy Men, of singular Gifts and Graces (especially in the time of greatest Defection) to bear Witness to his Truth, and to rebuke the World of Sin: As Noah for the space of an Hundred and Twenty Years, before the Deluge came upon the old World, to preach Repentance. Lot in Sodom, whose Soul they vexed with their sinful Deeds. Moses, the Ruler of his people, sent of GOD to threaten Pharaoh, for their Oppression, resolved to suffer with God's people, rather than to commit Sin. And all his Prophets from time to time, to reprove and correct the Enormities not only of the Jews, but also of the Gentiles for their Sins. And in the time of the Gospel, how many notable Men of all Nations have given their Bodies to be cruelly Tormented for the Cause of CHRIST? And in our own Nation, among many other Learned Men, it pleased his Majesty, even in the time of palpable Darknes, to stir up this Author Sir David Lindsay, albeit a Courtier, and exercised about Matters of Estate: yet a Man of such Sincerity and Faithfulness, that he spared not, as well in his Satyrical Fables and Plays as in all other Works, to Enveigh most sharply, both against the Enormities of the Court, and the great Corruption of the Clergy, that it is wonder how he escape their Bloody Hands, they having such power at that time, as they practised in shedding the Blood of GOD'S Servants, Mr. Patrick Hamilton, Robert Forrester Gentleman, George Wilchart, and Walter Milne with divers others, Who gave their Lives for the Testimony of GOD'S Truth: and yet this Author ended his Days in peace, for all their cruel Menacing. This lets us see the wonderful Power and Providence of Almighty, that albeit he suffer the Wicked to execute their cruelty upon some of his Saints, yet he preserve others, that their Enemies have no power to touch a hair of their Heads, but as it pleaseth His Majesty to permit them. For further Commendation of the Author, his own Work shall testify his probity. I will not detain thee, good Reader, any longer from the perusing of the same,

A. P. R.

A P R O L O G U E

*Of the miserable Estate of the World, between
Experience and the Courtour.*

M Using and marvelling on the Misery,
From Day to Day in Earth which doth en-
And of each State the instability, (crease,
Proceeding of the restless business,
Whereon the most part do their mind address
Inordinately on hungry Covetice,
Vain Glore, Deseit, and other sensual Vice.

But tumbling in my Bed I might not ly,
Wherefore I went forth in a *May* Morning,
Comfort to get of my Melancholy,
Some-what before fresh *Phœbus* up rising,
Where I might hear the Birds sweetly sing;
Into a Park I past for my pleasure,
Decored well by craft of Dame Nature.

How I received Comfort natural,
For to describe at length, it were too lang,
Smelling the wholesome Herbs medicinal,
Whereon the dulec and balmy Dew down dang,
Like Orient Pearls upon the Twists hang:
Or how that the aromattick Odours,
Proceeded from the tender fragrant Flowers,

Or how *Phœbus*, that King Etherial,
Sweetly sprang up into the Orient,
Ascending in his Throne Imperial;
Whose bright and Boreal beams resplendent,
Illuminat all unto the Occident,
Comforting every corporal Creature,
Which formed were on Earth by Dame Nature.

Whose donk impurpur'd Vestment nocturnal,
With his imbrowdred Mantle maturine,
He left into his Region Auroral,
Which on him waited when he did decline,
Toward his Occident Palace Vespertine;

The first Book

And rose in Habite gay and glorious,
Brighter than Gold or Stones precious.

But *Cynthia* the horned Nights Queen,
She lost her Light, and Ied a lawer sail,
When once her sovereign Lord that she had seen
And in his presence waxed black and pale,
And over her Visage cast amistie Vail,
So did *Venus* the Goddels amorous,
With *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Mercurius*.

Right so the old intoxieate *Saturn*
Perceiving *Phebus* powr his Beams bright
Above the Earth, then made he no sojourn,
But suddenlie did lose his borrowed Light,
Which he did never show but in the Night.
So Pole Arctick, Urles, and Stars all,
Which situate are in the Septentrional.

(To erring Ships that are withour all Guide,
Convoing them upon the stormie Night)
Within their frostie Circle did them hide,
Howbeit that Starrs have none other light,
But the reflex of *Phebus* Beams bright.
That day durst none into the Heavens appear,
Till he had circuit all our Hemisphere.

Me thought it was a sight celestial
To see *Phebus* so Angel-like ascend
Into his fiery Chariot triumphal,
Whose Beantie bright I could not comprehend:
All care of Worldlie things did from me wend,
When fresh *Flora* spread forth her Tapestry,
Wrought by Dame *Nature* quient and curiously.

Painted with manie hundreth Heavenlie Hews,
Glad of the rising of that royal Roy,
With Blooms breaking on the tender Bews,
Which did provoke my Heart to natural Joy:
Neptune that day and *Eolus* held them coy,
That Men of far might hear the Birds sound,
Whose Noise did to the Starrie Heavens redound.

The pleasant Pown punzeing his Fethrem fair,
The mirthful Mavels made great melodie:
The lusty Lark ascended in the Air,

Numbrin

Numbring her natural Notes crafftillie,
The gay Gold-spink, the Merl right merrillie,
The noise of the noble Nightingales,
Redounded through the Mountains, Meads & Vales.

Contemplating this mirthful Harmonie,
How everie Bird drest them for to advance,
To salute Nature with their melodie,
That I stood gazing almost in a Trance,
To hear them make their natural observance
So royallie, that all the Rocks rang,
Through repercussion of their sugred Sang.

I lose my time, alas, for to rehearse
Such unfruitful and vain Description;
Or write into my rural ragged Verse,
Matter without Edification:
Considering how that mine intention,
Been to deplore the mortal Miseries,
With continual careful Calamities.

Consisting in this wretched Vale of Sorrow:
But sad Sentence should have a sad Indite:
So Terms bright I like not for to borrow:
Of mourning matter men have no delyte,
With roustie Terms therefore I will now write,
With sorrowful sighs ascending from the Spleen,
And bitter Tears distilling from mine Een.

Without anie vain Invocation,
To *Minerva*, or to *Melpomene*:
Nor yet will I make supplication,
for help to *Clio*, or to *Calliope*.
Such marr'd Muses may make me no supplie,
Proserpine I refuse and *Apello*,
And right so *Euterpe*, *Jupiter*, and *Juno*.

Which been to pleasant Poets comforting:
Wherefore because I am not one of tho:
I do desire of them no supporting:
For I did never sleep in *Parnasso*,
As did the Poets of long time ago:
And speciallic the ornate *Ennius*,
Nor drank I never with *Hesiodus*.

Of Greece the perfect Poet soveraign,

The first Book

Of *Helicon* the source of Eloquence,
Of that mellifluous famous fresh Fountain:
Wherefore to them I ought no Reverence:
I purpose not to make Obedience
To mischant Muses. or Mahometrie,
Before time used into Poetrie,

Hoping *Rhamnusia*, Goddess of Despite,
Might be to me a Muse right convenable:
If I desir'd such help for to indite,
This mourning Matter, mad and miserable?
I must go seek a Muse more comfortable,
And such vain superstition to refuse,
Beseeching the great God to be my Muse.

By his Wisdom all manner of things were wrought.
The high Heavens with all their Ornaments,
And without matter made all things of nought:
Hell in mid Center of the Elements,
That Heavenly Muse to seek my whole Intents
The which gave Sapience to King *Solomon*,
To *David* Grace, and Strength to strong *Samson*,
And of poor *Peter* made a prudent Preacher,
And by the power of his Deitie,
Of cruel *Paul* he made a cunning Teacher;
I must beseech right lowlie on my Knee,
His high super-excellent Majestie,
That with his Heavenslie Spirit he me inspire,
To write nothing contrarie his desire.

Beseeching eke his sovereign Son Jesu,
Which was conceived by the holy Spirit,
Incarnate of the purified Virgin true;
And into whom the Prophecie was compleat,
That Prince of price, most humble and most sweet,
Which under *Pilate* suffered Passion
Upon the Crosse for our Salvation.

And by that cruel Death intollerable,
Loos'd we were from the bonds of Belial;
And moreover it was so profitable,
That to this hour came never man nor shall
In the triumphant joy Imperial

Of the Monarchie.

Of Life, though they were never so good,
But by the vertue of his precious Blood.

Wherefore in Read of the Mount *Parnasse*,
Swiftlie I shall go seek my Sovereign:
To Mount *Calvary* the straight way shall I go,
To get a taste of that most fresh Fountain:
That source to seek, mine heart may not refrain
Of *Helicon*, which was both deep and wide,
That *Longinus* did grave into his side.

From this fresh Fountain sprang a famous Flood,
Which redolent River through the World runs,
As Crystal clear, and mixed is with Blood;
Whose Sound above the highest Heavens dinns,
All faithful people purging from their sins:
Wherefore I shall beseech his Excellence,
To grant me Grace, Wisdom and Eloquence.

And bath me with the dulce and balmy Strands
Which on the Cross did speedily out spring
From his most tender Feet, and heavenlie Hands;
And grant me grace to write or dite nothing
But to his high Honour and laud loving,
Without his help there may no good be wrought
To his pleasure, good Works, Word, or Thought.

Therefore, O LORD, I pray thy Majestie,
As thou didst show thine high Power divine,
First plainly into *Cane of Galilee*,
Where thou convertedst Water into Wine,
Convoy my matter to a fructuous fine
And save my sayings both from shame and sin,
Take heed, for now my purpose I begin.

A DIALOGUE

Of the miserable Estate of the World,
between Experience and the Courte-
our.

Unto that Park I saw appear
An aged Man that drew me near,
Whose Beard was well three quarters lang:
His Hair did over his Shoulders hang,

The which as anie Snow was white,
Whom to behold I thought delite:
His Habite Angel-like of hew,
Of colour like the saphyr blew.
Under an Holin he reposed,
Of whose presence I was rejoyced,
I did him salute reverentlie,
So did he me right courteouslie,
To sit down he requested me
Under the shadow of the Tree,
Yo save me from the Sun's heat,
Amongst the Flowers soft and sweet,
For I was wearie with Walking,
Then he began to fall in Talking:
I asked his Name with reverence,

E. I am, said he, *Experience.*

C. Then Sir, said I, you cannot fail
To give a desolate Man Counsel:
You do appear a Man of Fame,
And sith *Experience* is your Name:
I pray you, Father venerable,
Give me some Counsel comfortable,

E. What been, said he, thy Vocation,
Making such supplication.

C. I have, said I, been to this hour,
Since I could ride, a Courteour:
But now, Father, I think it best,
With your Counsel to live in rest;
And from henceforth to take mine ease,
And quietlie my God to please,
And renounce Curiositie,
Leaving the Court, and learn to die,
Oft have I sailed over the Strands,
And travelled through divers Lands,
Both South and North, East and West,
Yet can I never find where Rest
Doth make his habitation,
Without your supportation.
When I believe to be best eas'd,
Most suddenlie I am displeas'd:
From Trouble when I fastest flie,
Then find I most Adversitie,

Of the Monarchie.

Show me, I pray you heartfullie
How I may live most pleatantlie,
To serve my God of King's King,
Since I am tyrd of travelling,
And learn for to be content,
Of quiet Life and sober Rent :
That I may thank the King of glore,
As if I had a Million more :
Sith everie Court been variant,
Full of Envie, and inconstant :
Might I without grief live in rest,
Now in old age, I think it best.

E. Thou art a great fool, Son, said he,
That to desire which may not be,
Longing to have prerogative
Above all Creatures that live :
Sith Father *Adam* create been
Into the great Camp *Damascene*,
Might no man say unto this hour,
That ever he found perfect pleasure :
Nor never shall, till that he see
God in his divine Majestie :
Wherefore prepare thee for to travel,
Sith Man's Life been but battel.
All men begins for to die,
The day of their Nativitie :
And journallie they do proceed,
Till *Atropus* cut off their fatal Threed,
And in the short Time that they have
Between their Birth and the Grave,
Thou seest what Mutabilities,
What miserable Calamities,
What Trouble, Travel, and Debate,
Seest thou in everie mortal State.
Begin at poor low Creatures,
Ascending then to Senatours,
To great Princes and potentates,
Thou shalt not find in no Estates,
Since the beginning general,
Nor in our Time now special,
But tedious restless business,
Withouten any sickerness.

show

C. Prudent Father, said I, alace;
 You tell to me a careful Case:
 You say, that no Man to this hour,
 Hath found on Earth no perfect Pleasure,
 Withoutten infortunate Variance,
 Since we been thrall to such Mischances
 Why do we set our whole intents
 On Riches, Dignity, and Rents,
 Sith in the Earth been no Man sure,
 One Day without Trouble t' endure.
 And worst of all when we least ween,
 The cruel Death we must susteen:
 If I your Father-hood durst demand,
 The Cause I would fain understand.
 And eke, Father, I you implore,
 Show me some Trouble gone before,
 That hearing others' indigence,
 I may the more have patience.
 Fellows in Tribulation,
 Been wretches Consolation.

E. Said he: After my small cunning;
 To thee I shall make answering:
 But orderly for to begin,
 This Misery proceeds of Sin:
 But it were long to be defined,
 How all Men are to Sin inclined,
 When Sin abundantly doth reign,
 Justly God maketh punishing:
 Wherefore great God into his Hands,
 To daunt the World with diverse Wands,
 After our evil Condition,
 He makes on us Punition:
 With Hunger, Dearth, and Indigence,
 Sometimes great Plagues and Pestilence;
 And sometimes with his Bloody Wand,
 Through Civil Wars by Sea and Land,
 Concluding all our Misery
 Proceeds of Sin allaberly.

C. Father, said I, declare to me
 The cause of this Fragilitie.
 That we be all to Sin inclin'd,
 In Work and Word, and in our Mind:

would the Verity were shown,
 Who hath this Seed amongst us sown :
 And why we were condemn'd to dead :
 And how that we may get remead.

E. Said he, the Scripture hath concluded,
 Men from Felicity are denuded,

By *Adam* our Progenitour,
 Sometime of Paradise possessour:

By whose most wilful Arrogance,
 Was Mankind brought to this Mischance,

When he was Disobedient,
 In breaking God's Commandement,

By sollicitation of his Wife,
 He lost that Heavenly pleasant Life,

Eating of the forbidden Tree :

There began all our Miserie ;

So *Adam* was cause radical,

That we are fragile Sinners all.

Adam brought in this Nation,

Sin, Death, and eke Damnation.

Who will say, that he is no Sinner,

Christ saith, he is a great Lier,

Mankind sprang from *Adam's* Loins,

And took of him, Flesh, Blood and Bones :

And so after his Qualitie,

Are all inclin'd Sinners to be.

But yet, my Son, despair thou nought,

For God that all the World hath wrought,

Hath made a soveraign Remead,

To save us both from Sin and Dead,

And from eternal Damnation ;

Therefore take Consolation :

For God, as Scripture doth record,

Having on Man misericord,

Sent down his only Son Jesu ;

Which lighted on a Virgin true,

And clad his high Divinity,

With our poor vile Humanity :

Then from our Sins, to conclude,

He waht us with his precious Blood,

Howbeit through *Adam* we must die,

Through that Loane we shall raised be,

And

And every Man he shall relieve,
Which in his Blood doth firm believe,
And bring us all into his Glore,
The which through *Adam* been forlore,
Without that we through lack of Faith,
Of his God-head incur the Wrath :
But who in Christ firmlie believes,
Shall be reliev'd from all Mischieves.

C. What Faith is it that you call firm :
Sir, make me understand that Term.

E. Faith without Hope and Charitie,
Availeth not, my Son, said he.

C. What Charitie is, that would I know,

E. Said he, my Son, that shall I show :
First, love thy God above all thing,
And thy Neighbour without faining.
Do none Injure nor Villanie,
But as thou wouldst were done to thee.
Quick Faith without charitable Works
Can never be, as write best Clarks,
More than the Fire until his might
Can lack the Heat, or Sun lack Light.
If Charity into thee fails,
Thy Faith nor Hope nothing avails.
The Devil hath Faith, and trembles for Dread,
But he lacks Hope and Love indeed.
Do all the good that may be wrought,
Without Charity, avails nought :
Wherefore pray to the Trinitie,
For to support thy Charitie.
Now have I shown thee, as I can,
How Father *Adam* the first Man,
Brought in the World Sin and Dead,
And how Christ Jesus made remead :
Which in the great Day of Judgment,
Shall us deliver from Torment,
And bring us to his lasting Glore,
Which shall endure for evermore,
But in this World thou getst no rest,
Imake it to thee manifest :
Wherefore, my Son, be diligent,
And learn for so be patient,

And into God set all thy Trust,
All things shall then come for thbest.

C. Father, I thank you heartily,
Of your Comfort and Company,
And Heavenlie Consolation,
Making you Supplication,
If I durst put you to such Pine,
That ye would please for to Define,
And make me clearlie understand,
How *Adam* brake the Lord's Command :
And how through his Transgression,
Wast punisht his Succession.

E. My Son, said he, wouldst thou take cure,
To look upon divine Scripture,
Into the Book of *Genesis*,
That Historie thou shalt not miss :
And also sundrie cunning Clerks
Have done rehearse into their Warks,
Of *Adam's* Fall ornatelie,
A thousand times better than I
Can write of that unhappie Man :
But I shall do the best I can,
Shortlie to show that careful Case,
With the Support of God's Grace.

*An Exclamation to the Reader, touching the
writing in vulgar and material Languages.*

GENTle Reader, have at me no Despite,
Thinking that I presumptuously pretend
In vulgar Tongue so hie Matter to write,
But where I miss, I pray thee to amend,
To the Unlearn'd I would the Cause were kend,
Of our most miserable Travel and Torment,
And how in Earth no place is permanent.

Howbeit that diverse devote cunning Clarks,
In Latine Tongue have written sundrie Books,
Our Unlearn'd knows little of their Warks,
More than they do the raving of the Rooks :
Wherefore to Calliats, Carriers, and to Cooks,

To *Jack* and *Thom* my Rime shall be directed,
With cunning Men howbeit that it be lack.

Though everie common Man be not a Clerk,
Nor hath no Leed, except their Tongue maternal,
Why should of God the marvellous heavenlie Wark
Be hid from them? I think it not fraternal,
The Father of Heaven, which was and is eternal,
To *Moses* gave the Law on Mount *Sinai*,
Not into *Greek* nor *Latine*, as they say.

He wrote the Law in Tables hard of Stone,
In their own vulgar Language of *Hebrew*,
That the Children of *Israel* everie one
Might know the Law, and to the same ensue;
Had he done write in *Latine*, or in *Grew*,
It had to hem been a favourless Gift:
Ye may well know, God wrought all for the best.

Aristotle nor *Plato*, I heard saine,
Wrote not their Philosophie natural,
In *Dutch* nor *Dence*, nor Tongue *Italiane*,
But in their most proper Tongue maternal,
Whose Fame and Name doth reign perpetual,
Famous *Virgil*, the Prince of Poetrie,
Nor *Cicero*, the Flower of Oratorie,

Wrot not in *Chaldie* Language, nor in *Grew*,
Nor yet in the Language *Saracene*,
Nor yet in the natural Language of *Hebrew*,
But in the *Roman* Tongue, as may be seen,
Which was their proper Language, as I ween:
When *Romans* reigned Dominators indeed,
The ornate *Latine* was their proper Leed.

In the mean time when that these bold *Romans*,
Over all the World had the Dominion,
Made *Latine* Schools, their Glore for to advance,
That their Language might be over all common:
To that intent, by mine Opinion,
Trusting that their Empire should ay endure;
But of Fortune always they were not sure:

Of Languages the first diversitie,
Was made by God's Malediction,
When *Babylon* was builded in *Chaldie*:

Those

Those Builders got none other Affliction,
Before the time of that Punition,
Was but one Tongue, which *Adam* spake himself,
Where now of Tongues there be threescore & twelve.

Notwithstanding, I think it great Pleasure,
Where cunning Men have Languages anew;
That in their Youth by diligent Labour,
Have learned *Latine, Greek and Hebrew*:
That I am not of that sort sore I rewe:
Wherefore I would all Books necessar
For our Faith, were into our Tongues vulgar.

Christ after his glorious Ascension,
To his Disciples sent his holie Sprit
In Tongues of Fire, to that Intention,
That being of all Languages repleat,
Through all the World, with Words fair and sweet,
To everie Man the Faith they would forth shaw,
In their own Leed, delivering them their Law.

Therefore I think a great Derision,
To hear the Nuns and Sisters Night and Day,
Singing and saying *Psalms* and Orison,
Not understanding what they sing or say:
But like a *Stirling*, or a *Papingay*,
Which learned are to speak by long usage,
Them I compare to Birds in a Cage.

Right so Children and Ladies of Honors
Pray in *Latine*, to them an uncouth Leed:
Mumbling their Matins, even Songs and their Homs;
Their *Pater noster, Ave*, and their *Credo*.
It were as pleasant to their Sprit indeed,
God have Mercie on me, for to say thus,
As for to say, *Miserere mei Deus*.

Saint *Jerome* in his proper Tongue *Romane*,
The Law of God trulie he did Translate
Out of *Hebrew, Greek, and Latine* in plain.
Which hath been hid from us long time, God waits
Until this time. But after my conceit,
Had Saint *Jerome* been born into *Argyle*,
In *Irish* Tongue his Books had done comyle.

I Prudent Saint *Paul* doth make Narration,
 Touching the diuerſe Leeds of euerie Land,
 Saying, there haue been more Edification
 In five Words that Folk do underſtand
 Than to pronounce of Words ten thouſand
 In ſtrange Language, and knows not what it means,
 I think ſuch Pratlings is not worth two Preans.

Unlearned People on the Holie Day,
 Solemnedlie they hear th' *Evangel* ſung,
 Not knowing what the *Prieſt* doth Sing or Say,
 But as a Bell when that they hear it rung:
 Yet would the *Prieſts* in their Mother Tongue,
 Paſs to the Pulpit, and that Doctrin declare
 To Laick people, it were more neceſſar.

I would that Prelates and Doctours of the Law
 With Laick people were not diſcontent,
 Though we into our vulgar Tongue did know
 Of Chriſt Jeſus the Law and Teſtament,
 And how that we ſhould keep Commandement:
 But in our Language let us Pray and Read
 Our *Pater Noſter*, *Ave*, and our *Creed*.

I would ſome Prince of great Diſcretion,
 In vulgar Language plainlie cauſ'd Translate,
 The needful Laws of this Region,
 Then would there not be half ſo great Debate
 Amongſt us People of the low Eſtate.
 If euerie Man the veritie did know,
 We needed not to treat theſe Men of Law.

To do our Neighbour wrong we would beware,
 If we did fear the Laws Punishment:
 There would not be ſuch brawling at the Bar:
 Nor Men of Law clim to ſuch Royal Rent.
 To keep the Law, if all Men were content,
 And each Man do, as he would be done to,
 The Judges would get little thing a do.

The Prophet *David* King of *Iſrael*,
 Compy'd the pleaſant *Pſalms* of the *Pſalter*,
 In his own proper Tongue, as I hear tell:
 And *Solomon* which was his Son and and Heir,
 Did make his Book into his Tongue vulgar.

Why should not their Sayings be to us shown
in our Language? I would the cause were known.

Let Doctors write their curious Questions,
And Arguments sown full of sophistrie:
Their Logick, and their high Opinions,
Their dark Judgments of Astronomie,
Their Medicine, and their Philosophie.
Let Poets show their glorious Engine;
As ever they please, in *Greek*, or in *Latine*.

But let us have the Books necessar
To Common-wealth, and our Salvation,
Justlie translated in our Tongue vulgar:
And eke I make you Supplication,
O gentle Reader, have none Indignation,
Thinking to meddle with so high Matter,
Now to my purpose forward will I fare.

The Creation of *Adam* and *Eve*.

WHen God had made the Heavens bright,
The Sun and Moon for to give Light:
The starrie Heavens and CrySTALLINE,
And by his Sapience Divine,
The Planets in their Circles round,
Whirling about with merrie sound:
Of whom *Phebus* was Principal,
Just in his Line Ecliptical:
And gave by Divine Sapience,
To everie Star their influence,
With motion continual,
Which doth endure perpetual:
And farthest from the Heaven's Empire,
The Earth, the Water, Air and Fire.
He clad the Earth with Herbs and Trees,
All kind of Fishes in the Seas:
All kind of Beasts he did prepare,
With Fowls flying in the Air.
Thus by his Word all things were wrought
Without a Material, made of nought:
So by his Wisdom infinite.
All was made pleasant and perfect.

When

Why

When Heaven and Earth, and their Contents
Were ended, with their Ornaments;
Then last of all the LORD began,
Of most vile Earth to make the Man:
Not of the Lillie, nor of the Rose,
Nor Cyper Tree, as I suppose:
Neither of Gold nor Precious Stones,
Of Earth he made Flesh, Blood and Bones:
To that intent, God made him thus,
That Man should not be glorious;
Nor in himself should nothing see,
But matter of Humilitie.
When Man was made, as I have told,
God in his Face did him behold,
Breathing in him a livelie Sprit.
When all these Words were compleat,
He made Man to his similitude,
Precelling into pulchritude:
Dotted with Gifts of Nature,
Above all earthly Creature:
Then pleasantly did him convoy
To a Region compleat with Joy,
Of all Pleasure which bare the Price,
And called earthly Paradise:
And brought by Divine Providence,
All Beasts and Birds to his presence.
Adam did craftily impone
A special Name to everie one:
And to all things material,
A Name he gave in special:
How he them named, it hath been kend,
And shall be to the Worlds end.
Into that Garden of pleasanee,
Two Trees grew most to advance,
Above all other which bare the price,
In midst of that Paradise:
The one was called, the Tree of Life,
The other Tree began our Strife:
The Tree to know both Good and Evil,
Which by perswasion of the Devil,
Began our Miseric and Wo:
But let us to our purpose go,

Now God gave *Adam* strait Command,
 That Tree not to touch with his Hand;
 All other Fruits of Paradise,
 He bade them eat at his device,
 Saying: If thou eat of this Tree,
 With double Death then shalt thou die;
 Therefore I thee command beware,
 And from the Tree thou stand afar.
 Yet Father *Adam* was alone,
 Without Companie of anie one.
 Then thought the LORD it necessar,
 To creat to him an Helper.
 God put in *Adam* such sopour,
 That for to sleep he took pleasure,
 And layed him down upon the Ground;
 Then when *Adam* was sleeping sound,
 He took a Rib forth of his Side,
 Then filled it with Flesh and Hide,
 And made a Woman of that Bone,
 Fairer of Form was never none:
 Then to *Adam* incontinent,
 That fair Lady he did present,
 Which shortly said, for to conclude,
 Thou art my Flesh, my Bone and Blood;
 And *Virago*, he call'd her Name,
 Which is interpret, Made of Man,
 Which *Eve* afterward was named,
 When for her Fault she was Defamed.
 Then did the LORD them Sanctifie,
 Saying, Increase and Multiplie:
 By this Men shold leave all their Kin,
 And with their Wives make Dwelling,
 And for their sake leave Father and Mother,
 And love them best above all other;
 For God hath ordained them truly,
 To be two Souls in one Body.
 My Wit is weak for to indite,
 Their Heavenlie Pleasure infinite.
 Was never earthlie Creature,
 Since that Time hath perfect Pleasure.
 They had puissance Imperial,
 Above all things material,

As cunning Clarks do conclude.
Adam precell'd in pulchritude,
Most natural, and the fairest Man
That ever was since the World began,
Except Christ Jesus God's own Son,
To whom was no Comparison :
And *Eve* the fairest Creature
That ever was formed by Nature.
Though they were Naked as they were made,
No Shame either of other had.
What Pleasure might a Man have more,
Than have his Lady him before,
So lustie, pleasant, and perfit,
Readie to serve his Appetit ?
They had none other care, I wils,
But past their Time with Joy and Bliss,
Wild Beasts did to them repair,
So did the Fowls of the Air,
With noise most Angelical,
Making to them Mirth musical.
The Fishes swimming in the Strands,
Were whollie all at their Commands,
All Creatures with one accord,
Obey'd him as their Sovereign Lord.
They suffered neither Heat nor Cold,
With everie Pleasure that they would :
And to the Dearth they were not thrall,
And so should we have been all :
For he and his Successours
Should have possessed these Pleasures,
Then from that Joy material,
Gone to the Glorie Imperial.
They had, if I can right Discribe,
Great Joy in all their Wits five,
In Hearing, Seeing, Tasting, Smelling,
Induring that delightfome Dwelling :
Hearing Birds Harmonies :
Tasting the Fruits of diverse Trees :
Smelling the balmie dulce Odours,
Which did proceed from fragrant Flowrs,
Seeing so manie heavenlie Hewes
Of Blooms breaking on the Bewes.

f touching eke they had delite,
 f other Bodies soft and white :
 doubtless enduring that Pleasure,
 they loved each other paramour :
 so marvel though that so should be,
 considering this their great Beautie.
 and God gave them Command express
 to Multiplie, and to Increase,
 that their Seed and Succession,
 might plenish everie Nation.
 list not tarrie for to declare;
 all properties of that place preclare,
 how Herbs and Trees grew ever green,
 and of the temperate Air serene :
 how Fruits indeficient,
 were alike ripe and redolent :
 nor of the Fountains, nor of the Floods,
 nor of the Flowers pulchritudes :
 that Matter Clerks do declare,
 wherefore of them I speak no mair.
 the Scripture makes no mention
 how long they reign'd in that Region,
 but I believe the Time was short,
 as diverse Doctors do report.

The miserable Transgression of Adam.

Father, how hapned that Mischance,
 Said I; shew me that Circumstance,
 declare to me that careful Case,
 how *Adam* lost that pleasant Place,
 from him and his Succession,
 how did proceed Transgression?

E. Said he : After my rude Engine,
 shall rehearse thee that Ruine,
 When God the Creator of all,
 into the Heaven Imperial,
 did creat all the Angels bright,
 he made an Angel most of might
 to whom he gave Preeminence,
 above them all in Sapience,
 because all others he did prefer,

Name,

Named he was bright Lucifer.
He was so pleasant and so fair,
He thought himself without Compar,
And grew so gay and glorious,
Began to be presumptuous:
He thought that he would set his Seat
Into the North, and make Debate,
Contrare the Majesty Divine,
Which was the Cause of his Ruine,
For he incurred Gods yre,
And Banisht from the Heavens Empire,
With Angels manie Legion,
Which were of his Opinion.
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the lowest Hell:
Some in the Sea did make repair;
Some in the Earth, some in the Air,
That most unhappy Company,
At Father *Adam* had Envy,
Perceiving *Adam* and his Seed,
Into their Places to succeed:
The Serpent was the subtillest
Above all Beasts, and craftiest:
Then Satan with a false intent,
Did enter into the Serpent,
Imagining some crafty Wile,
How he might *Adam* best beguile,
And caus'd him break Commandement:
But to the Woman first he went,
Trusting the better to prevail,
Full subillie did her assail:
With facund Words false and fair,
He grew with her familiar,
That he his purpose might advance,
Believing in her inconstance
What been the Cause, Madam, said he,
That ye forbear yon pleasant Tree,
Which been peerless and precious,
Whose Fruit been most delicious?
I will, said she, thereto accord,
We are forbidden of the Lord,
The which hath given us Liberty

o eat of everie Fruit and Tree,
Which grows into this Paradise;
Weake we Command, we are not wise,
He gave to us a strait Command,
That Tree not to touch with our Hand;
That we of it, without remead,
He said, doubtless we shall be Dead.
Believe not that, said the Serpent,
That you of it, incontinent
Repleat you shall be with Science,
And have perfect Intelligence,
Like God himself, of Evil and Good.
Then hastily, for to conclude,
Feeling of this prerogative,
He pulled down the Fruit believe,
Through Counsel of this false Serpent:
And ate of this incontinent.
And put her Husband in believe,
That pleasant Fruit if he would prive
That he would be as Sapient,
As the great God Omnipotent.
Think you not that a pleasant thing,
That we like God should ever reign?
He hearing this Narration,
And by her Solistation,
Moved by prideful Ambition,
He ate on that Condition,
The principal Points of this Offence,
Was Pride and Inobedience:
Desiring for to be equal
To God the Creator of all,
Alace, *Adam*, why didst thou so?
Why caused thou this mortal Wo?
Hadst thou been constant, firm and stable
Thy Glore had been incomparable,
Where was thy Consideration,
Who hadst the Domination
Of everie living Creature,
That God hath formed by Nature,
To use them at thine own devise?
Wast thou not Prince of Paradise?
Was never Man since thou on live,

That God gave such Prerogative,
 He gave thee strength above *Samson*,
 And Sapience more than *Solomon*.
 Young *Abjalom* in his Time most fair,
 To thy Beautie was no Compare
Aristotle thou didst precel,
 Into Philosophie natural,
Virgil into his Poetrie,
 Nor *Cicero* in his Oratrie,
 Were never half so Eloquent.
 Why brake thou GOD's Commandement?
 Where was thy Wit that wouldst not flee,
 Far from the presence of that Tree,
 Gave not thy Master thee Free-will,
 To take the Good, and leave the Ill?
 How might thy Forfault be excused,
 That GOD's Commandement refused,
 Through thy Wives perswasion,
 Which hath been the Occasion?
 Since that Time manie Noble Men,
 By the evil Counsel of Women,
 Have altogether Destroyed been,
 As in the Historie may be seen,
 Which now we need not to declare;
 But to our purpose let us fare.

When they had eaten of the Fruit,
 Of Joy then were they destitute;
 Then gan they both for to think shame,
 And to be Naked through Defame,
 And made them Brecks of Leaves green,
 That their Secrets should not be seen;
 But in the Estate of Innocence,
 They had no such Experience:
 But when to Sin they were subjected,
 To Shame and Sin they were coacted,
 And in a Bush they did them close,
 Ashamed of the LORD his Voice:
 Which called *Adam* by his Name,
 Said he: My LORD, I think great shame
 Naked to come in thy Presence.
 Thou hadst no such Experience,
 Said God, when thou wast Innocent:

Why brake thou my Commandement?

Place, said *Adam* to the LORD,

The Verity I shall record:

This *Woman* that thou gave to me,

Caus'd me eat of yon pleasant Tree.

Light so the *Woman* her excused,

And said; the Serpent me abused.

Then to the Serpent, God said thus:

thou Deceiver venomous

because the *Woman* thou beguil'd,

from henceforth shalt thou be exil'd:

curst and wearied shalt thou be,

so shall thy Seed be after thee.

Old Earth shall be thy Food also,

and creeping on thy Breast shalt go;

and I shall put Enimity

between the *Woman* ever and thee;

between thy Seed and *Woman* Seed,

shall be continual mortal Feed:

Howbeit thou hast wrought their Mischieve

shall not be as thou believes:

each Seed shall be in *Woman* sown,

that thy Power shall be down thrown,

treading thine Head that thou mayest feel,

and thou shalt tread him on the Heel.

This was his Promise and Meaning,

that the immaculate Virgin

should bear the Prince Omnipotent,

which should tread down the false Serpent,

Satan and all his Company,

and them confound all utterly.

C. Said I: If Satan Prince of Hell,

take in the Serpent, as yet tell,

and Beasts can no way sin at all,

why was the Serpent made so thrall?

For Men say, before that Hour,

the Serpent had a fair Figure,

and went up straight upon his Feet,

and had his Members all compleat,

other Beasts upon the Bent.

E. Said he, for he was Instrument

Satan in his Miseric,

Publist he was, as you may see,
As by Experience thou mayst know,
Express into the common-Law:
A Man convict of Buggerie,
The Beast is burnt as well as he,
Howbeit the Beast be innocent;
And so besel of this Serpent.
It was the Fiend full of despite,
Of *Adams* Fall which had the wite,
As he hath of many mo:
But to our purpose let us go.
Then to the Woman for her Offence,
God did pronounce this fore Sentence:
All Pleasure that thou hadst beforrow,
Shall changed be in lasting Sorrow.
Where thou shouldst be with Mirth and Joy,
Have born thy Birth without annoy;
Now all thy Children thou shalt bear
With Dollour and continual Care.
And thou shalt be, for ought thou can,
Ever Subject unto the Man.
By this Sentence God did conclude,
Woman from Liberty denude:
When by Experience you may see
How Queens of most high Degree,
Are under most Subjection,
And suffers most Correction.
For they like Birds into a Cage,
Are kept ay under Thirlage,
So all Women in their Degree,
Should to their Men subjected be:
Howbeit some will strive for State,
And for the Mastery make Debate,
Which if they lack both Even and Morrow,
Their Men shall suffer meikle Sorrow:
Of *Eve* they take that Quality,
To desire Sovereignty.
And then to *Adam* said the LORD:
Because that thou hast done accord
Thy will, and hearkened to thy Wife,
Now shalt thou lose this pleasant Life;
Thou wast to her Obedient,

Of the Monarchie.

But thou break my Commandement:
Curst and Barren the Earth shall be,
Wherever thou goest, till that thou die:
But Thistle, Nettle, Brier and Thorn,
Without Labour shall bear no Corn:
For Food thou gettest none other Bield;
But eat the Herbs upon the Field:
Sore Labouring till thy Brows sweat:
From henceforth shalt thou win thy Meate,
made thee of the Earth certain,
And thou to Earth shall turn again.

Then made he them Abullement
Of Skins and ragged Rayment,
Them to preserve from Heat and Cold;
Then grew their Dolor manifold.
Now *Adam*, ye are like to us,
With your gay Garment glorious.
To them these Words said the Lord.
Then cryed they both: Misericord,
When from that Earth with Hearts sore
banisht they were for evermore,
into this wretched Vale of Sorrow,
With daily Labor Even and Morrow,
After whose dolorous Departing,
The Lord gave Paradise in keeping,
into the Angel Cherubin,
that none should have Entrie therein:
at the which Entrie he did stand,
With flaming fierie Sword in Hand,
to keep that *Adam* and his Wife
should not taste of the Tree of Life:
or if they of the Tree had preev'd,
perpetually they might have liv'd,
to *Adam*, and his Succession,
of Paradise lost Possession,
and by his Sin Original,
were Men of Miseric made thral.
My Son, now mayest thou clearly see,
his World began with Miseric:
with Miseric it doth proceed,
whose End shall Dolor be and Dread,

C. Father, said I, what kind of Life,
Led *Adam* with his lusty Wife,
After his bailful Banishing?

E. Said he continual Lamenting.
Mine Heart hath yet Compassion,
How they went wandring up and down,
Weeping with manie Loud, Alace,
That they had lost that pleasant Place,
In Wildernels to be exil'd,
Where they found nought but Beasts wild,
Menacing them for to devore,
Which all Obedient were before.

C. Father, said I, in what Countrie
Did *Adam* live after that he
Was banished from that Delite?

E. The Clerks, said he, have put in write,
How *Adam* dwelt with meekle Bail,
In *Mamre*, in that lusty Vail,
Which after was the *Jewish* Land,
Where yet his Sepulchre doth stand.
I list not tarrie to describe
The Wo of *Adam* and his Wife.
Nor how that they had Sons two,
Kain and *Abel*, and no mo:
Nor how curst *Kain* for Envy,
Did slay his Brother cruelly:
Nor of their Mourning, nor of their Moan,
When they Sonles were left alone.
Abel lay slain upon the Ground:
Curst *Kain* fleem'd a Vagabond:
Nor how God of his special Grace,
Sent them the third Son fair of Face,
Most like *Adam* of Flesh and Blood,
Seth was his Name, gracious and good:
And how blind *Lamech* racklefly,
Did slay *Kain* unhappily.
Adam, as Clerks do describe,
Begot with *Eve* his woful Wife,
Of Men Children, thirty and two,
And of Daughters alike also:
By this thou mayst well understand,
That *Adam* saw many a thousand,

That

That of his Body did descend,
Ere he out of the World did wend,
Adam lived in Earth but Wear,
Compleat Nine Hundred and Thirty Year :
And all his Days were but Sorrow,
Remembring both Even and Morrow,
Of Paradise the Prosperity,
And then of his great Misery ;
His Heart might never be rejoyc'd,
Remembring how the Heavens was clos'd
From him and his Succession,
And that by his Transgression.

* After his Death, as I heard tell,
His Soul descended to the Hell,
And there remained Prisoner
In that Dungeon three thousand Year
And more. So did both Evil and Good,
Till CHRIST for them had shed his Blood,
Then by that most precious Ransom,
They were delivered out of Prison.
I have declared now as I can,
The Miserie of the first Man.

* This was an
erronious Opin-
ion holden at
that time.

*How GOD destroyed all living Creatures in
Earth for Sin, and Drowned them by a
terrible Flood, in the time of Noe.*

P Rudent Father, *Experience*,
Declare to me ere you go hence,
What was the Cause God did Destroy
All Creatures in the time of Noe?

E. Said he I tremble for to tell
That Infortune how it befell :
The Cause been so abominable,
And the Matter so miserable.
But for to show the Circumstance
Manifestlie of that Mischance :
First, I must make thee understand,
How *Adam* gave expresse Command
To these who were of *Seths* Blood,
Because they were Gracious and Good,

That

Should not Contract with *Kains* Kin,
 Which were inclined all to Sin.
 To observe that Commandement,
Kain past to the Orient,
 With his Wife called *Galmana*,
 Which was his own Sister alswa:
 Where his Off-spring did long remain,
 Hard by the Mountain of *Tarbant*.
 And *Seth* did long time lead his Life
 With *Delbora* his prudent Wife,
 Which was his Sister good and fair,
 In *Damascen* made their Repair.
 In that Countrey of *Seths* Clan,
 Descended many Holie Man.
 So long as *Adam* was livand,
 The people did observe Command:
 When he was dead, and laid in Ground,
 The People greatly did abound:
 And *Kain* slain, as I have shown,
 And *Seths* Days all over-blown,
 The Sons then of *Seths* Blood,
 Seeing the pleasant Pulchritude
 Of the Ladies of *Kains* Kin,
 Howbeit they knew well it was Sin,
 Opprest with sensual Lusts Rage,
 Did take them into Marriage:
 And so corrupted was that Blood:
 The Good with Evil, and Evil with Good,
 Then as the People did increase,
 They did abound in Wickedness,
 As Holy Scripture doth rehearse,
 Which I abhor to put in Verse,
 Or tell with Tongue. I am not able,
 The Sooth been so abominable,
 How Men and Women shamefully
 Abus'd themselves unnaturally:
 Whose foul Abomination,
 And filthy Fornication,
 I think great shame to put in write,
 Even as *Pam Orose* doth indite.
 And if I would at length declare;
 It were enough to file the Air.

Great Clerks of Antiquities,
 Have written many true Stories,
 Which are worthy to be commended,
 Howbeit they be not comprehended
 At length in the Divine Scripture;
 But I shall do my busie Cure,
 To take the best, as I suppose,
 That most pertains to my purpose:
 And with support of Christ our King,
 I purpose to confirm nothing
 Of the old Historiance,
 Contrarious to his Excellence:
 Howbeit that Mens Traditions
 Be contrary Christ's Institutions.
 Of them though something I declare,
 Now let us proceed further mair:
 And with a Language lamentable,
 Declare this Matter miserable.

C. Father the Causes would I know,
 Why they of Nature brake the Law?

E. I trust, said he, that Wickedness
 Entred thro slothful idleness.

The Devil with all the Craft he can,
 When he perceives an idle Man,
 Or Woman, given to idleness,
 He getteth easily entress:
 And so by this Occasion,
 And the Fiends perswasion,
 The whole World universally,
 Corrupted was all utterly.

C. What was the Cause they idle were,
 That Cause, said I, to me declare?

E. Said he, By mine Imagination,
 For lack of vertuous Occupation:
 For of Crafts they had small usage,
 Of Merchandise, or Labourage:
 The Earth was then so plenteous
 Of Fruit and Spice delicious:
 The Herbs were so comfortable,
 Delightsome and medicinable:
 The Fountains fresh and redolent,
 To Labouring they took little tent.

All manner of Beasts for their Pleasure,
 Did Multiply without Labour,
 The Time between *Adam* and *Noy*,
 To see the Earth it was great Joy,
 Planted with precious Trees of Price;
 Four famous Floods of Paradise,
 Ran through the Earth in sundry parts,
 Spreading their Branches in all Airts,
 The Water was so strong and fine,
 They would not labor to find Wine,
 The Fruit and Herbs were so good,
 They made no care for other Foods,
 And so the People took no cure,
 But past the time at their pleasure,
 Ay finding new Inventions,
 To fulfill their Intentions:
 And so the LORD Omnipotent,
 That he made Man did him repent:
 And shew unto his Servant *Noy*,
 That he would all the World Destroy,
 Except himself, and his Menzie.
 Alace, said *Noe*, when shall that be?
 Then said the LORD: Sith that thou spears,
 I shall prolong six Score of Years,
 Tarrying upon their Repentance,
 Ere I fulfil my just Sentence:
 In the mean time fall thou to Work
 Incontinent, and build an Ark:
 Which *Noe* began Obediently,
 And wrought on it continually,
 And to the People daily preached,
 To crie for Grace he to them taught:
 And to them plainly did declare,
 That God his Rod no more would spare,
 But on them he would work Vengeance.
 To *Noe* yet gave they no Credence,
 And so they were Incounselable,
 Using their Lust abominable:
 And took his Preacing in Despise,
 Ay following their foul Delite,
 More and more to that doleful Day,
 Which all the World put in Affray.

C. Father, you made me understand,
 When *Adam* brake the LORD's Command,
 To augment his Affliction,
 God gave his Malediction
 Unto the Earth which was so fair,
 That it should barren be and bare,
 And without Labour bear no Corn,
 Nor Fruit, but Thistle, Brier and Thorn.
 Now say you in the time of *Noy*,
 To see the Earth it was great Joy,
 Planted with Fruits good and fair,
 The Sooth of this to me declare.
 These Sayings two make me consider,
 How you make them agree together?

E. GOD made his Promise sickerly,
 Howbeit it came not instantly,
 Said he, as Clerks do conclude:
 But after when the furious Flood
 Destroy'd the Earth all utterly,
 Then came that Promise sickerly,
 Even as GOD did give Command,
Adam should not touch with his Hand,
 Nor eat of the forbidden Tree;
 If he did so that he should die,
 Howbeit he died not but weer,
 After that Day Nine Hundreth Year.
 Right so the Prophet *Esaias*,
 Speaking of CHRIST the great MESSIAS,
 Saying, the Child is to be Born,
 To Save Mankind that is Forlorn:
 If he had been Born instantly,
 Yet was he not Born verily,
 After that Saying many a Year,
 As in the Scripture thou mayest hear.
 A thousand Year, who reckons right,
 Is as an Hour into GOD's sight.
 Examples many I might tell,
 Were it not tedious for to dwell.

To our purpose let us proceed,
 Showing the Hight, the Length and Breed,
 And Quantity of *Noahs* Ark,
 Which was a right excellent Wark,

Of Pyne-tree made, bound well about,
 Laid over with Pitch within and out,
 Joyned full clos with Nails strong,
 And was three hundred Cubits long;
 Fifty in Breed, thirty in Hight:
 Three Chambers joyned well and wight,
 And everie Loft above another,
 Without an Anker, Oar, or Rudder.
 A right Cubit, as I hear tell,
 Of Measure now might be an Ell,
 In the Mid-side a Door there was,
 For Beasts a full easie Entress.
 This Ark which was both long and large,
 Made in the Bottom like a Barge,
 Covered with Boords well above,
 Most like an House set on a Roove,
 Whose Rigging was one Cubit broad,
 Wherein there was a Window made:
 Some says, well closed with Cryстал clear,
 Where-through the Day-light might appear,
 This Work the more was to be praised,
 Because by God it was devised.
 The making of this Ark but wear,
 Indured well an hundred Year,
 When Noe had ended this Work,
 God did him close within the Ark,
 With his Wife and Sons three,
 With their Wives, and no more Menzie,
 Of all Fowls of the Air,
 Of every Kind entred a Pair:
 Right so two Beasts of every Kind:
 For why? It was the Lord's Mind,
 That Generation should not fail:
 Wherefore of Female and of Male,
 Of every Kind were keeped two.
 But to rehearse mine Heart is wo,
 The dolent Lamentation,
 That time of every Nation,
 Saying, Alace, a thousand syse,
 When Wind and Rain began to rise,
 The Rocks which ried began to fise,
 The ugly Clouds did over-drive,

And darkned to the Heavens bright,
That Sun and Moon might show no Light:
The terrible trembling of Earth-quake,
Made Buildings bow, and Cities shake,
The Thunder rent the Clouds stable,
With fearful Noise inevitable.
The Fire-flaughts flew over through the Fels,
Then was there not but Shouts and Yels,
When they perceived without Remead,
All Creatures for to suffer Dead.
All Fountains from the Earth up sprang,
And from the Heaven the Rain down dang,
Forty Days and forty Nights:
Then ran the People to the Heights:
Some climbs on Hills, some climbs on Tre,
Some to the highest Mountains flees,
With more Terror than I can tell;
But all for nought, the Floods down fell,
And Wind did rout with such a reard,
That every Wight wearied his weard,
Crying: Alace, that they were Born,
Into the Flood to be Forlorn.
Men might not make Moan to their Wi,
Nor yet Support the Childrens Lives.
The Floods raise up with such great Mi,
That they over-covered all the Heights:
They might no more their Lives length,
But swim'd so long as they had strength,
And so with Crys lamentable
Ended their Lives miserable.
Above Mountains that were most hie,
Fifty Cubits did rise the Sea,
Men may imagine in their Mind,
All Creatures in their Kind;
Both Beasts and Fowls of the Air,
In their manner made meikle Care:
The Fishes thought themselves beguil'd,
When they swim'd through the Woods wild,
The Whales tumbling amongst the Trees,
Wild Beasts swimming in the Seas:
Birds with many a piteous pew,
Afraily in the Air they flew,

So long as they had Strength to flee,
 Then swattered down into the Sea,
 Nothing on Earth was left on Life,
 Beasts, nor Fowls, Man, nor Wife;
 For wholly God did them destroy,
 Except them in the Ark with Noy:
 The which lay fleeting in the Flood,
 Waltring among the Streams wood,
 With many terrible Affrays,
 Remained an hundred and fifty Days,
 In great Languor and Heaviness,
 Ere Wind or Rain began to cease.
 Sometimes effectuously praying,
 Sometimes the Beasts visying:
 For by the LORD's Commandement,
 He made Provision sufficient,
 For Noe dwelt in the Ark, no doubt,
 A Year compleat ere he came out,
 How at more length in Holy Write,
 This doleful History been indite.
 And how that Noe gan to rejoyce,
 When Conduits of the Heavens did close,
 So that the Rain no more descended,
 Nor yet the Floods no more ascended:
 When he perceived the Heavens clear,
 He sent a Raven forth Messenger,
 Into the Air for to espy,
 If he saw any Mountains dry:
 Some says the Raven did forth remain,
 And came not to the Ark again.
 Forth flew the Dove at Noes command;
 And when she did perceive dry Land,
 Of an Olive she brake a Branch,
 That Noe might know the Flood did stanch;
 And there no more she did sojourn,
 But with the Branch she did return,
 That Noe might clearly understand,
 That fellon Flood was decreasand.
 And so it did, till at the last,
 The Ark upon the Ground stake fast,
 On the Top of a Mountain hie,
 Into the Land of Armenia.

And when Noe had done espy,
How that the Earth began to dry,
Then threw he down the Doors all,
And loosed them the which were thral.
The Fowls flew forth into the Air,
And all the beasts by pair and pair,
Past forth to seek their pasturages,
There were not but eight personages,
Noe his three Sons, and their Wives,
On Earth that was left with their Lives,
Whom God did bless and sanctifie,
Saying: Increase and multiplie.
God wot if Noe was blyth and glad,
When of that Prison he was freed.

When Noe had made his Sacrifice,
Thanking God of his Benefice,
He standing on Mount *Armenie*,
Where he the Country might espy &
Ye may believe his Heart was sore,
Seeing the Earth which was before
The Flood, so pleasant and perfite,
Which to behold was great Delite,
That now was barren made and bare,
Before which fructuous was and fair:
The pleasant Trees bearing Fruits,
Were lying pull'd up by the Roots;
The wholesome Herbs, and fragrant Flow'rs,
Had lost both Vertue and Colours.
The Fields green, and flowrist Meads,
Were spoiled of their pleasant Weeds.
The Earth which first was so fair formed,
Was by the furious Flood deformed,
Where sometime were the pleasant Plants,
Were sleepy Coves and high Mountains:
From sounding Rocks great and gay,
The Earth washen clean away.

But Noe had greatest Displeasures,
Beholding the dead Creatures,
Which was a Sight lamentable:
Men, Women, Beasts innumerable,
Seeing them lying upon the Lands,
And some were floating upon the Strands:

Whales and Monsters of the Seas,
Sticked and stab'd amongst the Trees,
And where the Flood was decreas'd,
They were left waltering on the Land.

Before the Flood during that space,
The Sea was all into one place:
Right so the Earth, as been decided,
In sundry parts was not divided,
As been *Europa* and *Asia*,
Divided ay from *Africa*.

You see now divers famous Isles,
Standing from Land right many Miles;
All these great Isles I understand,
Were then equal with the firm Land;
There was no Sea-Mediterran,
But only the great Ocean,
Which did not spread such hurling Strands;
As it doth now over through the Lands.
Then by the raging of that Flood,
The Earth from vertue was denude;
The which before was to be praised,
Whose beauty then was disguis'd:
Then was the Malediction known,
Which was by God to *Adam* shown,
I hear now Clerks do conclude,
Induring that most furious Flood,
With which the Earth was sore oppress,
The Wind blew forth of the South West,
As may be seen by Experience,
How through the Waters violence,
The high Mountains on every Airt,
Are bare forenent the south west part,
As the Mountains of *Pirenees*,
The *Alpes*, and Rocks in the Seas:
Right so the Rocks great and gay
Which standeth into *Norway*:
The highest Hills in every Airt,
And in *Scotland*, for the most part,
Through watering of that furious Flood,
The Hills of Earth were made denude;
Travelling Men may consider best,
The Mountains bare next the South-West.

C. Declare, said I, ere you conclude,
How long lived Noe after the Flood :

E. Said he : In *Genesis* thou mayest hear
How that Noe was six hundred year,
The time of this great punishment,
And ay to God obedient :

And was the best of *Seth's* Blood :
And more he lived after the Flood,
Three hundred and fifty years,
As lioly Scripture witness bears :
And was ere he rendred his Spirit,

Nine hundred and fiftie years compleat,
To show this Storie miserable,
At length, my Wits are not able.
And more, my Son, as I suppose,
It belongs not to our purpose,
To show how, *Noe's* Sons three

Gan to encrease and multiplie.
Nor how *Noe* planted the Vine
And drank till he was drunken fine,
And slept with his Members bare,
And how *Cham* made for him no care,

But laught to see his Father so,
Howbeit his Brethren were right wo r.

Nor how *Noe* but restriction,

Gave *Cham* his Malediction,

And put him under Servitude,

To *Shem* and *Japhet* that were good.

Nor how God made a Covenant

With *Noe*, to make no Punishment,

Nor by the Flood no people drown :

In sign of that Condition,

His Rain-bow set into the Air,

Of diverse Heavenlie Colours fair,

For to be a perpetual Sign,

By Flood to send no punishing.

This Historie if thou list to know,

At length the Bible shall thee show,

The

THE SECOND BOOK.

Containing the building of Babylon by Nimrod : and how King Ninus began the first Monarchy of their Idolatry : and how Semiramis governed the Empire after her Husband King Ninus:

Father, I pray you to me tell,
The first Infortune that befell,
Immediately after the Flood:
And who did first shed guiltless Blood,
And how Idolatry began?

E. Said he, I shall do as I can :
After the Flood, I find no Story
Worthy to be put in Memory,
Till *Nimrod* did begin to reign,
Above the People as a King,
Which was the principal Man of one,
That Builder was of *Babylon*.

C. That Story, Master, would I know,
That thou to me the sooth wouldst show,
Why, and for what occasion
They builded such a strong Dungeon?

E. Then said to me *Experience*,
I shall declare with diligence,
These Questions at thy command :
But first, Son, thou must understand
Of *Nimrod* the Genealogy,
His Strength, Courage, and Quantity ;
Howbeit *Moses* in his first Book,
That Story lightly doth over-look :
Of him no more he doth declare,
Except he was a strong Hunter.
But other Clerks curious,
As *Orose*, and doth *Josephus*,
Describes *Nimrod* at more length,
Both of his Stature and his Strength.

This *Nimrod* was the fourth Person,
From *Noe* by Line descending down,
Noe begat *Cham*, *Cham* begat *Chus*,
And *Chus* *Nimrod*, the sooth been thus,

Of The Monarchie.

Thus *Nimrod* a Man of Might,
That Time on Earth was none so wight;
He was a Gyant stout and strong,
Perforce wild beasts he down throng
The people of that Region,
Came under his Dominion.
No man there was in all that Land,
His stalwardnes that durst gainstand;
No marvel was though he was wight,
Ten cubits large he was of Hight,
Proportionate of Length and Breed,
Conform unto his Hight, we read,
He grew so great and glorious,
So prideful and presumptuous,
That he came inobedient,
To the great God Omnipotent.

This *Nimrod* was the principal man
That first Idolatry began,
Then caus'd he all the people call
To his presence both great and small,
And in that great Convention,
Did propone his Intention:
My friends, said he, I make it known,
The great Vengeance that God hath shown
In time of our Fore-father *Noe*,
When he did all the World destroy,
And drowned them in furious Flood:
Wherefore I think we should conclude,
How we should make a strong Defence
Against the Waters Violence,
For to resist his furious yre,
Contrary both to Flood and Fire:
Let us go spy some pleasant Field,
Where a strong Building we may bield:
A City with a strong Dungeon,
That none Engine may beat it down:
So high, so thick, so large, so long,
That God to us shall do no wrong.
It shall surmount the Planets seven,
That we from God may win the Heaven,
These people with a firm Intent,
All to his Counsel did consent,

And

And did espy a pleasant place,
 Hard on the Flood of *Euphrates*,
 The people then did there repare,
 Into the plain field *Shinare*,
 Which now of *Chaldie* bears the Name,
 Which did so long time flourish Fame.
 That great Fortress then did they found;
 And searcht it till they found sure Ground,
 And fell to work, both Man and Child.
 Some found out Clay, some burnt the Tyld,
Nimrod that curious Champion,
 Deviser was of that Dungeon:
 Nothing they spared their Labours,
 Like busie Bees upon the Flowers,
 Or Emmets travelling into *June*.
 Some under wrought, and some aboon,
 With strong and ingenious *Masonry*,
 Upward that Work did fortifie.
 With burnt Tyl-stones, large and wight,
 That Tower they raised to such hight,
 Above the Airs Region,
 And joined of strong Fashion;
 With Cement made of Pick and Tar,
 They used no other Mortar,
 Though Fire and Water assailed,
 Contrare that Dungeon nought availed.
 The Land about was fair and plain;
 And it rose like an high Mountain:
 These foolish people did intend,
 That to the Heavens it should ascend.
 So great a Strength was never seen
 Into the World with Men's Een;
 And the Walls of that Work they made
 Two and fifty Fathom bread:
 One of them, as some Men says,
 Might be two Fathoms in our dayes.
 One Man was then of more stature,
 Than two are now, of that be sure.
Josephus holds Opinion,
 Saying, the Hight of that Dungeon,
 Of large Paces of Measure been,
 Five thousand eightscore and fourteen

By this Reckoning it is full right;
Five Miles and an half of hight.
A thousand Pace take for a Mile,
And thou shalt find it near that stile.
This Tower in compass round about,
Were Miles ten withoutten doubt.
About the City of Stadies
Four hundred and fourscore Twis,
And by this Number of Compass,
About threescore of Miles it was.
And as *Orosius* reports,
There was fivescore of Brasen Ports.
This Translatory of *Orosius*,
Into his Chronicle writes thus,
That when the Sun is at the hight,
At Noon when it doth shine most bright;
The shadow of that hideous Strength,
Six Miles and more it was of length.
Thus may you judge into your thought,
If *Babylon* be high or nought.

**How GOD made the Diversity of Languages,
and made Impediment to the Building of
Babylon.**

Then the great God Omnipotent;
To whom all things been present,
That was; and is, and ever shall be,
Are present to his Majesty.
The very Secrets of Man's Heart,
From his Presence may not depart:
The seeing the Ambition,
And the pridesful presumption,
How these proud people did pretend,
Up through the Heavens to ascend,
Which was great folly to devise
Such a presumptuous Enterprize:
For when they were most diligent,
God made them such Impediment,
They were constrained with Heart sore,
From thence to go and build no more.
Which Languages on them he laid,
That none knew what another said.

Where

Where was but one Language before,
 God sent them Languages threescore,
 At that time all did speak *Hebrew*,
 Then some began for to speak *Grew*:
 Some did speak *Dutch*, some *Sarasin*,
 And some began to speak *Latine*:
 The Master-men were almost wild,
 Crying for Trees, they brought them Tyld,
 Some said, Bring Morter here at once,
 Then brought they to them Stocks and Stones.
 Then *Nimrod* their great Champion,
 Ran raging like a wild Lyon,
 Menacing them with Words most rude,
 But never a Word they understood.
 Before they found him good and kind,
 But then they thought him by his Mind:
 When he so furiously did flyte,
 Then turn'd his pride into Despite.
 Full dark eclipsed was his Glorie,
 When they would work for him no more.

Behold how God was gracious,
 To them that was outrageous:
 He neither brake their Legs nor Arms,
 Nor did to them so other Harms,
 Except of Tongues Division:
 And for a final Conclusion,
 Constrained they were for to depart,
 Each Company in sundry Airt.
 Some past into the Orient,
 And some into the Occident.
 Some South, some North, as they thought best,
 And so their policy left waste.
 But how that City was repaired,
 Hereafter it shall be declared.

Of the first Invention of Idolatry: How Nimrod compelled the people to adore the Fire in Chaldea.

Now, Sir, said I, show me the Man,
 Which first Idolatry began.

E. That shall I do with all mine Heart
 My Son, said he, ere we depart.

When *Nimrod* saw his Purpose failed,
 And his great Labour nought availed,
 In manner of Contempnion,
 Departed forth of that Region:
 And as *Orosius* doth rehearse,
 He past into the Land of *Perse*,
 And many a year did there remain,
 And then to *Babylon* came again,
 And found huge people of *Chaldie*,
 Remaining in that great City,
 That was glad of his returning,
 And did obey him as their King.
Nimrod his Name for to advance,
 Among them made new Ordinance,
 Saying, I think you are not wise,
 That to no God make Sacrifice,
 When to fulfill his false Desire,
 He caus'd be made a flaming Fire,
 And made it of such Breadth and Height,
 He caus'd it burn both day and night:
 When all the people of that Land,
 Wor'd the Fire at his Command,
 Prostrate on Knees and on Faces,
 Seeking their new God of Graces,
 To give them more occasion,
 He made them great Perswasion:
 His God, said he, is most of Might,
 Shewing his Beams on the Night:
 When Sun and Moon are both obscure,
 His heavenly Brightness doth indure.
 When mens Members suffer Cold,
 He warmeth them even as they would,
 When cry'd the people at his Desire,
 There is no God, except the Fire.
 Ere there was any Imagery,
 He began this first Idolatry:
 That Time there was no Usage
 To carve, or for to paint Image:
 When made he Proclamation,
 He made not Adoration
 To that new God, without Remead,
 So that Fire should suffer dead.

I find no Man into that Land,
 His Tyranny that durst gainstand,
 But *Abram* and *Aram* his Brother
 That disobeyed, I find none other,
 Which dwelling was in that Countie,
 With their Father, called *Thary*.
 These Brethren *Nimrod* did reprove
 Saying to him: Lord, by your leave,
 This Fire is but an Element,
 Pray you to God Omnipotent,
 Which made the Heaven by his might,
 Sun, Moon and Stars for to give Light:
 He made the Fishes in the Seas,
 The Earth with Beasts, Herbs and Trees:
 And last of all, for to conclude,
 He made Man to his Similitude.
 To that great God give praise and glory,
 Whose Reign endures for evermore.

When *Nimrod* in his furious Ire,
 These Brethren both cast in the Fire:
Abram by God he was preserved,
 But *Aram* in the fire was starved.
 When *Thary* heard his Son was dead,
 He did depart out of that stead,
 With *Abram*, *Nachor*, and their Wives,
 As the Scripture at length describes,
 And left the Land of *Chaldea*,
 And past to *Mesopotamia*,
 And dwelt in *Charan* all his days,
 And died there, as the Story sayes.
 The Life of *Abram*, as I suppose,
 Nothing belongs to our purpose.
 Into the Bible thou mayst read
 His vertuous Life, Word and Deed.
 Now have I shoven thee the Man
 That first Idolatry began.

Of the great Misery and Skaitch that cometh
 War, and how King *Ninus* began the first
 Wars, and strake the first Battel.

Father, I pray you with mine heart,
 Declare to me ere we depart,

Of the Monarchie.

Who first began these mortal Wars,
Which every faithful Heart so skars,
And every Policy down thraws,
Express against the LORD's Laws,
Since Christ our King Omnipotent,
Left Peace into his Testament:
How doth proceed this Cruelty,
Against Justice and Equity?
In Land where ever War hath been,
Great Misery there may be seen.
All things on Earth that God hath wrought,
Wars do destroy and bring to nought.
Cities with many strong Dungeon,
Are burnt, and to the Earth thrown down,
Virgins and Matrons are deflowered,
Temples that richly were decorated,
Are burnt, and all their Priests spoyled;
Poor Orphans under feet foyled;
Many old Man made Childrenless,
And many Children Fatherless.
Of famous Schools the Doctrine,
Both natural Science and Divine,
And every Vertue troden down,
No reverence done to Religion;
Strengths destroyed all utterly,
Fair Ladies forced shamefully:
Young Widows spoyled of their Spouses,
Poor Labourers driven from their Houses,
None dare no Merchant take in hand
To travel either by Sea or Land.
Butchers that do them confound,
Some murdered been, and some are drown'd;
And Craftsmen of good Engine,
Are altogether brought to Ruine;
The Bestial rest, the Commons slain,
The Land without Labouring doth remain,
Policy the perfect Works,
Buildings, Gardens, pleasant Parks,
Are altogether destroyed been,
That Granges burnt there may be seen:
Which is turn'd to Poverty,
Plenty into Penury,
Death,

Death, Hunger, Dearth, it is well kend,
 Of War this is the fatal End.
 Justice turned into Tyranny,
 All Pleasure in Adversity.
 The War all utterly down thraws,
 Both the civil and common Laws.
 War genders Murder and Mischief,
 Sore lamenting without Relief.
 Wars do destroy Realms and Kings;
 Great Princes War to Prison brings.
 War doth shed meikle guiltless Blood,
 Since I can say of Wars no good,
 Declare to me, Sir, if ye can,
 Who first this Misery began.

*A short Description of the four Monarchies: And
 how King Ninus began his Monarchy!*

OF War, said he, the great outrage,
 Began into the second Age,
 By cruel, prideful, covetous Kings:
 Reavers but Right of others Reigns:
 Howbeit *Kain* before the Flood,
 Was first shedder of guiltless Blood.
Ninus was first and principal man,
 Which sinistrous Conquest began:
 And was the man withouten Fail,
 In Earth which strake the first Battel,
 And first invented Imagery,
 Wherethrough came great Idolatry.

We must know ere we further wend,
 Of whom King *Ninus* did descend.
Ninus, if I can right define,
 He was from *Noe* the fifth by Line,
Noe begat *Cham*, *Cham* begat *Chus*,
 And *Chus* *Nimrod*, and *Nimrod* *Belus*,
 And *Belus* *Ninus* but leeing,
 Of *Assyria* the second King,
 And Builder of that great City,
 The which is called *Ninivy*:
 And was the first and principal Man,
 Which the first Monarchy began.

C Father said he, declare to me,
What signifies a Monarchie?

E. The Sooth, said he, Son, if thou know,
Monarchie is a Term of Grew,
As when a Province principal,
Had whole Power Imperial,
During their Dominations,
Above all Kings and Nations.
A Monarchie that Men do call,
Of whom I find four principal,
Which hath reign'd since the World began;

C. Then said I, Father, if you can,
Which Four are they? show me, I pray you.

E. My Son, said he, that shall I show you,
First, reign'd the King of *Assyrians*:
Secondly, reign'd the King of *Persians*:
The *Greeks* thirdly, with Sword and Fire,
Perforce obtain'd the third Empire:
The fourth Monarchy, as I hear,
The *Romans* kepted many a Year.

Let us speak of *Nimrod* King,
How he began his Conquessing.
The old *Greek* Historian
Diodorus, he writes plain,
At right great length of *Nimrod* King,
Of his Empire and Conquessing:
And of *Semiramis* his Wife.
That time the lustiest on Life.
It were too long time to put in Write,
Which *Diodore* doth indite;
But I shall show, as I suppose,
Which most belongs to our Purpose.

When *Nimrod* Prince of *Babylon*,
Out of this wretched World was gone,
And his Son *Belus* dead allwa,
The first King of *Assyria*:
This *Nimrod* which was second King,
Triumphantly began to Reign,
And was not pleased nor content
Of his own Region nor Rent:
Thinking his Glorie for to advance,
By his great People and Puffiance,

Through

18 *The Second Book*
Through Pride, Covetice and vain Glore,
Did him prepare to Conquests more,
And gathered forth a great Army,
Contrate *Babylon* and *Chaldy*.
Wherefore he had ardent Desire
To joyn that Land to his Empire,
Howbeit he had thereto no Right,
But by his Tyranny and Might.
Withoutten Fear of GOD or Man,
His Conquesting he thus began.

His People being in Array,
To *Caldea* took his ready Way.
When that the *Babylonians*,
Together with the *Caldeans*,
Heard tell King *Ninus* was comeand,
Made Proclamation through the Land,
That each Man after his Degree,
Should come and Save his own Country :
Though that they had no Use of War,
Without all Fear they past forward,
And put themselves in good Order
To Meet King *Ninus* on the Border,
In that Time ye may understand
There was no Harness in the Land,
For to Defend, or yet Invade,
Whereby more Slaughter there was made :
They Fought through Strength of Bodies,
With Goads of Iron, with Stones and Trees,
With sound of Horn and hideous Cry,
They Rushed together right Rudely,
With hardy Heart and strength of Hands,
Till Thousands lay dead on the Lands.
Where Men in Battel naked been,
Great Slaughter soon there may be seen,
They Fought so long and cruelly,
And with uncertain Victory :
No Man might judge that stood on far,
Who got the better or the war.
But when it did approach the Night,
The *Chaldeans* they took the Flight :
Then the King and his Company
Were right glad of the Victory ;

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Because he wan the first Battel
 That stricken was on Earth but fail.
 And peaceable of that Region,
 Did take the whole Dominion;
 Then was he King of *Chaldæa*,
 As well as of *Affyria*,
 As for the King of *Arabia*,
 In this Conquest made him Supply:
 Of this yet was he not Content,
 But to the Realm of *Mede* he went,
 Where *Fernus* King of that Country
 Did meet him with a great Army,
 But King *Ninus* the Battel wan,
 Where slain was many a Noble-man:
 And to the King would give no Grace,
 But plainly in a publick Place,
 With his seven Sons and his Ladie,
 Cruelly did them Crucifie.
 Of that Triumph he did rejoyce,
 Then forward to the Field he goes:
 Then Conquest he *Armenia*,
Perse, *Egypt*, and *Pamphilia*:
Cappadoce, *Lyde*, and *Maritane*,
Caspia, *Phrygia*, and *Hircane*:
 All *Africa*, and *Asia*,
 Except great *Inde* and *Bactria*,
 Which he did Conquest afterward,
 As you shall hear ere we depart.
 Now would I, ere we farther wend,
 That his Idolatry were kend:
 Then after that without Sojourn,
 To our purpose we shall return.

*How King Ninus invented the first Idolatry,
 Or worshipping of Images.*

NINUS an Image he caus'd make,
 For King *Belus* his Father's sake,
 Most like his Father of Figure,
 Of Quantity and Portraiture:
 Of fine Gold was that Figure made,
 A crafty Crown upon his Head,

With precious Stones, in tokening
 His Father *Belus* was a King
 In *Babylon* he a Temple made
 Of crafty Work, both high and broad,
 Wherein that Image gloriously
 Was throned up triumphantly.
 Then *Ninus* gave a strait Command,
 To all the People of that Land,
 As well into *Affrya*,
 As in *Shinar* and *Chaldea*,
 Under his Domination,
 They should make Adoration,
 Upon their Knees to that Figure,
 Under the Pain of Forfeiture.
 There was no Lord in all that Land,
 His Summoning that durst gainstand:
 The Young and Old, both Great and Small,
 To that Image they Prayed all:
 And changed his Name, as I heard tell,
 From *Belus* to the great god *Bell*.
 In that Temple he did devise,
 That Priests should make their Sacrifice:
 By that Consent then came a Law,
 None other GOD that they would know:
 Also he gave to that Image,
 Of Sanctuary the Privilege:
 For whatsoever Transgressor,
 An Homicide, or Oppressor,
 Seeing that Image in the Face,
 Of their Guilt got the King's Grace,

C. Declare to me, sweet Sir, said I,
 Was there no more Idolatry,
 After that this false Idol *Bell*
 Was throned up, as you me tell.

E. My Son, said he, incontinent
 These Novels through the World went,
 How King *Ninus*, as I have said,
 A curious Image he had made,
 To the which all his Nation
 Made devout Adoration:
 Then every Countrey took Conceit,
 They would King *Ninus* counterfeit

When

When any Famous Man was dead,
 Set up an Image in his stead,
 Which they did honor from the Spleen:
 As it immortal God had been:
 Images some made for the Nones,
 Of fine Gold, of Stocks and Stones,
 Of Silver some, and Ivery Bone,
 With diverse Names to every one:
 For some they called *Saturnus*,
 Some *Jupiter*, some *Nephtunus*,
 And some they called *Cupido*,
 Their God of Love, and some *Pluto*.
 They called some *Mercureus*,
 And some the windy *Eolus*.
 Some *Mars* made like a Man of War,
 Enarmed well with Sword and Speare
 Some *Bacchus*, and some *Apollo*.
 Of Names they had an hundred mo,

When any Lady of great Fame
 Was dead, for to exalt her Name,
 An Image for a Portraiture,
 Was set up for an Orature:
 The which they called their Goddess,
 As *Venus*, *Juno* and *Pallas*.
 Some *Ceres*, *Vesta* and *Diana*,
 Some *Clio*, some *Proserpina*.
 And some the great Goddess *Minerva*,
 With curious colors they would carve,
 Among the Poets you may see,
 Of false Gods the Genealogie.

So that these Abominations
 Did spread throughout all Nations:
 Except good *Abram* as we read,
 Who honored GOD in Word and Deed:
 For *Abram* had his Beginning,
 Into the time of *Ninus* King,
Ninus began with Tyranny:
 And *Abram* with humility.
Ninus began the first Empire,
Abram of War had no Desire.
Ninus began Idolatry,
Abram in Sprite and Verity,

He prayed to the LORD alone,
 False Imagery he would have none:
 Of him descended, I heard tell,
 The twelve Tribes of *Israel*.
 These People made Adoration,
 With humble Supplication,
 To Him who was of Kings KING,
 And Heaven and Earth made of nothing:
 Dead Images they held at nought,
 Which were with Mens Hands wrought,
 But the Almighty GOD on live.
 My Son, now have I done describe
 These Questions at thy Command,
 The which thou didst at me Demand.

C. What was the Cause, Sir, make me sure,
 Idolatrie did so long endure
 Out through the World so generally,
 And with the *Gentiles* specially?

E. Said he, some Causes principal,
 I find in my Memorial:
 First was through Princes Commandment,
 Which did Idolatry invent:
 Then singular Profit of the Priests,
 Painters, Gold-smiths, Masons, Wrights,
 These Men of Craft most full curiously,
 Made Images so pleasantly,
 And sold them for a sumptuous Price:
 So by their crafty Merchandise,
 They were made Rich above Measure:
 As for the Priests, I thee assure,
 They got Profit into all Lands,
 Through Sacrifice and Offerands:
 And by their fained Sanctitude,
 Abused many Men of Good.
 He in the Time of *Daniel*,
 The Priests of that Idol Bell,
 When *Nebuchadonoxor* King,
 in *Babylon* highly did Reign,
 The Priests the King made understand
 That Image made with Mens Hand,
 He was a glorious God of Life,
 And also had Prerogative:

That

That by his great Power divine,
 Would eat Beeff, Mutton, Bread and Wine;
 And so the King caus'd every Day,
 Before *Bell* on his Altar lay,
 Forty fat Wedders fresh and fine,
 And six great Rubors of wight Wine,
 Twelve great Loaves of bouted Flour,
 Which was all eaten in one Hour:
 Nor by that Image deaf and dumb,
 But by the Priests all and some,
 As by the BIBLE thou mayest ken,
 Whose Number was Threescore and Ten,
 They and their Wives every Day,
 Ate all that on the Altar lay.

Then *Daniel* in Conclusion,
 Shew'd to the King their Abusion:
 And of their Craft he made him sure,
 How underneath the Temple Floor,
 Through a Passage they came by Night,
 And ate that Meat by Candle Light,
 The King when he the Matter knew,
 The Priests with all their Wives he slew;
 Thus subtilly the King was fyled,
 And all the People were beguiled:
 My Son, said he, now may thou ken,
 How by the Priests, and crafty Men,
 And by their Craftiness and Cure,
 Idolatry did long endure.

Behold how *John Beccarius*
 Hath written Works wonderous,
 Of *Gentiles* Superstition,
 And of their great Abusion.
 And in this great Book thou mayst see,
 Of the false Gods Genealogie,
 Of *Demorgorgon* in special,
 For Grand-syre to the Gods all,
 Honor'd among *Arcadians*.
 And of the false *Philistians*,
 With their great devilish God *Dagon*;
 With their Idols many one,
 But I abhor, the Truth to tell,
 Of the Princes of *Israel*,

Chosen by GOD Omnipotent,
 How they brake His Commandement,
 King Solomon as the Scripture says,
 He doted in his latter Days:
 His wanton Wives for to please,
 He car'd not GOD for to displease,
 And did commit Idolatry,
 Worshipping carv'd Imagery,
 As *Molech* God of *Ammonites*,
 And *Chemosh* God of *Moabites*,
Asherah God of *Sidonians*,
 So for his Inobedience,
 And foul Abomination,
 Was punisht his Succession,
 His Son *Rehoboam*, I heard tell,
 Lost the ten Tribes of *Israel*,
 For his Father's Idolatry,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst see.

Of Images used among Christian Men.

FAther, yet one thing would I speer,
 Behold in every Church and Queer
 Through Christendom in Burgh and Land,
 Images made with Mens Hand:
 To whom are given diverse Names,
 Some *Peter*, and *Paul*, some *John*, and *James*,
 Saint *Peter* carved with his Keyes,
 Saint *Michael* with his Wings and Ways,
 Saint *Katherin* with her Sword and Wheel,
 An Hynd set up hard by Saint *Geor*.
 It were o're long for to discrive
 Saint *Francis* with his Wounds five,
 Saint *Tredwel* eke there may be seen,
 Who in a Prick hath both her Een.
 Saint *Paul* well painted with a Sword,
 As he would Fight at the first Word.
 Saint *Appollin* on Altar stands,
 With all her Teeth into her Hands.
 Saint *Rock* well sealed, Men may see,
 A Byle new broken on his Thie.
 Saint *Eloy* he doth stately stand

A new Horse-shoe into his Hand.
 Saint *Nintan* of a rotten Stock,
 Saint *Dushe* bor'd out of a Block.
 Saint *Andrew* with Crofs in his Hand,
 Saint *George* upon a Horse ridand.
 Saint *Antony* set upon a Sow,
 Saint *Bryde* well carved with a Kow,
 With costly Colors fine and fair,
 A Thousand more I might declare.
 As Saint *Cosm* and Saint *Damian*,
 The Souter of Saint *Crispinian*.
 All these on Altars stately stands,
 Priests cying for their Offerands;
 To whom we Commons on our Knees
 Do worship all these Imageries,
 In Church or Queer, or in the Cloister,
 Praying to them our *Pater-noster*.
 In Pilgrimage from Town to Town,
 With Offering and Adoration,
 To them ay babling on our Beeds,
 That they may help us in our Needs:
 What differs this, declare to me,
 From the *Gentiles* Idolatrie?

E. If that be true that thou Reports;
 It goes right near the self same Sorts:
 But we by Counsel of Clergy,
 Have Licence to make Imagery,
 Which of unlearned been the Books,
 For when the Laiks on them looks,
 It brings them in Remembrance,
 Of Saints Lives the Circumstance:
 How the Faith for to fortifie,
 They suffered Pain right patiently.
 Seeing the Image on the Rood,
 Men should remember on the Blood
 Which CHRIST into His Passion
 Did shed for our Salvation,
 Or when thou seest the Portraitour
 Of blessed *Mary* Virgin pure,
 A pleasant Babe upon her Knee,
 Then in thy Mind remember thee,
 The Word which the Prophet said:

How she should be both Mother and Maid:
 But who that sitteth on their Knees,
 Praying to many Imageries,
 With Oration and Offerands,
 Kneeling with Cup into their Hands:
 No Difference been, I say to thee,
 From the *Gensiles* Idolatry,
 Right so of diverse Nations,
 I read th' Abominations,
 How *Greeks* made their Devotion hail
 To *Mars* to save them in Battel.
 To *Jupiter* some took their Voyage,
 To save them from the stormy Rage:
 Some prayed to *Venus* from the Spleen.
 That they their Lovers might obtain:
 And some to *Juno* for Riches,
 Their Pilgrimage they would address
 So doth our Common Populare,
 Which were too long for to declare,
 Their Superstitious Pilgrimages
 To many diverse Images,
 Some to Saint *Rock* with Diligence,
 To save them from the Pestilence:
 For their Teeth to Saint *Appolline*:
 To Saint *Trodwel* to mend their Een.
 Some makes Offerings to Saint *Eloy*,
 That he their Horse might well convoy.
 They run when they have Jewels tint,
 To Saint *Syeth* ere ever they stint:
 And to Saint *Germane* to get Remead,
 For Maledies into their Head.
 They bring mad Men on Feet and Horse,
 And binds them to Saint *Munge's* Cross,
 To Saint *Barbara* they cry full fast,
 To save them from the Thunder Blast.
 For good Novels, as I heard tell,
 Some takes their Way to *Gabriel*:
 Some Wives Saint *Margaret* doth exhort
 Into their Birth them to Support.
 To Saint *Antho*n to save the Sow.
 To Saint *Bryde* for Calf and Kow.
 To Saint *Sebastian* they run and aide,

That from the Shot he save their Side,
 And some in hope to get their Heal,
 Runs to the old Rood of Rarcal:
 Howbeit these People rude
 Think their Intention to be good,
 Wo be to Priests, I say, for me,
 Which should shew them the Verity.
 Prelates which have of them the Cure,
 Shall make Answer therefore, be sure,
 In the great Day of Judgment,
 Where no Time is for to Repent,
 Where manifest Idolatry
 Shall Punisht be perpetually.

An Exclamation against Idolatry,

IMprudent People, ignorant and blind;
 By what Reason, Law, or Authority;
 Or what authentick Scripture can ye find
 Lawful for to commit Idolatry?
 Which is to bow your Body, or your Kne,
 With devoute humble Adoration,
 To any Image made of Stock or Tree,
 Giving to them Offering or Oblation.

Why do ye give the Honor, Land, or Glore
 Pertaining to GOD who made all things of nought
 Who was, and is, and shall be evermore,
 To Images by Mens Hands wrought?
 O foolish Folk! why have ye Succour sought?
 Of them that cannot Help you in Distress?
 Yet reasonably revolve into your Thought,
 In Stock or Stone can be no Holiness.

In the Deserts the People of *Israel*,
Moses remaining on the Mount *Sinay*,
 They made a molten Calf of fine Metal,
 Which they did honor as their God alway,
 But when *Moses* descended, I heard say,
 And did consider their Idolatry,
 Of that People Three Thousand caus'd he slay,
 As the Scripture at length doth testifie,

Because the holy Prophet *Daniel*,

In *Babylon* Idolatry reprov'd,
 And would not worship their false Idol *Bell*,
 The whole People at him were sore agrieved,
 To that Effect that he should be Mischiev'd:
 Delivered him to ramping Lyons seven,
 But of that dangerous Den he was Reliev'd,
 Through Miracle of the great GOD of Heaven,
 Behold how *Nebuchadonoxor* King,
 Into the Vail of *Duran* did prepare
 An Image of fine Gold, a marvellous Thing,
 Threescore of Cubits high, and Six in square,
 As more clearly the Scripture doth declare;
 To whom all People by Proclamation,
 With Bodies bow'd, and on their Knees bare,
 Right humbly made their Adoration.

A great Wonder that Day was seen also;
 How *Nebuchadonoxor* in his Ire,
 Took *Sidrach*, *Mefech*, and *Abednego*,
 Which would not bow their Knees at his Desire
 To th' Idol; caus'd cast them into the Fire
 For to be burnt, ere he fir'd off the Stead:
 When he believ'd they were burnt Bones and Lyre,
 Was not consum'd a small Hair of their Head.

The Angel of the LORD was with them seen
 Into that hot Furnace, passing up and down,
 Into a tosse-Earth as they had been:
 No Spot of Fire distaining Coat or Gown:
 Of Victory they did obtain the Crown,
 And were to them that made Adoration
 To that Idol, or bow'd their Body down,
 A Witnessing of their Damnation.

What was the Cause, at me thou mayst demand,
 That *Solomon* us'd no Imagery
 In his triumphant Temple for to stand,
 Of *Abram*, *Isaac*, *Jacob*, nor *Jesse*,
 Nor to *Moses*, their Safeguard through the Sea,
 Nor *Jesus* their valiant Champion:
 Because GOD did command the contrary,
 They should not use such Superstition.

Behold how the great GOD Omnipotent,

To

To preserve *Israel* from Idolatry,
Directed them a strait Commandement,
That they should make no graven Imagie;
Neither of Gold, Silver, Stone nor Tree,
Nor give Worship to any Similitude,
Being in Heaven, in Earth, or in the Sea,
But openly to his Sovereign Cellitude.

The Prophet *David* plainly did reprove
Idolatry to their Confusion;
In graven Stock or Stone that did believe,
Declaring to them their great Abusion,
Speaking in manner of Derision,
How dead Idols by Mens Hands wrought,
Whom they Honor'd with humble Adoration,
Were in the Market daily sold and boughr.

The Devils seeing the ill Condition
Of the *Gentiles*, and their Unfairhfulness,
For to augment their Superstition,
In these Idols they made their Enterefs,
And in them spake, as Stories do express,
Then Men believed of them to get Relief,
Asking their Help in all their Business,
But finally they turn'd to their Mischief.

Trust well, in them is no Divinitie,
When with the Roust their fair Color doth fade:
Though they have Feet, one Foot thy cannot see,
Howbeit the Temple burnt about their Head.
In them is neither Friendship nor Remead.
In such Figures, what Favour can ye find?
With Mouth and Ears & Eyes though they be made,
All Men may see they are Dumb, Deaf and Blind.

Howbeit they fall down flatly on the Floor,
They have no Strength themselves to raise again:
Though Rats over them run, they take no Cure:
Howbeit they broke their Neck, they feel no Pain,
Why should Men Psalms to them sing or sain,
Since growing Trees that yearly beareth Fruit,
Are more to praise, I make it to thee plain,
Then cutted Stocks, wanting both Crop and Root.

Of *Edinburgh* the great Idolatric,

And

And manifest Abomination.

On their Feast Days all Creatures may see:
They bear an old Stock Image through the Town,
With Tabern, Trumpet, Shalm and Clarion,
Which hath been used many a Year bygone,
With Priests and Friers into Procession,
Like unto *Bell* carried through *Babylon*.

Think ye not shame, ye secular Priests and Friers
To so great Superstition to consent?

Idolaters ye have been many Years,
Express against the LORD's Commandement.
Wherefore, Brethren, I counsel you Repent:
Give no Honor to carved Stocks or Stone,
But Honor give to GOD Omnipotent,
And praise Him ay, as wisely writeth *John*.

Ey on you Friers that uses for to preach,
And do advance forward Idolatry:
Why do ye not the ignorant People teach,
How a dead Image carved on a Tree,
As it were Holy, should not honored be,
Nor born on Burgees Backs up and down?
But ye show plainly your Hypocrisie,
When ye pass formost in Procession.

Ey on you Fosterers of Idolatry,
That to the dead Stocks do Reverence.
In presence of the People publickly
Fear ye not GOD to commit such Offence?
I counsel you to do your Diligence,
To cause Oppress so great Abusion:
Do ye not so, I dread your Repentance
Shall be nought else but clean Confusion.

Had Saint *Francis* been born out through the Town,
Or Saint *Dominick*, though ye had refused
With them to have past in Procession,
In that Case some would you have excused.
Now Men may see how that ye have abused
That noble Town through your Hypocrisie:
The People think that they may right well use it,
When ye pass with them into Company.

Some of you have been quyet Counsellors,

Provoking

Provoking Princes to shed guiltless Blood,
Which never did your prudent Predecessors.
But ye like furious Pharisees denud
Of Charity, which sent CHRIST on the rood,
For CHRIST's Flock, without Malice or Ire,
Converted, fragile Faultors, I conclude
By GOD's own Word, withoutten Sword or Fire.

Read ye not how CHRIST hath given Command,
If thy Brother do ought thee to Offend,
Then secretly Correct him Hand for Hand.
In friendly Manner, ere that thou surther wend,
If he will not hear thee, then make it kend
To one or two by true Narration:
If he for them will not this Miss amend,
Delate him to the Congregation.

And yet if he remain Obstinat,
And to the holy Church uncounsellable,
Then like a Turk hold him Excommunicat,
And with all faithful Folk Abominable,
Banishing him, that he be no more able
To dwell among the faithful Company:
When he Repents be not Unmerciable,
But him Receive again right tenderly.

But our dumb Doctors of Divinity,
And ye of the last sound Religion,
Of poor Transgressors ye have no Pity,
But cryes to put them ay to Confusion,
As cry'd the Jews for the Effusion
Of CHRIST's Blood into their burning Ire,
Crucifie: so ye with an Union
Do cry, cause cast the Faulter in the Fire.

Unmerciful Members of the Antichrist,
Extolling your humane Tradition,
Contrare the Institution of CHRIST.
Fear ye not for Divine Punition.
Though some of you be of good Condition,
Ready to receive new recent Wine:
I speak to you all Bosses of Perdition:
Return in time, ere ye run to Ruine.

As ran the perverse Prophets of Babel,
Which

Which did consent to the Idolatry
Of wicked *Ahab* King of *Israel*,
Whose Number were Four Hundred and Fifty,
Which honored that Idol openly.
But when *Elisha* did prove their Abusion.
He caus'd the People slay them cruelly:
So in one Hour came their Confusion.

I pray you Print in your Remembrance,
How the red Friars for their Idolatry,
In *Scotland*, *England*, *Spain*, *Italy* and *France*,
Upon one Day were Punisht piteously.
Behold how your own Brethren now lately,
In *Dutchland*, *England*, *Denmark*, and *Norway*,
Are trodden down with their Hypocrisie,
And as the Snow are vanisht quite away.

I marvel that our Bishops think no shame,
To give your Friars such Preeminence,
To use their Office to their great Defame,
Preaching for them in open audience.
But might a Bishop augment his own Expence,
For each Sermon ten Ducats in his Hand:
He would ere he did take that Recompence,
Go preach himself both into Burgh and Land.

I trust to see good Reformation,
When that we get a faithfull prudent King
Which knows the Truth, and his Vocation:
All Publicans, I trust he will down thring.
And will not suffer in his Realm to Reign
Corrupted Scribes, nor false Pharisience,
Against the Truth which plainly do malign:
Till that King come we must take Patience.

Now farewell Friends, because I cannot flyte,
Nowbeit I could, ye must had me excused:
Though I against Idolatry indite,
Or them despite that will not yet refuse it,
I pray to GOD that it be no more used
Among the Rulers of this Region,
That common People be no more abused,
But give Him Glorie that bare the thorny Crown,
Who teacheth us by his Divine Scripture,

To

To right Prayer the perfect ready Way,
 As writeth *Matthew* in his sixth Chapter,
 In what Manner, and to whom we should pray,
 A short compendious Oration each Day,
 Most profitable both for Body and Soul:
 The which is not directed, I hear say,
 To *John*, or *James*, to *Peter* or to *Paul*.

Nor to none other of the Apostles twelve,
 Nor to no Saint, nor Angel in the Heavens;
 But only to our Father GOD Himself,
 Which Oration is contained full even,
 Most profitable for us Petitions seven,
 Which we Laick-folk the *Pater-noster* call.
 Though we say Psalms, nine, ten or eleven,
 Of all Prayers this is the Principal.

By reason of the Maker that it made,
 Who was the Son of GOD our Saviour;
 And by reason to whom it should be said,
 To the Father of Heaven our Creator,
 Who dwelleth not in Temple nor in Tower;
 He clearly sees our Thought, Will, and Intent;
 What needeth us at others seek Succour,
 When in all Place His Power is present?

Ye Princes of the Priests, ye that should preach,
 Why suffer ye so great Abusion?
 Why do ye not the simple People teach,
 How and to whom to dress their Oration?
 Why thole ye them to go from Town to Town,
 In Pilgrimage to any Imageries,
 Hoping to get some Satisfaction,
 Praying to them devoutly on their Knees?

This was the Practice of some Pilgrimage,
 When Fillocks into *Fife* began the Ton;
 With *Jack* and *Thom* then they took their Voyage,
 In *Angus* to the Field Chappel of *Dron*.
 Then *Kittock* there as keady as a Con,
 Without regard either to Sin or Shame,
 Gave *Lawry* Leave at leasure to leap on:
 Far better been to have tarried at Hame.

I have seen pails a marvellous Multitude,

Young

Young Men and Women singing on their Feet,
Under the Form of fained Sanctitude,
For to adote an Image in *Lawriet* :
Many came with their Fellows for to meet,
Committing their soul Fornication;
Some kist the clagged Tail of the Hermite :
Why thole ye this Abomination ?

Of Fornication and Adultery,
Apparently ye take but little Cure,
Seeing the marvellous Infelicity,
Which hath so long done in this Land endure,
Of your Default which have the Charge and Cure.
This is of Truth, my Lords, with your Leave,
Such Pilgrimages have made many a Whore,
Which, if I pleased, plainly I might prove.
Why make ye not the Scriptures manifest
To poor People touching Idolatry ?
In your Preaching why have ye not exprest
How many Kings of *Israel* cruelly
Were punished by GOD so rigorously ?
As *Jeroboam*, and many mo, no doubt,
For worshipping of carv'd Imagery,
Were from their Realms rudely rooted out.

Why thole ye under your Dominion,
A crafty Priest, or fained false Hermite,
Abusing the People of this Region,
Only for their particular Profite ?
And specially that Hermite *Lawriet*,
He put the common People in believe,
That Blind got Sight, and Crooked got their Feet,
The which the Paillard by no means can prieve.

Ye married Men that have trim wanton Wives,
And lusty Daughters of young and tender Age,
Whose Honesty ye should love as your Lives,
Permit them not to pass in Pilgrimage,
To seek Support of any Stock Image ;
For I have known good Women pass from Hame,
Which have been trapped with such Luffs Rage,
Have returned both with great Sin and Shame.

Get up, Thou sleepest still too long, O LORD,
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And make an hasty Reformation
 On them that do tramp down Thy gracious Word,
 And have a deadly Indignation
 At them which make a true Narration
 Of Thy Gospel, showing the Verity :
 O LORD, I make Thee Supplication,
 Support our Faith, our Hope, and Charity:

*How King Ninus built the great City of
 Nineve, and how he Vanquished
 Zoroastes King of Bactria.*

THis *Ninus* of *Assyria* King,
 When he had made his Conquessing,
 To build a City he him drest,
 Choosing a Place where he thought best,
 Where he had first Dominion,
 In *Assyria* his own Region :
 Though *Assur*, as the Scripture says,
 Who came before King *Ninus* Days,
 He founded that famous City,
 The which was called *Ninive*;
 But as rehearseth *Diodore*,
Ninus that City did decore,
 So marvellous triumphantly,
 As ye shall hear immediatly.
 Upon the Flood of *Euphrates*,
 Which to behold great Wonder was,
 An hundred and fifty Stages,
 That City was of Length I wis :
 The Walls an hundred Foot of Hight,
 No Wonder was though it was Wight.
 Such Breadth about the Walls there was,
 Three Carts might fidelongs on them pass :
 Four hundred Stages, fourscore and four,
 In Circuit, but Nine or more :
 Of Towers about the Walls I ween,
 A thousand and five hundred been.
 Of Hight two hundred Foot and more,
 As writteth famous *Diodore*,
 The Scripture maketh mention,
 When GOD sent *Jonas* to that Town,

To

To show them of his Punishment,
Throughout the City when he went,
Three Days Journey to him it was,
The Bible says it was no less.

My Son, now have I shewn to thee,
Of the building of *Ninives*:

For the augmenting of his Fame,
Ninus call'd it after his Name.

When he that great City had ended,
To Conquests more yet he intended,

And did depart from *Ninivy*,

And raised up a great Army

Of the most stalwart Men and stout,

Of all the Regions round about,

In great Order took their Journey

Toward the Realm of *Babrya*,

Of wight Foot-men I understand,

He hath Seventeen Hundred Thousand,

Without Horse-men and warlike Carcs,

Whom he ordered in sundry parts,

Which to describe I am not able,

Whose Number is incredible.

Zoroaster that noble King,

Then *Babrya* had in Governing:

That prudent Prince, as I heard tell,

Did in Astronomy precel;

And found the Art of Magic,

With natural Science many ma,

Seeing King *Ninus* in the Field,

Forward he came with Spear and Shield,

Four hundred thousand Men he was,

In his Army there was not less,

And met King *Ninus* on the Border,

Right valiantly and in good Order;

On the Vanguard of his Army,

On them he rushed right rudely,

And of them slew, as I heard say,

An hundred thousand Men that Day:

The rest that scaped were unslain,

To *Ninus* great Host fled again.

Of that King *Ninus* was so Noyed,

He rested never till he Destroyed,

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All whole that Region up and down,
 And from the King did reave the Crown,
 And made the Realm of *Babylonia*.
 Subject unto *Assyria* :
 And in the self-same Land *I* was,
 He got his Wife *Semiramis*,
 Which as mine Author doth describe,
 Was then the lustiest on live:
 That being done without Sojourn,
 To *Ninus* he did return
 With great Triumph of Victorie,
 As mine Author doth specifie:
 Both Occident and Orient
 Were all to him Obedient.
 It would abhor thee to hear red,
 The guiltless Blood that he did shed,
 When he had Reign'd, as you may hear,
 The Space of three and forty Year:
 Being in his excellent Glore,
 The dolent Death did him Devore,
 In what Sort I am not certain.
 Some Author says that he was slain,
 And left into his Heritage,
 A little Child of tender Age.
 Young *Ninus* was the Child's Name,
 Which after flourish in great Fame:
 Some says, that by his Wives Treason,
 King *Ninus* died in Prison,
 As I shall show ere I hence fare,
 As *Diodore* hath done, declare.

Of the wonderful Deeds of *Queen Semiramis*,

Ninus loved so ardently
Semiramis his fair Lady;
 There was nothing she would have done,
 But all obeyed was full soon.
 She seeing him so amorous,
 She grew Proud and Presumptuous,
 And at the King she did desire,
 Five Days to Govern his Empire;
 And he of his Benevolence,

Did

Did grant her that Preeminence.
 With Scepter; Crown and Robe Royal,
 And whole Power Imperial.
 Till five Days were come and gone,
 That she as King might Reign alone.
 Then all the Princes of the Land,
 During that Time made her a Band,
 With Banquet Royal merrily,
 She Treated them Triumphantly,
 So the first Day the People all
 Came to her Service, bound and thral:
 But ere the second Day was gone,
 She took such Glorie to Reign alone
 By a Deceit made them among,
 The King she put in Prison strong.
 I read well of his Prisoning,
 But not of his Delivering:
 However it was, into his Flowrs,
 He did of Death suffer the Showrs,
 And might not length his Life one Hour
 Though he was the first Conquerour:
 Whose Conquessing, for to conclude,
 Was not without shedding of Blood.

Now have you heard of *Ninus* King,
 How he Began, and his Ending.
 Although mine Author *Diodore*
 Of him hath written meekle more.
 Princes for wrongous Conquessing,
 Do make oftentimes an evil Ending,
 Though he had long Prosperity,
 He ended with great Misery.

Of King Ninus Sepulcher,

THE Queen a Sepulcher had made,
 Where the King *Ninus* Body laid,
 Of curious crafty Work and wight,
 The which had Stades nine of Hight,
 And ten Stades of Breadth it was,
Diodore says, it was no less:
 For eight Stades a Mile thou take:
 And thereafter thy Number make:

So by this Compt it was full right,
A Mile and eke a Stade of Hight:
Except the Tower of *Babylon*,
So High a Work. I read of none.

Semiramis his lusty Queen,
Considering what Danger been,
To have a King of tender Age,
Which might not use his Vassalage,
She took a couragious Conceit,
Thinking that she should make Debate,
If any made Rebellion

Contrare he Son and Region,
Whom she did Foster tenderly,
And kepted him full quietly.

She laid apart her own Clothing,
And took the Rayment of a King;
When she was into Armour dight,
Might no Man know her by a Knight;
So valiantly went to the Wear,

And to give Battel took no Fear,
Daunting all Realms round about,
That all the World of her had Doubt;
More Fortunate in her Conquessing
Then was her Husband *Ninus* King.

Babylon she did Fortifie,
Temples and Towers Triumphantly,
So pleasantly did them prepare,
Which in the Earth had no Compare:
Howbeit *Nimrod* of whom I speak,
The hideous Dungeon he caus'd make,
And of the City the Fundament.

To whom GOD made Impediment;
Where *Nimrod* lest, there she began,
And put to Work many a Man;

Of all Realms round about,
Of most Engine she fought them out;
She had working with Tree and Stones,
Twelve hundred thousand Men at once.

Go read the Book of *Disdore*,
And thou shalt find the Number more,
On every Side of *Euphrates*,
That noble City builded was,

And

And so that River of Renown,
 Ran through the Mid-part of that Town,
 Over-thwart that Flood the Bridges made,
 Of marvellous Strength, both Long and Brade,
 They were five Stages large of Length,
 On every Bridge she made a Strength,
 The Circuit, as I said before,
 Four hundred Stages and fourscore.
 The Walls Hight who would describe,
 Three hundred Foot, threescore, and five:
 Six Cart might pass right easily,
 Above the Walls of that City
 Sidelongs without Impediment,
 Consider then by your Judgment,
 If these Walls were high or nought,
 And also curiously were wrought,
 As *Diodore* hath done, define,
 Which doth transcend my rude Engine.
 Of *Babylon* the Magnificence,
 To whom ye would give no Credence,
 If I at Length would put in Write,
 Which *Diodore* hath done, Endyte.
 Compare with Cities find I none,
 To *Ninive* and *Babylon*,
 From *Ninive* of *Assyria*,
 To *Babylon* in *Chaldaea*;
 By Bridges pleasant ye may pass,
 Upon the Flood of *Euphrates*.
 Among the Floods of *Paradise*,
 This *Euphrates* may bear the Prize:
 All Works which the Queen began,
 Transcended the Engine of Man,
 The proud Queen *Penthilte*,
 The Princes of *Amazons*,
 With her Ladies Triumphantly,
 At *Troy* which fought valiantly:
 Nor yet the fair Maiden of *France*,
 Daughter of *English* Ordinance:
 To *Semiramis* in her Days,
 Were no Compare, as Books says:
 Except Triumphant *Julius*,
 Strong *Hannibal*, or *Pompeius*:

Of *Alexander* the Conqueror,
I find no greater Warrior,
Would I rehearse, as write Clerks,
Her wonderful and valiant Warks,
It were to me a great Labor,
And tedious to the Auditor,
What she did in *Ethiopia*,
And in the Land of *Media*,
Building Cities, Castles and Towers,
Parks and Gardens of Pleasures:
For the exalting of her Name,
And Immortal to make her Fame,
Of *Jaricus* the high Mountain,
She caus'd run down, and made them plain,
Great *Orantes*, the Mountain wight,
Twenty and five Stages of Hight,
To her Palace to draw a Loch,
By Force of Men she cut it through,
Had she kept her Chastity,
She might have been an *A per se*.
When she had ordered her Empire,
Of *Venus* Work she took desire:
A secret Mansion she caus'd make,
Wherein she pleasantly might take,
Young Gentle-men for her Pleasure,
The which she used above Measure,
One Man alone might not be able
To stanch her Lust insatiable.
When she was satisfied of one,
She caus'd another come anon,
The Lustiest in all that Land,
Came quietly at her Command,
When they at length had Lyen her by,
She slew all them right cruelly.
When her Son came to Age perfyte,
Of him she took so great delite,
So caused him with her to Ly,
Among the Rest right quietly,
Some sayes with sensual Lusts Rage,
She bound him into Marriage,
And held him under Tutorie,
To uphold her Authority.

*How the Queen Semiramis with a great Army
past to Indus, and fought with the
King Staurobates. And of
her miserable End.*

When she had long Time liv'd in Rest
To Conquests more she her address:
Because of diverse she heard tell,
How that the *Indus* Oriental
Precell'd in great Commodities,
As Bestial, Corns, and fruitful Trees:
All kind of Spices delicious,
Gold, Silver, and Stones-precious:
And how that plenteous Land did bear
Corn, Fruit, and Wine, twice in the Year,
With Elephants innumerable,
In Battel wondrous Terrible:
She hearing this, and meikle more,
Believing to augment her Glore,
Caus'd make strait Proclamations,
In all and sundry Nations,
Showing how it was her Desire,
All Princes under her Empire,
In *Egypt*, and *Arabia*,
In *Perse*, in *Mede*, and *Chaldea*,
In *Greece*, in *Caspia*, and *Hircano*.
In *Capadoce*, *Lyde*, and *Mauritane*.
In *Armenie*, and *Phrygia*,
In *Pamphilia*, and *Affyria*,
That each Land after their Degree,
Should bring to her a great Armie,
In all the goodly haste they may,
And meet her into *Bactria*.
Declaring them that her Intent
Was to pass to the Orient,
And make War with the King of *Inde*.
From time they knew what was her Mind,
Then by themselves each Region,
Came forward with their Garison;
Triumphantly in good Aray:
To *Bactria* took the ready Way,

AN

And made their Musters to the Queen:
 But such a Sight was never seen,
 In Battel-ray so many a Man
 At once, since GOD the World began:
 But *Spannie, France, Scotland, England,*
Dutchland, Denmark, nor yet *Ireland,*
 Were not Inhabit in those Days,
 Nor long after, my Author says.

Ephesias he doth specific

The Number of this great Army:
 Saying, there came at her Command,
 Foot-men thirty hundred thousand:
 Of Horse-men mounted galliardly,
 Five hundred thousand verily.
 And hundred thousand Camels wight,
 On every Camel rode a Knight.
 Prepar'd to pass into all Parts.
 There was an hundred thousand Carts,
 Two thousand Boats with her she carries
 On Horse, Camels, or Dromedaries,
 Bridges to make she did conclude,
 Over-thwart *Indus* that furious Flood,
 Which been of *Inde* the utmost Border,
 On the which Flood with right good Order,
 Of her Barges she Bridges made,
 Whereon her great Host safely rade.

C. Father, I would Men-understood,
 Might be at once brought to the Field,
 Ready to fight with Spear and Shield.
 Some Men will judge this been a Fable,
 The Matter been so untruable.

E. It may well be, my Son, said he,
 As by Example we may see.

How *David* King of *Israel*,
 His People caused Number all,
 By *Joab* his Chief Captain,
 As holy Scripture sheweth plain:
 Of fighting Men into that Land,
 He found thirteen hundred thousand,
 Sith *David* in that small Countrey,
 Might have raised such an Army,
 To this Lady it was no Wonder,

The which had great Realms her under,
 Then *David's* little Region,
 Though she had many a Legion
 Of Men, mo than I told before.
 Therefore my Son: marvel no more.

When *Staurobates* King of *Inde*,
 Greatly perturbed in his Mind:
 Hearing of such a Multitude,
 To make Defence he did conclude,
 And lent a Message to the Queen,
 Praying her Majesty Screen,
 That she would of her special Grace,
 Give him Licence to live in Peace:
 Failing of that, though he should Die,
 That he should make her Fight or Flie;
 And to his God a Vow he made,
 If no Peace might of her be had,
 And if he wan the Victory,
 That he the Queen should Crucifie.
 At his Boasting the Queen made Bourds,
 Saying. it shall be no Words
 Shall make me pass from my Purpose,
 Without great Stroaks, as I suppose.
 The Messenger shew'd to the King,
 Of her presumptuous Answering.
 Then *Staurobates* Wife and Wight,
 Came forward like a Noble Knight,
 With many a thousand Spear and Shield,
 Arayed Royal on the Field,
 Thinking he would his Life Defend,
 Or in the Battel make an End.

The Queen upon the other Side,
 Full of Presumption and Pride:
 Her Banners pleasantly Display'd,
 With hardy Heart and unafraid,
 Upon *Indus* that famous Flood
 They met, where shed was meckle Blood.
 In Boats, Balingers and Barges,
 The two Armies on other Charges:
Semiramis the Battel wan,
 Where Drown'd and Slain were many a Man,
 So that the Water of the Flood

Ran red mixed with Mens Blood.
 The King of *Inde* with all his Might,
 From *Indus* Flood he took the Flight,
 To his chief City he retired,
 Where in his Presence there appeared,
 In Battel-ray a new Army
 Of right invincible Chevalry,
 With Elephants an hideous Number,
 Which afterward made meikle Cumber.

Semiramis and her Company,
 In the mean time right cruelly,
 Destroyed the Borders of that Land,
 Took Prisoners mo than Ten Thousand.
 She took a couragious Conceit,
 Great Elephants to counterfeit:
 She had ten thousand Oxen Hides,
 Well sew'd together, Back and Sides,
 With Mouth and Nose, Teeth, Ears and Een,
 Quick Elephants as they had been,
 Right well stuffed with Straw and Hay,
 Whereof the *Indians* took a fray:
 Upon Camels and Dromedaries,
 These false Figures with her she carries,
 The *Indians* when they saw that Sight
 Afrayedly they took the Flight:
 For such a Sight was never seen,
 If natural Beasts they had been,
 The King himself was right afeared,
 Till he the Verity had Ipeared,
 And knew by his Explorateurs,
 They were but feigned false Figures,
 Then manfully like Men of Wear,
 Forward they came withouten Fear,
 Right so *Semiramis* the Queen,
 Which for one Man was ay Fifteen.
 These two Armies full cruelly,
 They rush together so rudely,
 With hideous Cry, and Trumpets Sound,
 Till Thousands lay Dead on the Ground.
Semiramis had such a Number,
 To Order them it was great Cumber.
 Then the great Elephants of *Inde*,

Right Strong and Hardy of their Kind,
 Forward they came, and would not Cease,
 Till through the midst of the Preas
 Of that great Host they rudely rushed,
 Their Men and Horse to Earth they dush'd,
 These fained Beasts withouten Sprite,
 Were frusht and foyled under Feet.
 The King of *Inde* with Courage keern,
 Met with *Semiramis* the Queen:
 He riding on an Elephant:
 But she with him Fought Hand for Hand,
 And gave the King so great Assay,
 That he was never in such a Fray.
 To strike at him she took no Fear,
 So well she used was in Weer.
 His Strokes she had but little counted.
 Were not the King was so well mounted,
 Either at other Strake so fast,
 Till they were tyred at the last.
 The King he thought himself Ashamed,
 With a Woman to be Defamed,
 And was determined not to Flie,
 Though in that Battel he should Die,
 As one which had Despaired been,
 He rudely ran upon the Queen,
 And through the Arm gave her a Wound,
 Which to her Heart gave such a Stound,
 That she constrained was to Flee:
 Then all the rest of her Armie,
 When they perceiv'd that she was gone,
 To *Indus* Flood they fled each one.
 The Queen orethwart the Flood she rade,
 On Bridges which were of Boats made,
 With her a sober Company,
 Which with her fled afrayedly,
 The *Indeans* followed on the Chase,
 Then to the Bridges came such Preals
 Of fleeing Folks, which was great Wonder,
 So that the Bridges brake in lunder.
 Some sunk, some down the River ran,
 Then Drown'd was many Noble Man,
 Which was great Pity to Deplore,

As writeth famous *Diodore*.
 And finally, for to conclude,
 Was never shed so meikle Blood
 At one time since the world began,
 Nor slain so many guiltless Man,
 And all through the Occasion,
 And the prideful Perswasion
 Of this ambitious wicked Queen,
 Such One was never heard nor seen.
Saurabates the King of *Inde*,
 Greatly rejoiced in his Mind,
 Of this Triumph and Victory :
Semiramis with Heart full sory,
 Seeing so many Tane and Slain,
 To her Countrey return'd again :
 Lamenting Fortunes variance,
 Which brought her to so great Mischance,
 Before which was so Fortunate,
 And then of Comfort desolate.

Her Son a Man of Perfection,
 Considering his Subjection,
 His Liberty he did desire,
 That he might Govern his Empire :
 Seeing his Mother vicious,
 And with that so ambitious :
 As mine Author doth specific,
 He slew his Mother cruelly :
 What other Cause or Intention,
 I find no special mention.
 Some says, to be at Liberty :
 Some says, for her Adultery :
 None other Cause I can define,
 Except Punition Divine.
 Of this fair Lady Couragious,
 Behold the Ending Dolorous ;
 Who was but twenty Years of Age,
 When she began her Vassalage :
 And Reign'd triumphantly but Wear,
 The Space of forty and two Year.
 When she was Slain, she was Threescore,
 With Years two, she was no more,
 As *Diodore* writes in his Book.

His Chronicles who lists to look.

Of this Lady I make an End:

Thinking no way I can Commend
Woman to be Man-like,

Nor Men for to be Woman-like,

For why? 'tis been the LORD's Mind,

All Creatures to use in their Kind.

Men for to have Preeminence,

And Women under Obedience:

Though all Women inclined be

To have the Sovereignty,

As this Lady, who would not rest

Till she her Husband had Suppress:

To that intent that she might Reign

Alone to have the Governing.

Ladies no ways I can Commend,

Presumptuously which do pretend

To use the Office of a King,

Or Realms take in Governing,

Howbeit they Valiant be and wight,

Going in Battel like a Knight,

As did proud *Penthesilia*,

The Princess of *Amazona*,

In Mens Habit against Reason,

Likewise I think Derision,

A Prince to be effeminate,

Of Knightly Courage desolate,

Neglecting his Authority,

Through beastly Sensuality,

Accompanied both Days and Nights,

With Women more than valiant Knights:

Such Kings I Discommend at all,

Example of *Sardanapal*.

Father, said I, show me how lang

The Succession of King *Ninus* Rang.

That shall I do with Diligence,

My Son, said he, ere we go hence:

Since I have shown at thy Desire,

What Man began the first Empire,

Now would I it were to thee kend,

Of that Empire the fatal End.

How

*How King Sardanapalus for his vicious Life,
made a Miserable End.*

Between the Conqueror *Ninus*
And sensual *Sardanapalus*,
I can find no special Story,
Worthy to put in Memory.
Except which I have done describe,
Of *Semiramis* King *Ninus* Wife.
But I can find no Good at all
To write of King *Sardanapal*.
Which was the six and thirty King,
By Line from *Ninus* descending:
At length his Life for to declare,
I think it is not necessary,
Because that many cunning Clerks,
Have done described in their Works,
How he was last of *Assyrians*,
Which had the whole Preeminence,
The Time of the first Monarchie,
In Chronicles as thou mayest see:
The last and the most vicious King
Which in that Monarchy did Reign,
That Prince was so effeminate
With sensual Lust intoxicated:
He did abhor the Company
Of his most Noble Chevalry,
That he might have the more delite
To use his beastly Appetite:
Conversed with Women Night and Day,
And clothed him in their Aray:
So that no Man that had him seen,
Could judge a Man that he had been:
So he in Whoredom and Harlotry,
Did keep himself so quietly:
The Princes of *Assyrians*
Of him they could get no Presence;
Thus lived he continually,
Against Nature so inordinately,
When to the *Perse*, and to the *Medes*,
Reported was such vicious Deeds,
With the Rulers of *Babylon*,

D's

They

They did Conclude all into one,
 They would not suffer for to Reign
 Above them such a vicious King.
 But *Arbaces* a Duke of *Mede*,
 He derfly took in hand that Deed,
 And first he came to *Ninivy*
 To see the King his Majesty:
 And to one of the Kings Guard,
 He gave a lecret rich Reward;
 To put him in a quyet Place,
 Where he might see the King his Grace,
 And be unseen of any Wight,
 But he saw neither King nor Knight
 Into his Majesties Company,
 Except Women allanerly,
 And as a Woman he was clad:
 With Women Counsell'd and led:
 And shamefully he was sitting,
 With Spindle and with Rock spinning.
 When *Arbaces* that Sight had seen,
 His Courage rose up from the Spleen,
 And thought it small Difficulty,
 For to Deprive his Majesty.
 Then raised he the *Persians*,
 With *Medes* and *Babylonians*,
 Enarmed well with Spear and Shield,
 Triumphantly they took the Field.
 The King raised the *Affyrians*,
 Together with the *Chaldeans*;
 And they Resisted as they might:
 But finally he took the Flight,
 To Save himself in *Ninivy*;
 Then Sieged they that great City,
 Continually two Years and more,
 As writeth Famous *Diodore*,
 Till that the Flood of *Euphrates*
 Arose with such a Furiousness,
 Where through the most part of the Town,
 By Violence was beaten down.
 Then when the King found no Remead,
 But to be Taken, or to be Dead,
 As Men despeired full of Ire,

Caus'd make a furious flaming Fire,
And took his Gold and Jewels all,
With Scepter, Crown, and Robe Royal,
With all his tender Servitures,
That of his Corps had greatest Cures,
Together with his lusty Queens,
And all his wanton Concubines,
And in that Fire he did them cast,
Then lap himself in at the last,
Where all were burnt in Powder small,
Thus Ended King *Sardanapali*,
Without any Repentance,
As may be seen by this Sentence
Here following, which he did endite,
Before his Death in great Despite:
Which is a right Ungodly thing,
As ye may see by this Dyting,

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

*Cum te mortalem noris, presentibus exple
Deliciis animum, post mortem nulla voluptas,
Et Venere, & canis, & plumis Sardanapali.*

Now have I shown with Diligence,
The Monarchie of the *Assyrians*,
The which at King *Ninus* began,
And ended at this wicked Man;
And did endure withouten Weer,
A thousand two hundred and forty Year,
As doth endite *Eusebius*:
Read him, and thou shalt find it thus.

THE THIRD BOOK.

*Of the Miserable Destruction of the five Cities,
called Sodom, Gomorrah, Seboim, Segor,
and Adama, with their whole
Regions,*

Father, I pray you to me tell,
What Noble Thing that beſel,
During the Reign of *Assyrians*,
Which had ſo long Preeminence,

I mean of other Nations,
Under their Dominations.

E. That must be done in Terms short,
Said he, as Stories do report,
Enduring the first Monarchie,
Became that woful Misery
Of *Sodom, Gomorrah*, and their Region,
As Scripture doth make mention,
Whose People were so sensual
In filthy Sins unnatural,
The which into this vulgar Verse,
My Tongue abhorreth to rehearse:
Like brutal Beasts out of their Minds,
Unnaturally abus'd their Kinds,
By filthy stinking Lecherie,
And most abominable *Sodemie*,
As holy Scriptures do describe.
In that Countrey were Cities five,
Which were *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*,
Seboim, *Segor*, and *Adama*:
Among them all found there was none
Undeified, but *Lot* alone.
Now *Abraham* dwelt near hand by,
Which Prayed for *Lot* effectually:
For GOD made him Advertisement,
That he would make such Punishment;
To *Lot* two Angels GOD did send,
Him from that Fury to Defend.
When the People of that Region
Saw the Angels come to the Town,
Transformed into fair young Men,
They purposed them for to ken,
And Abuse them unnaturally,
With their foul stinking *Sodemy*.
Of that thing *Lot* was wonder wo,
And offered them his Daughters two,
Them at their Pleasure for to use;
But they his Daughters did refuse.
And then the Angels with their Might,
These Men deprived of their Sight,
And so perforce left them alone.
From *Lot's* Lodging when they were gone.

They

They him Commanded hastily,
For to depart from that City:
That foul unnatural Lechery,
A Vengeance from the Heaven did cry,
The which did move GOD to such Ire,
That from the Heaven Brimstone and Fire,
With awful Thundring rained down,
And did Consume that whole Region.
Of all that Land escap'd no mo,
Except *Lor* and his Daughters two.
His Wife was turn'd into a Stone,
So Wifeless was he left alone,
For she was inobedient,
And kept not the Commandement,
When the Angels gave them Command,
Soon to depart out of that Land,
They Charged them under great Pain,
Never to look backward again.
When *Lor's* Wife heard the Thundering
Of flaming Fire; and Lightening,
The woful Cryes lamentable
Of People most epouventable:
For none of them had Force to Flee,
She yearn'd that sorrowful Sight to see;]
And as she turned her anon,
She was transformed in a Stone,
Where she remaineth to this Day:
Of her I have no more to say.
To show at length I am not able,
That piteous Proceſs lamentable,
How Cities, Castles, Towns and Towers,
Villages, Bastallies and Bowers,
They were all into Powder driven:
Forrests by the Roots up riven:
Their King, their Queen, their People all:
Young and Old burnt in Powder small.
No Creature was left alive.
Fowls, Beasts, Man nor Wife.
The Earth, the Corn, Herbs, Fruits and Trees,
The Children on the Nurses Knees,
Right suddenly in an Instant
Unwarily came that Judgment,

As it was in the Time of Noy,
 When GOD did all the World destroy,
 And for the self Sin of *Sodomie*,
 And most abominable Bougerie,
 That Vice at length for to declare,
 I think it now not necessar.
 When all was burnt, Flesh, Blood and Bones,
 The Hills, Valleys, Stocks and Stones.
 The Country sank for to conclude,
 Where now there stands an ugly Flood,
 The which is called, the dead Sea,
 Next to the Countrey oi *Indie* :
 Whose Stinking Strands black as Tar,
 The Flewr of it Men feels on far.
 Into *Orantius* thou mayest read
 Of that Countrey the Length and Breed,
 Of Length fifty Miles and two,
 And fourteen Miles of Breadth also.
 Let of his Wife was so a gast,
 That to a Mountain wild he past,
 Of Company he had no mo,
 Except his lusty Daughters two :
 And by their Provocation,
 As *Joseph* makes Narration,
 Alone into that Mountain wild,
 His Daughters two he got with Child,
 For they believed in their Thought,
 That all the World was gone to nought,
 As it became that Nation :
 Thinking that Generation
 Would fail, except they craftily
 Caus'd their Father with them to ly ;
 And so they found a crafty Wile,
 Now they their Father might Beguile.
 And caused him to drink wight Wine,
 Which Men to Lechery doth incline :
 When he was full and fallen on Sleep,
 His Daughters quietly did creep
 Into his Bed full secretly,
 Provoking him with them to Ly :
 He knew not how he was Beguil'd,
 Till both his Daughters were with Child,

And

And bare two Sons in certain,
 They being in that wild Mountain,
 Of whom two Nations did proceed,
 As in the Scripture thou mayest read:
 In the which Scripture thou mayst see
 At length this woful Miserie.
 This Misery became but Wear,
 From Noe's Flood three hundred Year,
 Together with fourscore and eleven,
 As counteth *Cayen* full even.
 And after *Noah's* Death I guess,
 One and fourty Years there was:
 When *Abraham* was of Age I ween,
 Fourscore of Years and nineteen,
 Then this foul Sin of *Sodomy*
 Was Punished so rigorously.
 Great GOD preserve us in our Time,
 That we commit not such a Crime.
 Tedious it were for me to tell
 This Monarchie during what besel.
 And Wonders that on Earth were wrought,
 Which to my Purpose longeth nought:
 As home the People of *Israel*,
 Did long Time into *Egypt* dwell,
 And of their great Punition,
 Through *Pharaoh's* Persecution:
 And how *Moses* did them convoy
 Through the Red-Sea with meikle Joy:
 Where King *Pharaoh* most miserably
 Was drowned with his huge Army:
 And how that People wandring was,
 Forty Years in the *Wilderness*.
Moses that Time, as I heard say,
 Received the *LAVV* on Mount *Sinay*.
 That Time *Josua* from *Jordan*,
 Led the People to *Canaan*,
 Where *Saul*, *David* and *Solomon*,
 With *Hebrew* Kings many one,
 Did richly Reign in that Country,
 Enduring this first Monarchy.
 The Siege of *Thebes* miserable,
 Where Blood was shed incomparable,

Of noble Men into those Days,
 With other terrible Afrays.
 As how the *Greeks* wrought Vengeance
 Upon the noble *Troyans*,
 Because that *Paris* did convoy,
 Perforce fair *Helena* to *Troy*
 Which was King *Menelams*'s Wife,
 Where many a Thousand lost their Life.
 That Time the valiant *Hercules*,
 Throughout the World did him address,
 Where he did many a doughty Deed,
 As in his Story thou mayst read:
 And how through *Deiantra* his Wife,
 This Champion did lose his Life,
 In flaming Fire full furiously,
 The Death he suffered cruelly.
 That Time *Remus* and *Romulus* ¹¹⁷⁰
 Did Found that City most Famous
 Of *Rome*, standing in *Italy*,
 As in their Story thou mayest see, ⁸⁸
 Wouldst thou read *Titus Livius*,
 Thou shouldst find Works wonderous:
 Whose worthy Deeds are well kend,
 And shall beto the Worlds End:
 Though they began with Cruelty,
 And ended with great Misery,
 As been the Matter, to conclude,
 Of all Shedders of guiltless Blood.
 In *Greece* the ornat Poetrie,
 Medicine, Musick, Astronomie,
 During the first Monarchie began,
 By *Homerus* that famous Man:
 Together with *Hesiodus*,
 As divers Authors sheweth us.
 It were too long to put in Rime,
 The Books that they wrote in that Time, ⁷
 These were the Acts principal,
 That Monarchy during which besel.
 As for good *Abraham* and his Seed,
 Into the Bible thou mayst read,
 How in his Time, as I hear tell,
 Began the Kingdom Spiritual:

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As I have shewn to thee before,
Wherefore of them I speak no more.

*A short Description of the Second, Third,
and Fourth Monarchies.*

Father, said I, which was the Man,
That the next Monarchy began?

E. *Cyrus*, said he, the King of *Pers*,

As *Chronicles* hath done rehearse,

Prudent and full of Policy

Began the second Monarchy:

For he was the most godly King,

That ever in *Pers* or *Mede* did Reign:

For he of his Benignity,

Delivered from Captivity

The whole People of *Israel*,

Into the Time of *Daniel*,

The which had been Prisoners:

In *Babylon* full seventy Years.

Therefore GOD of his Grace benign,

Gave him a Divine Knowledging.

During his Time as I hear tell,

He used Counsel of *Daniel*.

Carion at length doth specific

Of his marvellous Nativity,

And of his vertuous Upbringing,

And how he Vanquish't *Cresus* King,

With many other valiant Deed,

As into *Carion* thou mayst read.

Whose Succession did endure

To the tenth King thereof be sure.

But after his great Conquessing,

Right Miserable was his Ending,

As *Herodotus* doth describe:

In *Scythia* he lost his Life,

Where the undaunted *Scythians*:

Vanquish't the noble *Persians*,

And after that *Cyrus* was dead,

Queen *Tomyre* hacked off his Head:

Which was the Queen of *Scythians*,

In despite of the *Persians*.

She cast his Head for to conclude,

Into

Into a Vessel full of Blood,
 And said these Words right cruelly:
 Drink thou thy Fill, if thou be dry,
 For thou didst ay Blood Shedding thirst,
 Now drink at leasure, if thou list.
 After that *Cyrus* Succession
 Of all the World had Possession,
Alexander with Sword and Fire,
 Attain'd perforce the third Empire,
 Which was the King of *Macedons*,
 With valiant *Greeks* many one:
 In Battel fell and furious,
 Vanquish't the mighty *Darius*.
 Which was the Tenth and the last King,
 Which did after King *Cyrus* Reign:
 As for this Potent Emperour,
Alexander the Conqueror,
 If thou at length wou'd read his Reign,
 And of his cruel Conquessing,
 In *English* Tongue, in his great Book,
 At length his Life there thou may'st look,
 How *Alexander* that Potent King,
 Was twelve years in his Conquessing:
 And how for all his great Conquest,
 He lived but one Year in Rest,
 When by his Servant secretly,
 He Poison'd was full piteously.
Vulcan and *Alexander* compare
 To Thunder or Fire-flaught in the Air:
 A cruel Planet, a mortal Wierd,
 Down thringing People with his Sword.
Ganges that most famous Flood,
 He mixed with the *Indians* Blood.
 And *Euphrates* with the Blood of *Perse*
 Whose Cruelty for to rehearse,
 And guiltless Blood which he did shed,
 Were right abominable to be read.
 After his short Prosperity,
 He died with great Misery.
 It were too long to be Decided,
 How all their Realms were divided,
 All while that *Cesar Julius*,

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When he had Vanquish't Pompeius,
 Was chosen Emperor and King,
 Above the Romans for to Reign.
 That potent Prince was the first Man,
 Which the fourth Monarchie began,
 And had the whole Dominion
 Of every Land and Region:
 Whose Successors did Reign but Weer,
 Over the World many hundred Year:
 But gentle *Julius*, a lace,
 Reign'd Emperor but little Space,
 Which I think Pity to deplore,
 In five Moneths, and little more:
 By false exorbitant Treason,
 That prudent Prince was Troden down,
 And Murdred in the Counsel-house,
 By cruel *Brutus* and *Cassius*.
 After that *Julius* was slain,
 Did Reign the great *Octavian*,
 Of Emperors one of the best:
 During his Time was Peace and Rest,
 Over all the World in each Region,
 As Stories do make mention:
 And eke I make it to thee plain,
 During the Time of *Octavian*,
 The Son of GOD our LORD JESU,
 Took Mankind of the Virgin true,
 And was that Time in *Bethlem* born,
 To save Mankind that was forlorn,
 As Scripture makes Narration,
 Of His blest Incarnation.
 Now have I told thee, as I can,
 How the fourth Monarchy began:
 But in thy Mind thou mayst consider,
 How Worldly Power hath been but flidder:
 For all their great Empires are gone:
 Thou seest there is no Prince alone,
 Which hath the whole Dominion,
 This Time of every Region.

C. Father, what Reason had these Kings,
 Robbers to be of others Reigns,
 But any right and just Quarell,

Where-

Where through that they might make Battel;
And common People to down thring?
To this, said I, make Answering.

E. My Son, said he, that shall be done,
As I best can, and that right soon:
These Monarchies, I understand,
Preordinate were by Command,
Of GOD the Salvator of all,
For to downthring, and to make thral
Undaunted People vicious,
And eke for to be Gracious,
To them which Vertuous were and Good,
As *Daniel* hath done conclude
At length into his Prophecies,
How there shall be four Monarchies:
His second Chapter thou mayst see,
How after the first Monarchie,
When *Nebuchodonozor* King
An Image saw in his Sleeping,
With auster Look both High and Broad,
And of pure fine Gold was his Head,
His Breast and Arms of Silver bright,
His Womb of Copper, hard and wight,
His Loins and Limbs of Iron right Strong,
His Feet of Clay, Iron mixt among.
From the Mountain there came alone,
Without Mens Hands, a full great Stone,
Which on that Figure's Feet did fall,
And dang all down in Powder small.
Of whose Interpretation,
Doctors do make Narration:
The Head of Gold doth signifie,
First, the *Assyrians* Monarchie.
The Silver Breast they do apply,
To *Persians* which Rang secondly:
The Womb of Copper, or of Brass,
Thirdly, to *Greeks* prepared was.
His Loins and Limbs of Iron and Steel,
Clerks have them compared well,
The *Romans* through their Diligence,
To have the fourth Preeminence
Above each other Nation.

By this Interpretation,
 The mixed Feet with Iron and Clay,
 Did signifie the latter Day,
 When that the World shall be divided,
 As afterward shall be decided,
 So CHRIST is signifi'd the Stone,
 Whose Monarchy shall never be gone;
 For under his Dominion,
 All Princes shall be trodden down.
 When that great GOD Omnipotent,
 Come to his general Judgment,
 His Monarchy shall then be known,
 And after, shall be to thee shown.
 And as the Scriptures shall thee tell,
 How in the Eighth of *Daniel*,
 He saw into his Vision,
 By a plain Exposition,
 How that the *Greeks* should work Vengeance
 Upon the *Medes* and *Persians*,
 Comparing the *Greeks* unto a Goat,
 With an Horn fierce, furious and hot,
 Which kill'd the Rams with Horns two,
 Compar'd the *Perse* and *Mede* also,
 And so by *Daniel's* Prophecies,
 All their great mighty Monarchies,
 The which all other Realms suppressed,
 By the Great GOD they were devised:
 As he of *Titus* the *Roman*,
 Son and Heir to *Vespasian*,
 Made him a furious Instrument
 To put the *Jews* to great Torments;
 Which I suppose, ere I hence fare,
 Shortly that Process to declare.

Of the most Miserable and Terrible Destruction
 of JERUSALEM.

FATHER, said I, declare to me,
 Enduring the fourth Monarchie,
 The most Infortune that befall:
 E. My Son, said he, that shall I tell,
 The most and manifest Misery
 Became upon that great City

Jerusalem, when it was suppress,
 As Stories do make manifest;
 But as the Scripture doth devise,
Jerusalem was Destroyed twice:
 First, for their great Idolatrie,
 Which they committed in *Jaria*:
 The Honor ought to GOD alone,
 They gave to Figures of Stock and Stone;
 Before CHRIST's Incarnation
 Came this First Desolation,
 Five hundred Years fourscore and ten,
 In Chronicles as thou mayst ken,
 How *Nebuchodonoxor* King,
 That famous City did down thring:
 Their King with People many one,
 Brought them all bound to *Babylon*,
 Where they retained Prisoners,
 The Space of threescore and ten Years.
 And that first Desolation
 Was called, the Transmigration.
 Was no Man left into their Lands,
 But poor Folk laboring with their Hands,
 Till mighty *Tyrus* King of *Perse*,
 As *Daniel* hath done rehearse,
 Was moved by GOD for to Restore
 The *Jews* where they dwelled before,
 If I neglect, I were to blame,
 The last Siege of *Jerusalem*,
 Whose Ruine was most Miserable,
 And for to tell right Terrible:
 Was never in Earth, City, nor Town,
 Got such extream Destruction.
 The Towns of *Tyre*, *Thebe*, nor *Troy*,
 They never suffered half such Noy.
 The Emperor *Vespasian*,
 He did devise that Siege certain.
 There was the Prophecie compleat,
 Which CHRIST spake on Mount *Olivet*,
 When He *Jerusalem* beheld,
 The Tears from his Eyes distill'd,
 Seeing by Divine Prescience,
 The great Destruction and Vengeance

Which

Which was to come on that City,
 His Heart was pierced with Pity,
 Saying: *Jerusalem*, if thou knew
 The great Ruine, sore thou wouldst rewe;
 For ought that I can to thee show:
 The verity thou wilt not know:
 Nor hast in consideration
 Thine holy Visitation:
 Thy People will no way consider,
 Whom gathered I would have together
 As wandering Sheep are without Herds,
 Or as the Hen gathereth her Birds
 Under her Wings right tenderly,
 Which they refused despitefully:
 Wherefore shall come that dreadful Day,
 That no Remedy make you may,
 Thy Dungeons shall be dung asunder,
 So all the World shall at thee wonder.
 Thy Temple now most triumphant;
 Shall be trod down among the Sand,
 And as he said, so it befell,
 As hereafter I shall thee tell.

G. Shew me, said I, with Circumstance,
 The special Cause of that Mischance.

E. Said he: As Scripture doth conclude,
 For shedding of the guiltless Blood
 Of Prophets which GOD to them sent;
 And eke because that they miskent
 JESUS the Son of GOD Sovereign,
 When He among them did remain:
 For all the Miracles that He shew,
 Maliciously they Him misknew:
 Though by His great Power Divine,
 The Water clear he turn'd to Wine:
 And by the self same Power and Might,
 To the Blind-born He gave the Sight:
 And gave the Crooked Men their Feet,
 And made the Lepers whole compleat,
 He healed all, and rais'd the Dead,
 Yet held they Him at mortal Feed,
 Because He shew the Verity,
 They did conclude that he should Die,

The Bishops Princes of the Priests,
 They grew so bolden in their Breasts:
 The Scribes and Doctors of the Law,
 Of GOD nor Man they stood no Aw
 On CHRIST JESUS to work Vengeance,
 Right so the false *Phariseans*,
 A Sect of fained Religion,
 Devis'd His Confusion,
 And sent their Servants at the last,
 And with strong Cords they bound Him fast:
 Then Scourged Him both Back and Side,
 That none for Blood might see His Hide:
 There was not left a Penny broad
 Unwounded from His Feet to Head,
 In manner of Derision,
 They plat to Him a cruel Crown
 Of pricking Thorns sharp and long,
 Which on His Heavenly Head they throng.
 Then caus'd Him, for the greater Lack,
 Bear His own Gallows on His Back,
 To the vile Place of *Calvary*,
 Where many a thousand Men might see:
 That Innocent they took perforce,
 And plat Him backward to the Cross:
 Through Feet and Hands great Nails they thrust,
 Till Blood abundantly out-burst:
 Without gudging, Clamor or Cry,
 That Pain He suffered patiently:
 And for augmenting of His Grievs,
 They hanged Him between two Thieves:
 Where Men might see the bloody Strands,
 Which sprang forth from His Feet and Hands:
 From Thorns thrust on His Head,
 Ran down bullering Streams red:
 In the presence of many a Man,
 That Blood-Royal on Rocks ran.
 Shortly to say, that Heavenly King
 In Extreame Dolor there did hing,
 Till He said, *Consummatus est*,
 With a loud Cry He gave the Ghaist.
 When he was Dead, they took a Dart,
 And pierced that King through the Heart,

From

From whom these came Water and Blood:
 The Earth then trembled: so conclude,
Phebus did hide his Beams bright,
 That through the World there was no Light,
 The great Vale of the Temple rave,
 The dead Men rose out of their Grave,
 And in the City did appear,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst hear:
 Then *Joseph* of *Arimathie*,
 Did Bury Him right honestly,
 But yet He rose full Gloriously,
 On the third Day triumphantly:
 With His Disciples in certain,
 Forty Days He did remain,
 After to Heaven He ascended.
 The *Jews* nothing their Life amended,
 Nor gave no Credit to his Saws,
 As at more length the Story shaws:
 But cruelly they did Oppress
 All Men that *CHRIST*'s Name did profess,
 And persecuted many one:
 They Prison'd both *Peter* and *John*,
 And *Steven* they Stoned to the Dead:
 From *James* the less they stroke the Head:
 This was the Cause, in Conclusion,
 Of their cruel Confusion.

The prudent Jew *Josephus* says,
 That he was present in those Days:
 And in his Book makes mention,
 How after *CHRIST*'s Ascention,
 The Space of two and forty Years,
 Began these cruel mortal Wears,
 The second Year of *Vespasian*,
 When many Taken were and Slain.
Josephus plainly doth Conclude,
 Was never seen such a Multitude,
 Before that Time into the Town,
 Which came for their Confusion,
 Where great Infortune so besel,
 To all the Princes of *Israel*.
 Conveen'd against the time of *Pasch*,
 But to return they had no Grace.

The bold *Romans* with their Chifstan
Tyms the Son of *Vespasian*,
Their Army over *Indea* spread :
Then all Men to the City fled,
Believing there to get Relief,
But all that turn'd to their Mischiefe:
The *Romans* leaped them about,
That by no Way they might win out,
Six Moneths did that Siege endure,
Where lost were many Creature,
Which there in Misery did remain,
Till they were all Taken and Slain.
During the Time of this Assail,
Their Meat and Drink, and all did fail :
For there was such a Multitude,
That Thousands died for Fault of Food.
Necessity caus'd them eat perforce,
Dog, Cat, and Ratton, Ass, and Horse:
Rich Men behoved to eat their Gold,
Then died for Hunger manifold.
Such Hunger was without Remead,
The Quick behov'd to eat the Dead,
The Filth of Privies many eat,
To length their Life, they thought it sweet;
The Famous Ladies of the Town,
For Fault of Food they fell in Swoon,
When they might get no other Meat,
They kill'd their proper Bairns to eat :
But all for nought despitefully,
Their own Souldiers full greedily,
Rest them that Flesh most Miserable;
And they with Mourning Lamentable,
For extream Hunger yeeld the Sprite.
There was the Prophecie compleat,
As CHRIST before made Narration,
The Day of His grim Passion.
When that the Ladies for Him mourned,
Full piteously to them He turned,
And said, Daughters, mourn not for me,
Mourn for your own Posterity :
Within short Time shall come that Day,
That Men of this City shall say,

When

When they are trapped in the Snare:
 Blest be the Womb that never bare.
 The Barren Paps then shall they blest,
 That doleful Day thou shalt not miss,
 This Prophecy it came to pass,
 That they cry many loud, Alace:
 Such sorrowful Lamentation
 Was never heard in that Nation:
 Seeing the lusty Ladies sweet,
 Dying for Hunger in the Street;
 Their Husbands, nor their Children,
 Might give to them no Comforting,
 Nor yet Relieve them of their Harms;
 But either Dying in others Arms.
 After this woful Indigence,
 Among them rose such Pestilence,
 Wherein there died many Hunder,
 Which to declare it were great Wonder,
 And for final Conclusion,
 These war-like Walls they did ding down,
 Prince *Titus* with his Chevalry,
 With Trumpets sounding triumphantly,
 He entered in that great City.
 But to deplore, I think pity,
 The painful Clamor horrible,
 Of wounded Folk most Miserable.
 There was nought else but Take and Slay,
 For there might no Man win away:
 The Strands of Blood ran through the Street,
 Of dead Folk trodden under Feet,
 Old Widows in the Press were Smor'd:
 Young Virgins shamefully Deslor'd,
 The great Temple of *Salomon*,
 With many a curious carved Stone,
 With perfect Pinnacles on hight,
 Which were both Beautifull and Wight,
 Wherein rich Jewels did abound,
 They rushed rudely to the Ground:
 And set into their furious Ire,
Sanctum Sanctorum into Fire:
 And with exream Confusion,
 All their great Dungeons they dang down.
There

There bruised were the golden Breasts
Of Bishops Princes of the Priests.
There taken was the great Vengeance
Of the false Scribes and Pharisiace:
All their painted Hypocrisie,
That Time might make them no Supplic.
That Day they dolefully repented,
That to the Death of CHRIST consented:
Though it was our Salvation,
It was to their Damnation.
The Vengeance for the Blood guiltles,
From *Abel* to *Zacharias*,
That Day upon *Jerusalem* fell.
But tedious it were to tell,
The great extream Confusion,
And of Blood such Effusion,
Was never slain so many a Man,
At one Time since the World began:
The *Jews* that Day got their Delire,
Which they did ask into their Ire,
And in the Scripture is specified,
That Day when CHRIST was Crucified:
When *Ponce Pilate* the President,
Said to them: I am innocent
Of the just Blood of CHRIST *JESUS*.
They cryed: His Blood light upon us,
And on our Generation:
They got their Supplication,
That Day with many a careful Cry,
Their Blood was shed abundantly.
Josephus writeth in his Book,
His Chronicles who list to look,
During that cruel Siege certain,
Were Eleven Hundred Thousand slain:
Of Prisoners were told and seen,
Fourcore Thousand and Seventeen:
Out of the Land they did expel
All the People of *Israel*:
And for their great Ingratitude,
They live yet under Servitude,
There is no *Jew* in no Countrey,
Which hath one Foot of Property,

Nor

Nor never had withoutten Wear,
Since this Day sixteen hundred Year:
Nor never shall, I to thee shaw.
Till that they turn to CHRIST's Law.
Some says, that *Jews* manifold,
Were Thirty for a Penny sold,
As *Judas* sold the KING of Glöre,
For Thirty Pennies, and no more.
After that many were mischieved,
When Novels past how long they lived
Upon their Gold, withoutten doubt,
They slit their Bellies to search it out:
The rest to *Egypt* they did send,
Prisoners to their Lives End.
Titus took into his Company,
Great Number of the most Worthy;
With him to *Rome* they led them bound,
Then Cruelly did them Confound,
His Victory for to decore
And for Augmenting of his Glöre,
Caus'd put them into publick Places,
Where each Man might behold their Faces,
Then with wild Lyons cruelly,
He caus'd Devore them dolefully.
This high triumphant mighty Town,
At *Pasch* was put to Confusion:
Because that in the Time of *Pasch*,
They Crucified the KING of Grace.
Some have this Matter done indite,
More ornately than I can write,
Wherefore of it I speak no more,
Only to GOD be Laud and Glöre.

*Of the miserable End of certain tyrannous
Princes, and especially the Beginners
of the four Monarchies.*

NOW have I done declare at thy Desires,
As thou demandest into Terms short,
And who began the principal Empires.
As Chronicles and Stories do report:
Wherefore, my Son, I heartily thee exhort,
E 3 Perfectly

Perfectly Print into thy Remembrance,
Of this inconstant World the Variance.

* The Princes of these four great Monarchies,
In their most highest Pomp Imperial,
Trusting most sure to be set on their Seas,
The fraudful World gave to them mortal Falls
For their Reward, and dark Memorials,
Though over the World they had Preeminence;
Of it they got no other Recompence.

For such like as the Snow doth melt in May,
Through the Reflex of *Phœbus* Beams bright,
These great Empires right so are went away:
Gone is their Glorie, their Power, and their Might:
Because they were Robbers withouten Right,
And Blood-shedders full cruel: for to conclude,
Right cruelly therefore was shed their Blood.

Behold how GOD ay since the World began,
Hath often times made Kings Instruments
To scourge People, and to kill many a Man,
Which to his Law were Inobedients:
When they had done, perfunisht his Intents,
In daunting wrongous People shamefully,
He suffers them be scourged cruelly.

Even as the School-Master doth make a Wand
To daunt and ding the Scholars of rude Engine,
The which will not Study at his Command;
He scourges them, and only to that Fine,
That they should to his good Counsel incline:
Then they obey, appeased is his Ire,
He takes the Wand, and casts it in the Fire. ■

GOD of King *Pharaoh* made an Instrument,
Which was the great King of *Egyptiance*.
His own peculiar People to torment:
That being done, he wrought on him Vengeance,
And let him fall through Inobedience:
And finally he with his great Army,
In the Red-Sea was drowned dolefully.

Right so of *Nebuchadonaxer* King,
GOD made of him a furious Instrument,
Jerusalem and the *Jews* to down thring;

When

When they to GOD were Disobedient?
 They rest from him his Riches and his Rent,
 And him transformed in a Beast brutal,
 Seven Years and more, as writeth *Daniel*.

Alexander through prideful Tyranny,
 In Years twelve did make his great Conquest, 1
 Ay shedding sakeless Blood full cruelly,
 Till he was King of Kings he took no Rest:
 In all the World when he was full possesst,
 In *Babylon* Throned triumphantly,
 Through Poyson strong deceased dolefully.

Duke-*Hannibal* the strong *Carthagians*,
 The Daunter of the *Romans* Pomp and Glorie:
 By his Power were many Thousands slain,
 As may be Read at length into his Storie,
 At *Cannes* where he wan the Victorie,
 Of *Romans* Hands that dead lay on the Ground,
 Three heaped Bushels were of Rings found.

Into that mortal Battel, I heard sene,
 Of the *Romans* most worthy Warriors,
 Attour Captains, were forty thousand Slains
 Of whom there was thirty wise Senators,
 And twenty Lords which had been Pretors
 That died each in Defence of their Countrie,
 And for to hold their Land at Libertie.

What Reward got the cruel Champion,
 When he had slain so great a Multitude?
 And when the Glass of his vain Glore was run,
 A shameful Death: and shortly to conclude,
 This is Reward of all Shedders of Blood;
 For he got such extream Confusion,
 He kill'd himself in drinking strong Poyson.

Behold the two most famous Champions,
 That is to say, *Julius* and *Pompey*,
 Which did Conquer all earthly Regions,
 As well many Lands, as Isles into the Sea,
 And to the Town of *Rome* caus'd them obey;
 For *Pompeius* subdued the Orient,
 And *Julius Cesar* all the Occident.

But finally these two did strive for State,

Whereby three hundred thousand Men were Slain;
 But *Pompeius* after that great Debate,
 He Murthered was, the Storie telleth plain:
 Then *Julius* was Prince and Sovereign,
 Above the whole World Emperor and King;
 But into Rest short Time endur'd his Reign.

For within five Moneths, and little more,
 Amidst the Lords into the Council-house,
 He Murthered was, what needs Process more,
 As I have said, by *Brute* and *Cassius*.
 If thou wouldst know their Deeds dolorous,
 Thou mayst at length go read the *Roman*-Story,
 Which hath this Matter put in Memory.

Gone is the Golden World of *Assyrians*,
 Of whom King *Ninus* was first and Principal,
 Gone is the Silver World of *Persians*
 The Copper World of *Greeks* now thral,
 The World of Iron which was the last of all,
 Compared to the *Romans* in their Glore,
 Are gone right, so, I hear of them no more.

Now in the World of Iron mixt with Clay,
 As *Daniel* at length hath done indite:
 The great Empires are molten clean away:
 Now is the World of Dolor and Despite;
 I see nought else but Trouble infinite:
 Wherefore, my Son, I make it to thee kend,
 This World, I wot, is drawing to an End.

Tokens of Dearth, Hunger and Pestilence,
 With cruel Wares both by Sea and Land:
 Realm against Realm with mortal Violence,
 Which signifies the last Day even at Hand:
 Wherefore, my Son, be in thy Faith constant,
 Raising thine Heart to GOD to cry for Grace,
 And mend thy Life whilst thou hast Time and Space.

Of the first Spiritual and Papal Monarchie.

C. **F**ather, is there no Prince reignand,
 Which hath the World now at Command,
 As had the King of *Assyrians*,
Perse, *Greeks*, or the *Romans*,

Who

Who hath now Dominion
Of every Land and Region?

E. There is no Prince, my Son, said he,
That hath the principal Monarchie
Above the World universal,
With whole Power Imperial;
As *Alexander*, or *Darius*;
Or as had *Cesar Julius*,
For *Orient* and *Occident*,
Were all to them Obedient.
Notwithstanding, I find one King,
Which into *Europe* now doth reign,
That is the potent Prince of *Rome*,
Empiring over all Christendom,
To whom no Prince may be compare,
As Canon Laws can declare.
All Princes of the *Occidents*,
Are to his Grace Obedient:
For he hath whole Power compleat,
Both of the Body and the Sprite,
Which never had no Prince before,
Except the Mighty KING of Glorie.
To CHRIST he is the great Lieutenand,
In holy *Peter's* Seat sittand:
So he is of all Kings King,
Which into *Europe* now doth Reign.
And as the *Roman* Emperours,
Having the World under their Cures,
Had Princes, Knights, and Champions,
Rulers into all Regions,
Upholding their Authority,
Using Justice and Policy:
Right so this potent Pope of *Rome*,
The Sovereign King of Christendom,
Hath into every Countrey,
His Princes of great Gravity:
In some Countrey his Cardinals,
In their most precious Apparels,
Arch-bishops, Bishops thou mayest see;
Defending his Authority:
With other potent Patriarchs,
Colleges full of cunning Clerks:

Abbots and Priors, as ye ken,
Misrulers of Religious Men.
Officials with their Procurators,
Whose longsome Laws spoils the Poors.
Arch-Deans and Deans of Dignity,
Great Doctors of Divinity,
Their Chanters and their Sacrifiants,
Their Thesaurers, and their Subdeans,
Legions of Priests Seculars:
Parsons, Vicars, Monks and Friers,
Of diverse Orders many one,
Which longsome were for to Expone:
In sundry Habits as ye ken,
Differing from other Christen Men,
Fair Ladies of Religion,
Professed in every Region.
False Hermites fashioned like the Friers:
Proud Parish-clerks and Pardoners,
Their Grynters and their Chamberlains,
With their Temporal Courtisans:
Thus all the World by Land and Sea;
His Sanctitude they do obey:
Not only his Spiritual Kingdom,
But the great Emperor of Rome,
And Kings of every Region,
That Day when they receive the Crown;
They make Oath of Fidelity,
To Defend his Authority.
Moreover, with humble Reverence,
They make to him Obedience,
By themselves, or Ambassadors,
Or other orate Orators:
Who did gainstand his Majestie,
His Laws or yet his Libertie,
Or holds any Opinion
Contrair his great Dominion,
Either by way of Deeds or Words,
Are put to Death by Fire and Swords,
Saint Peter styled was *Sanctus*,
But he is called *Sanctissimus*,
His Style at length if thou wouldst know,
Thou must go look the Canon Law,

Both in the sixth of *Clementin*,
His stately Style there may be seen.
There thou shalt find, read if thou can,
How he is neither God nor Man.

C. What is he then, by your Judgment?

E. Said he: Me thinks him different,
Far from our Sovereign LORD JESUS,
And to his Kind contrarious:

For CHRIST was natural GOD and Man.

C. If he be neither, what is he than?

E. The Canon Law, my Son, said he,
That Question will declare to thee,
It doth transcend my rude Ingine,
His Sanctitude for to define;
Or to show the Authority
Pertaining to his Majesty,
So great a Prince where shalt thou find,
That spiritually may loose or bind:
Nor by whom Sins are forgiven,
Be they with his Disciples shaven?
Whomever he binds with his Might,
They bounden are in GOD's Sight:
Whomever he looses on Earth here down,
Are loosed by GOD in his Region.
As he is Prince of *Purgatorie*,
Delivering Souls from Pain to Glorie:
Of that dark Dungeon, withoutten doubt,
Whomever he pleaseth, he takes out.
Our secret Sins every Year,
We must show to some Priest or Frier,
And take their Absolution,
Or else get no Remission:
So by this did they clearly ken,
The Secrets of all secular Men.
Their Secrets we know not at all,
Thus are we to them Bound and Thral;
Whatever their Ministers commands
Must be obeyed without demands.
Wherefore, my Son, I say to thee,
This is a marvellous Monarchie,
Which hath Power Imperial,
Both of the Body and the Soul.

C, Father,

C. Father, said I, declare to me,
Who did begin this Monarchie?

E. Said he, CHRIST JESUS, God and Man,
That Empire graciously began,
Not by Fire, nor by the Sword,
But by the Vertue of His Word,
And left into His Testament
Many a devote Document,
With His Successors to be used,
Though many of them be now abused:
For *Peter* and *Paul* with all the rest
Of their Brethren, made manifest
The Law of GOD with true Intent,
Preaching the Old and New Testament.
They led their Lives in Poverty,
Devotion and true Humility.

As did their Master CHRIST JESUS,
And were not half so Glorious,
As their Successors now in *Rome*,
Empyring over all *Christendom*.
After the Death of *Peter* and *Paul*,
And of CHRIST's true Disciples all,
Their Successors within few Years,
As at more length the Story bears,
Right cruelly came to the Hight,
From spiritual Life to temporal Right:

C. Father, ere we pass further more,
When did begin their temporal Glore:

E. My Son, said he, thou shalt understand;
Ere ever a Pope got any Land,
Two and thirty great Popes of *Rome*,
Received the Crown of Martyrdom:
But not the threefold Diadem.
To wear three Crowns they thought great Shame;
Till *Sylvester* the Confessor,
From *Constantine* the Emperor,
Received the Realm of *Italy*,
Right so of *Rome* the great City,
That was the Root of their Riches,
Then sprang the Wall of Wealthiness,
When that the Pope was made a King,
All Princes Bowed at his Bidding.

This

This Act was done withouten Wear,
 From CHRIST's Death three hundred Year,
 Then Lady *Sensuality*,
 Took Lodging in that great City,
 Where she sensyn hath done remain;
 As their own Lady Sovereign.
 There Kings into all Nations,
 Made Priests great Foundations:
 They thought great Merit and Honor,
 To counterfeit the Emperor:
 As did *David* of Scotland King,
 The which did found during his Reign,
 Fifteen Abbeyes with temporal Lands,
 Withouten Tithes and Offerands:
 By whose holy Simplicity,
 He left the Crown in Poverty.

Now have I shown thee, as I can,
 How their temporal Empire began,
 Ascending up ay Gree by Gree,
 Above the Emperor's Majestie:
 So when they got among their Hands,
 Of *Italie* all the Emperor's Lands,
 After that into each Countrey
 Sprang up their Temporality,
 With such great Riches, and such Rent,
 That they gan to be Negligent,
 In making Ministration
 To CHRIST's true Congregation,
 And took no more Pain in their Pteaching,
 And far less Travel in their Teaching:
 Changing their Spirituality
 In temporal Sensuality.

C. Father, think ye that they are sure,
 That their Empire shall long endure?

E. Appearantly it may be kend,
 Said he, their Glore shall have an End:
 I mean their temporal Monarchie,
 Shall turn into Humilitie:
 Through GOD's Word, without Debate,
 They shall turn to their first Estate,
 As in *Daniel's* Prophecy appears,
 Thereto shall not be many Years,

Albeit CHRIST's Faith shall never fail,
But more and more it shall prevail,
Though CHRIST's true Congregation
Suffers great Tribulation.

C. Father, said I, by what Reason,
Think ye their Empire should come down,
Considering their Preeminence?

E. Said he, for Disobedience,
Abusing the Commandement
Which CHRIST left in His Testament,
Using their own Tradition,
Contrair CHRIST's Institution:
For CHRIST in His last Convention,
The Day of His Ascension,
To his Disciples gave Command,
That they should pass to every Land,
To Teach and Preach with true Intent,
His Law and His Commandement:
No other Office He to them gave:
He did not bid them seek or crave,
Corps, Presents, nor Offerands,
Nor yet Lordships, nor temporal Lands:
But now it may be heard and seen,
Both with thine Ears, and eke thine Een,
How Prelates now in every Land,
Take little Cure of CHRIST's Command;
Neither into their Deeds nor Saws,
Neglecting their own canon Laws:
Using themselves contrarious,
For the most part to CHRIST JESUS.
CHRIST thought no shame to be a Preacher,
And to all People of Truth a Teacher:
A Pope, a Bishop, a Cardinal,
To teach and preach will not be thrall.
They send forth Friars to teach for them,
Which makes the People mock them for shame,
CHRIST would not be a temporal King,
Richly into no Realm to Reign,
But fled temporal Authority,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see,
All Men may know how Popes reigns
In Dignity above all Kings,

as well of Temporality,
 As into Spirituality.
 Thou mayest see by Experience,
 The Pope's princely Preeminence,
 In Chronicles, if thou list to look,
 How *Carion* writes in his Book,
 A notable Narration,
 The Year of our Salvation
 Eleven hundred and six and fifty,
 Pope *Alexander* presumptuously,
 Which was the third Pope of that Name,
Frederick the Emperor he did Defame,
 In *Venice* that triumphant Town,
 That noble Emperor he caus'd lay down
 Upon his Womb with Shame and Lack,
 Then trod his Feet upon his Neck,
 In Token of Obedience:

There he shews his Preeminence,
 And caus'd his Clergie for to sing
 These Words hereafter following:
Super aspidem & basiliscum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis leonem & draconem. That is,
 Thou shalt walk upon the Adder and Cocatrice,
 And thou shalt tread down the Lyon and Dragon.
 Then said the humble Emperor:

I do to Peter this Honor,
 The Pope answered with Words wroth,
Thou shalt me Honor and Peter both.

CHRIST for to show his humble Spirit,
 Did wash his poor Disciples Feet:
 The Pope's Holiness, I wils,
 Will suffer Kings their Feet to kifs,
 Birds had their Nests, and Tod's their Den;
 But CHRIST JESUS Saver of Men,
 In Earth had not a Penny-bread,
 Whereupon He might repose His Head;
 Albeit the Pope's Excellence
 Hath Castles of Magnificence:
 Abbots, Bishops, Cardinals,
 Have pleasant Palaces royals,
 Like Paradise all these pleasant Places,
Wanting no Pleasure of their Faces,

John;

John, Andrew, James, Peter nor Paul,
 Had few Houses among them all:
 From time they knew the Verity,
 They did contemn all Prosperity:
 And were right heartily content
 Of Meat and Drink, and Abuliment,
 To Save Mankind that was forlorn,
 CHRIST bare a cruel Crown of Thorn.
 The Pope three Crowns for the Nons,
 Of Gold, powdred with precious Stones:
 Of Gold and Silver, I am sure,
 CHRIST JESUS took but little Cure,
 And left not when he yeeld the Sprite,
 To buy Himself a Winding-sheet:
 But His Successor good Pope *John*,
 When he deceased in *Avignon*,
 He left behind him a Treasure,
 Of Gold and Silver great Measure,
 By a just Computation,
 Well five and twenty Million,
 As doth endire *Palmerus*:

Read him, and thou shalt find it thus,
 CHRIST's Disciples were well known,
 Through Vertue which was to them shown:
 But specially fervent Charity,
 Great Patience and Humility.
 The Popes Flocks in all Regions,
 Are known best by their clipped Crowns.
 CHRIST He did honor Matrimony
 Into *Cana of Galilee*,
 Where He by His Power divine,
 Did turn the Water into Wine:
 And eke He choos'd some married Men
 To be His Servants, as ye keen.
 And *Peter* during all his Life,
 He thought no Sin to have a Wife,
 Ye shall not find in no Passage,
 Where CHRIST forbiddeth Marriage,
 But lawful for each Man to Marry
 Which lacks the Gift of Chastity.
 The Pope hath made the contrair Laws
 In his Kingdom, as all Men knaws:

None

None of his Priests dare Marry Wives,
Under the Pain even of their Lives :
Though they had Concubins fifteen,
Into that Case, they are overseen.
What Chastity they keep in Rome,
Is well known over all *Christendom*.

CHRIST did show His Obedience,
Unto the Emperors Excellence,
And caused *Peter* for to pay
Tribute to *Cesar* for them tway.
Paul bids us be Obedient
To Kings as the most Excellent :
The contrair did Pope *Celestin*,
When that his Sanctitude screen
Did Crown *Henry* the Emperor,
I think he did him small Honor,
For with his Hand he did him Crown,
Then with his Feet the Crown cast down,
Saying, I have Authority,
Men to exalt to Dignity,
And to make Emperors and Kings,
And then deprive them of their Reigns.
Peter by mine Opinion,
Did never Use such Dominion :
Apparently by my Judgment,
This Pope read never the New Testament :
If he had learned at that Lore,
He had refused such vain Glore ;
As *Barnabas*, *Peter* and *Paul*,
And right so CHRIST's Disciples all.
The good Captain *Cornelius*,
When Saint *Peter* came to his House,
To worship him fell at his Feet :
But Saint *Peter* with humble Sprite,
Did raise him up with Diligence,
And did refuse such Reverence.
Right so Saint *John* th' Evangelist,
The Angel's Feet he would have kist,
And he refused such Honor,
Saying, I am but Servitor,
And eke thy Fellow and thy Brother :
Give Glore to GOD, and to none other.

And

And likewise *Barnabas* and *Paul*,
 Such Honor did refuse at all,
 In *Lystra* where they wrought great Works;
 The Priests of *Jupiter* and his Clerks,
 And all the People with their Advice,
 Would have made to them Sacrifice;
 Of which they were so Discontent,
 That they their Clothing rave and rent,
 And *Paul* among them rudely ran,
 Saying, I am a mortal Man:
 Give Glorie to GOD of Kings KING,
 That made Heaven, Earth, and every thing.
 Since *Peter* and *John* vain Glorie refused,
 With Popes why should vain Glorie be used?
Peter, Andrew, John, James and *Paul*,
 And CHRIST's true Disciples all,
 By GOD's Word their Faith defended:
 To burn and scald they never pretended;
 The Pope defends his Traditions,
 By flaming Fire without Remissions:
 Albeit Men break the Law divine,
 They are not put to so great Pine,
 For Whoredom, nor Idolatry,
 For Incest, nor Adultery;
 Or when young Virgins are Deflored.
 For such things Men are not Abhored;
 But who that eats Flesh into Lent,
 Are terribly put to Torment:
 And if a Priest happen to Marry,
 They do him Banish, Curse and Wary,
 Though it be not against the Law
 Of GOD, as Men may clearly know.
 Between these two what Difference been,
 By faithful Folk it may be seen,
 Such Antitheses many mo,
 I might declare, which I let go:
 Of each Order the stately Stile;
 The silly Nuns will think great Shame,
 Except they called be, Madam:
 The poor Priest thinks he gets no Right,
 Be he not Stiled like a Knight,
 And called Sir, before his Name,

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As Sir Thomas, and Sir William.
 All Monks, as ye may hear and see,
 Are called Deans, for Dignitie:
 Albeit his Mother milk the Kow,
 He must be called Dean *Andrew*,
 Dean *Peter*, Dean *Paul*, Dean *Robert*:
 With CHRIST they take a painful Part,
 With double Clothing from the Cold,
 Eating and drinking when they would:
 With curious countring in the Queer:
 GOD knows if they buy Heaven full dear,
 My Lord Abbet right venerable,
 Ay marshalled upmost at the Table:
 My Lord Bishop right reverent,
 Sits above Earls in Parliament;
 And Cardinals during their Reigns,
 Fellows to Princes and to Kings;
 The Pope exalted in Honor,
 Above the potent Emperor.
 The proud Parson I think truly,
 He leads his Life right lustily:
 For why he hath no other pyne,
 But takes the Tithes, and spends them syn:
 But he is obliht by Reason
 To Preach unto his Parishon:
 Though they lack Preaching seventeen Year,
 He will not lack a Peck of Bear:
 Some Parson hath at his command
 The wanton Winches of the Land:
 Als they have great Prerogatives,
 That they may part ay with their Wives,
 Without Divorce or Summoning,
 Then take another without Wedding.
 Some would think it a lusty Life.
 Ay when he lists to change a Wife.
 And take another of more Beauty:
 But Seculars lack that Liberty,
 The which are bound in Marriage,
 But they like Rams into their Rage,
 Unpissled, runs among the Ewes,
 So long as Nature in them grows:
 And eke the Vicar, as I trow,

He will not fail to take a Kow,
 And upmost Cloth (though Babes them ban)
 From a poor silly Husband-man,
 When that he lyeth for to die,
 Having small Children two or three:
 That hath three Kine withouten ma,
 The Vicar must have one of tha,
 With the gray Cloke that haps the Bed,
 Albeit that he be poorly Cled:
 And if his Wife die on the Morn,
 Though all the Babes should be forlorn,
 The other Kow he cleeks away,
 With the poor Coat of raploch gray;
 And if within two Years or three,
 The eldest Child happen to die,
 Of the third Kow he will be sure.
 When he them hath all under Cure,
 And Father and Mother both are dead,
 Beg must the Babes without remead:
 They hold the Corps at the Kirk-stile,
 And there it must remain a while,
 Till they get sufficient Soverry,
 For their Church-right and Dúty.
 Then comes the Land-lord Perforce,
 And cleeks to him an Hired-horse.
 Poor Labourers would these Laws were down,
 Which never founded was by Reason.
 I heard them say under Confession,
 That Law was Brother to Oppression,
 My Son, I have shown as I can,
 How the fifth Monarchy began,
 Whose great Empire for to report,
 At length the Time been all too short.

A short Description of the Court of Rome.

Father, said I, What Rule keep they in Rome,
 Which hath spiritual Dominion,
 And Monarchy above all *Christendom*?
 Show me, I make you Supplication.

E. My Son, would I make true Narration,
 Said he to *Peter* and *Paul* though they succeed,
 I think they prove not that into their Deed

For

For Peter, Andrew and John, were Fishers fine,
Of Men and Women to the Christian Faith:
But they have spread their Net with Hook and Line,
On Rents, Riches, on Gold and other Graith:
Such Fishing to neglect they will be Laith.
For why, they have Fished overthwart Strands,
A great Part truly of all temporal Lands.

With the tenth Part of all Goods moveable,
For the upholding of their Dignities;
So been their Fishing very profitable.
On the dry Land, as well as on the Seas?
Their Berry Water they spread over all Countries,
And with their Hose-net daily draws to Rome,
The most fine Gold that is in *Christendom*.

I dare well say, within this fifty Year,
Rome hath received forth of this Region,
For Bulls and Benefices which they buy full dear,
That might full well have payed a King's Ransom.
But were I worthy for to wear a Crown,
Priests should no more our Substance to consume,
Sending yearly so great Riches to *Rome*.

Into their Trammel-net they fang'd a Fish
More than a Whale, worthy of Memory,
Of whom they had many a dainty Dish,
By which they are exalted to great Glory.
That marvelous Monster, called *Purgatory*:
Albeit to us it be not amiable,
It hath to them been very profitable.

Let they that fruitful Fish escape their Net,
For which they have so great Commodities:
A more fat Fish, I trust they shall not get,
Though they should search out through the Ocean
Adew, the daily dolorous Dirigies. (Seas:
Silly poor Priests may sing with Heart full sorry,
Lack they that painful Palace *Purgatory*.

Farewel Monkry, with Chanon, Nun and Friar
Alace, they will be lightied in all Lands:
Cows will no more be known in Church or Queer,
Let they that fruitful Fish escape their Hands,
I Counsel you to bind him fast in Bands:

For

For *Peter*, *Andrew* nor *John*, could never get
So profitable a Fish into their Net.

Their Merchandise into all Nations,
As printed Lead, their Wax, and their Parchment
Their Pardons and their Dispensations,
They do exceed some temporal Prince's Rent,
In such Traffick they are not negligent:
Of Benefice they make good Merchandise,
Though Simony, which they hold little Vice,

CHRIST did command *Peter* to feed His Sheep,
And so he did feed them full tenderly:
Of that Command they take but little keep,
But CHRIST'S Sheep they spoil piteously,
And with the Wool they cloth them curiously:
Like greedy Wolves they take of them their Food,
They eat their Flesh, and drink both Milk and Blood.

For their Office, they serve but little Hyr:
I think such Pastors are not worth to prise,
Which cannot guide their Sheep about the Myr,
They are so busie in their Merchandise:
Though *Peter* was Porter of Paradise.
That pleasant Passage craftily they close
Through them right few gets entress, I suppose.

CHRIST JESUS said, as *Matthew* doth report,
Wo be to Scribes and to Pharisiance,
The which did close of Paradise the Port:
Of them we have the same Experience,
To enter there they make small Diligence,
They take such Care of temporal Business,
Right so from us they stop the plain Entress.

The spiritual Keys that CHRIST to *Peter* gave,
Their Color with Smoke and Rust are faded:
Unexercised they hold them in their Neeve:
Of that Office they serve to be derided
With God's Word, except that they attend it,
Opening the Port which long time hath been closed,
That we may enter with them, and be rejoyced,

Contrair to CHRIST'S Institution,
To them that dies in Habit of a Frier,

Rome hath them granted full Remission,
To pass to Heaven straight way withoutten Wear,
Which been in Scotland used many a Year.
Is there such Vertue in a Frier's Hood,
I think in vain CHRIST JESUS shed his Blood.

Would God, the Pope who hath Preeminence,
With Advice of his Councils General,
That they would make their debtful Diligence,
That CHRIST's Laws might be kepted over all,
And truly preached both to great and small: 3
And give to them spiritual Authority,
Which can perfectly show forth the Verity,

Who cannot preach, a Priest should not be named,
As may be proved by the Law divine:
And by the Canon Law they are defamed,
That takes Priest-hood but only to that Fine:
To all Vertue their Hearts they should incline,
In special to preach with true Intent,
And minister the needful Sacraments,

As for their Monks, their Chanons & their Friers,
And lusty-Ladies of Religion,
I know not whereto their Office effeirs:
But Men may see their great Abusion:
They are not like, into Conclusion, 7
Neither into their Words, nor by their Warks,
To the Apostles, Prophets, nor Patriarchs.

If presently these Prelates cannot preach,
Then let each Bishop have a Suffragan,
Of Successor who can the People teach,
On their Expences yearly to remain,
To cause the People from their Vice refrain:
And when a Prelate happens to Decease,
Then put a perfect Preacher in his place, 23

Do they not so, on them shall ly the Charge,
Giving unable Men Authority,
As who would make a Steers-man to a Barge,
Of one blind-born which can no Danger see:
If that Ship drown, forsooth I say for me,
Who gave the Steers-man such Commission,
Should of the Ship make Restitution.

The

The humane Laws that are contrarious,
 And not conforming to the Law divine,
 They should expel, and hold them odious,
 When they perceive them come to no good Fine
 Invented but by sensual Mens Engine;
 As that Law which forbiddeth Marriage,
 Causing young Clerks burn into Lust's Rage.

Full hard it is Chastity to observe,
 Without great Grace and Abstinence.
 Into our Flesh ay reigneth till we sterve,
 That first original Sin, Concupiscence,
 Which we through *Adam's* Disobedience
 Have done incur, and shall endure for ever,
 Till that our Soul and Body Death disserver.

Wherefore made God of Marriage the Band
 In Paradise: as Scripture doth record.
 In *Galilee*, right so I understand,
 Was Marriage honored by CHRIST OUR LORD:
 Old Law and New, thereto they do concord.
 I think, for me, better that they had slept,
 Then to have made a Law, and never kept.

Took not CHRIST JESUS His Humanity
 Of a Virgine in Marriage contracted,
 And of her Flesh clad His Divinity?
 Why have they done this blessed Bond dejected
 In their Kingdom? would God it were corrected,
 That young Prelates might marry lusty Wives,
 And not in sensual Lust to lead their Lives.

Did not CHRIST choose of honest married Men
 As well as they had kept Chastity,
 For to be his Disciples, as ye ken,
 As in the Scripture clearly thou mayst see?
 They kept still their Wives with Honesty:
 As *Peter*, and his spoused Brethren all,
 Observed Chastity Matrimonial,

But now appears the Prophecie of *Paul*,
 How some should rise into the latter Age,
 That from the true Faith should depart and fall,
 And some forbid the Bond of Marriage.
 Als thou shalt find into that same Passage,

They

They should command from Meats for to abstain,
Which God create His People to sustain.

But since the Pope our spiritual Prince and King,
He doth Over-see such Vices manifest,
And in his Kingdom suffers for to reign,
The Men by whom the Verity is suppress:
Excuse not himself more than the Rest.
Alas, how should we Members be well used,
When thus our spiritual Heads are abused.

The famous ancient Doctor *Avicenna*,
Says, when ill Rheum descendeth from the Head,
Into the Members genders meekle Pain,
Except there be made hastily Remeed,
When the cold Humor doth therefrom proceed,
In Sinnewes it causeth Arthritica,
Right so unto the Hands of *Chiragra*.

Of Maladies it genders many mo,
Except Men get some Sovereign Preserve,
As in his Thighs *Sciatica passio*,
And in the Breast sometimes the strong Caterve,
Which causeth Men right hastily to Starve:
And *Podagra* right difficile for to Cure
In Mens Feet, which long time doth endure.

So to this most triumphant Court of Rome,
This Similitude I may full well compare,
Which hath been Heirship over all *Christendom*,
And to the World an evil Exemplar,
That sometimes was lead-star and luminar,
And the most sapient Seat of Sanctitude,
And now, alas, bare of Beatitude.

Their Kingdom may be called *Babylon*,
Which sometimes was a bright *Jerusalem*,
As plainly meaneth the Apostle *John*.
Their most famous City hath lost the Fame:
Inhabiters thereof their noble Name.

For why they have of Saints the Habitable,
So *Simon Magus* made a Tabernacle.

A horrible Vail of every Kind of Vice,
Loathly Loch of stinking Lecherie.

A cursed Cave, corrupted with Covetise,
 Bordered about with Pride and Simonie:
 Some say, a Cistern full of Sodomie:
 Whose Vice in special, if I would declare,
 It were enough for to perturb the Air.

Of Truth the whom Christian Religion,
 Through them is Scandalized and Offended:
 It cannot fail, but their Abusion,
 Before the Throne of GOD it is ascended.
 I dread, but doubt, except that they amend it,
 The Plagues of *John his Revelation*,
 Shall fall upon their Generation.

O LORD, which hath the Heart of every King
 Into Thine Hand, I make Thee Supplication,
 Convert that Court, that of Thy Grace benign,
 They would make general Reformation
 Among themselves in every Nation,
 That they may be an Holy Exemplar
 To us Thy poor Laick common Popular;

Hungred, alas! for Fault of spiritual Food,
 Because from us is hid the Verity:
 O Prince, that shed for us his precious Blood,
 Kindle in us the Fire of Charity,
 And save us from eternal Misery,
 Now labouring in Thy Church Militant,
 That we may come to Thy Church Triumphant

THE FOURTH BOOK.

*Making Mention of the Death of the Antichrist,
 of the General Judgment, &c. With an
 Exhortation by Experience to
 the Courteour.*

C. PRUDENT Father Experience,
 Since you of your Benevolence,
 Hath caused me for to Consider,
 How worldly Pomp and Glore been slider,
 By diverse Stories miserable,
 Which to Rehearse been lamentable

Yet ere She pass out of this Vale,
I pray you give me your Counsel,
What shall I do in Time coming,
To have the Glorie everlasting?

E. My Son, said he, set thine Intent
To keep the LORD's Commandment;
And preas thee not to climb over Hy,
To no worldly Authority.

Who in this World do most rejoyce,
Are fardest ay from their Purpose.
Wouldst thou leave worldly Vanities,
And think on four Extremities,
Which are to come, and that shortly,
Thou wouldst never Sin wilfully:

Print these Four in thy Memory,
Death, the Hell and Heaven's Glory,
And extream Judgment general,
Where thou must render a Count of all;

Thou shalt not fail to be Content,
Of quiet Life and sober Rent,
Considering no Man can be sure
In Earth one Hour for to endure:

So all worldly Prosperity
Is mixed with great Misery,
Were thou Emperor of *Asia*,
King of *Europe* and *Africa*,

Great Dominator of the Sea:
And though the Heavens did thee obey,
All Fishes swimming in the Strand,
All Beasts and Fowls at thy Command;

Concluding thou were King over all,
Under the Heavens Imperial,
In that most high Authority,
Thou shouldst find least Tranquillity.

Example of King *Solomon*,
More precious Life had never none;
Such Riches with so great pleasure,
Had never King nor Emperour,

With most profound Intelligence,
And super-excellent Sapience,
His pleasant Habitations,
Preceded other Nations.

Gardens and Parks for Harts and Hinds,
 Stanks with Fishes of diverse Kinds;
 Most profound Masters of Musick,
 That in the World was none them like:
 Such Treasure of Gold and precious Stones;
 In Earth had never King at once.
 He had seven hundred lusty Queens,
 And three hundred fair Concubines,
 In Earth there was nothing pleasand,
 Contrarious to his Command:
 Yet all his great Prosperity,
 He thought it vain and Vanity,
 And never found Repose compleat,
 Without Affliction of the Sprite.

C. Father, said I, It marvels me,
 He having such Prosperitie,
 With so great Riches above measure,
 For he had infinite Pleasure.

E. My Son, said I, if thou wouldst know,
 The Verity I shall thee show:
 There is no worldly thing at all,
 May satisfie a Mans Soul;
 For it is so insatiable,
 That Heaven and Earth may not be able
 A Soul alone for to content,
 Till it see GOD Omnipotent.
 Was never none, nor never shall be
 Satiare, that Sight till that he see.
 Wherefore, my Son, set not thy Cure,
 In Earth where nothing can be sure,
 Except the Death allannerly,
 Which follows Men continually:
 Therefore, my Son, remember thee,
 Within short Time that thou must Die,
 Not knowing when, how, or in what Place,
 But as it pleaseth the KING of Grace,

OF DEATH.

OF Miseries most miserable.
 Is Death, and most abominable:
 That dreadful Dragon with his Darts,
 Ay ready for to pierce the Hearts

Of every Creature on live:
Contrair whose Strength may no Man strive,
Of dolent Death this sore Sentence,
Was given through Disobedience
Of our Parents: alas, therefore,
As I have done declare before,
How they and their Posterity,
Were all Condemned for to Dy.
Albeit the Flesh to Death be thrall,
GOD hath the Soul made Immortal
And so of His Benignity,
Hath mixt His Justice with Mercy:
Therefore call to Rememberance,
Of this false World the Variance,
How we like Pilgrims Even and Morrow,
Are ravelling through this Vale of Sorrow
Sometime in vain Prosperity,
And sometime in great Misery.
Sometime in Bliss, sometime in Baill,
Sometime right Sick, and sometime Haill:
Sometime full Rich, and sometime Poor,
Wherefore my Son, take little Cure,
Neither of great Prosperity,
Nor yet of greater Misery:
But pleasant Life, and hard Mischance,
Ponder them both in one Ballance,
Considering none other Authority:
Riches, Wisdom, nor Dignity,
Empire of Realms, Beauty, nor Strength,
May not one Day our Lives Length:
Since we are sure that we must Die,
Farewel all vain Felicity.
Greatly it doth perturb my Mind.
Of dolent Death the diverse Kind: 1
Though Death to every Man resorts,
Yet strikes he into sundry Sorts:
Some by hot Fevers Violence,
Some by contagious Pestilence.
Some by Justice Execution,
Been put to Death without Remission,
Some Hanged, some do lose their Heads,
Some Hurt, some Sudden into Leads:

And some for their unlawful Acts,
 Are Rent and Riven on the Rakes,
 Some are Dissolved by Poyson,
 Some on the Night are Murdered down:
 Some falls into Phrenesie,
 Some Dies into Hydropisie.
 And other strange Infirmities,
 Wherein many a Thousand dies,
 Which Humane Nature doth abhor;
 As in the Gut, Gravel and Gore,
 Some in the Flux and Fever quartan,
 But ay the Hour of Death's uncertain,
 Some are Dissolved suddenly,
 By Catharre or Apoplexy.
 Some do Destroy their self, and also
 As *Hannibal* and wise *Cato*.
 By Thunder Death doth some Consume,
 As he did the third King of *Rome*,
 Called *Tullus Hostilius*,
 As writeth great *Valerius*:
 For he and his Household at once,
 Were burnt by Thunder, Flesh and Bones,
 Some Dieth by extream Excess
 Of Joy, as *Valerie* doth expresse,
 Some by extream Melancholy,
 Will Die but other Maladie.
 In Chronicles thou mayst well ken,
 How many hundred thousand Men
 Are Slain, since first the World began
 In Battel, and how many a Man,
 Upon the Seas do lose their Lives,
 When that Ships upon the Rocks rives:
 Though some die naturally through Age,
 Far mo die raving in a Rage.
 Happy is he the which hath Space,
 At his last Hour to cry for Grace.
 Albeit Death be abominable,
 I think it should be Comfortable
 To them of the faithful Number,
 For they depart from Care and Cumber,
 From Trouble, Travel, Sturt and Strife,
 To Joy and everlasting Life,

Polidorus

Polidorus Virgilius,

To that Effect he writeth thus:
 In *Thrace* when any Child was Born,
 Their Kin and Friends was them beforne,
 With dolent Lamentation,
 For the great Tribulation,
 Calamity, Cumber and Sure,
 That they on Earth are to endure;
 But at their Death and Burying,
 They make great Joy and Banqueting,
 That they have past from Misery,
 To Rest and great Felicity.
 Since Death been final Conclusion,
 What avails worldly Provision,
 When Wisdom may not countermand,
 Nor Strength the Stour may not gain-stand?
 Ten thousand Millions of Treasure,
 May not Prolong thy Life one Hour:
 After whose dolent Departing,
 Thy Spirit shall but tarrying,
 Straight way to Joy inestimable,
 Or to strong Pain intolerable:
 Thy vile corrupted Carion,
 Shall turn to Putrification,
 And so remain in Powder small,
 Unto the Judgment general.

A short Description of the Antichrist.

SAID I, Father, I hear Men say,
 That there shall rise before that Day,
 Which ye call general Judgment,
 A wicked Man from Satan sent,
 And contrary the Law of CHRIST,
 Called the cruel *Antichrist*:
 And some says, that mischievous Man
 Descended shall of the Tribe of *Dan*,
 That should be Born in *Babylon*,
 The which Deceive shall many One,
 Infidels shall of every Airt,
 With that false Prophet take a Part:
 And how *Enoch* and *Elias*,
 Shall preach against that false *Messias*:

But finally his false Doctrine,
 And he, shall be put to Ruine:
 But neither by the Fire nor Sword,
 But by the Vertue of GOD's Word:
 And if this be of Verity,
 The Sooth, I pray you, shew to me?

E. My Son, said he, as writeth *John*,
 There shall not be a Man alone,
 Having that Name in Special;
 But *Antichrists*, in general
 Have been, and now are many one:
 And right so in the Time of *John*,
 Were *Antichrists*, as himself says,
 As presently now in these Days,
 Are right many withoutten doubt,
 Were their false Laws well sought out:
 Who was a greater *Antichrist*,
 And more contrarious to CHRIST,
 Than the false Prophet *Mahomet*,
 Which his curst Laws made so sweet?
 In *Turky* yet they are Observed,
 Where through the Hell he hath deserved,
 All *Turky*, *Saracens* and *Jews*,
 That in the SON of GOD not trows,
 Are *Antichrists*, I thee declare,
 Because to CHRIST they are contrair,
Daniel says in his Prophecies,
 That after these great Monarchies
 Shall rise a marvellous potent King,
 Which with a shameful Face shall Reign,
 Mighty and Wise in dark Speakings,
 And prosperous in all pleasant Things:
 Through his Falshood and Craftiness,
 He shall flow into Wealthiness,
 The godly People he shall noy
 By cruel Death, and them Destroy.
 The KING of Kings shall him gainstand,
 Then be Destroyed withoutten Hand.
Paul says: before the LORD's Coming,
 That there shall be a Departing,
 And that Man of Iniquitie,
 To all Men he shall Opened be:

Which

Which shall sit on the Holy Seat,
 Contrary GOD to make Debate;
 But that Son of Perdition
 Shall be put to Confusion,
 By Power of the Holy Spirit,
 When he his Time hath done compleat
 Believe not that in Time coming,
 A greater *Antichrist* shall Reign,
 Than there hath been, and presently
 Are now, as Clerks can espy;
 Therefore my Will is that thou know,
 Whatever they be that make the Law,
 Though they be called Christian Men,
 By natural Reason thou mayst ken,
 Be they never of so great Valor,
 Pope, Cardinal, King, or Emperor,
 Extolling their Traditions
 Above CHRIST's Institutions,
 Making Laws contrair to CHRIST,
 He is a very *Antichrist*.

And who doth Fortifie or Defend
 Such Law, I make it to thee kend,
 Be he a Pope, Emperor, King or Queen,
 Great Sorrow shall on them be seen,
 At CHRIST His extream Judgment,
 Except in Time they do Repent.

*A short Remembrance of the most Terrible
 Day of Judgment.*

E. **F**Ather, said I, With your Licence,
 Since you have such Experience,
 Yet one thing at you would I speare,
 When shall this dreadful Day appear,
 Which you call Judgment general,
 What Things before that Day shall fall?
 Where shall appear that dreadful Judge?
 Or how may Faulters get Refuge?

E. Said he, As to thy first Question,
 I can make no Solution:

Wherefore perturb not thine Intent,
 To know the Day, Hour, or Moment;
 To GOD alone the Day is known,

F s

Which

Which never was to Angels shown;
Albeit by diverse Conjectures,
And principal Expositures,
Of *Daniel* and his Prophecy,
And by the Sentence of *Elie*,
Which have Declared as they can,
How long it's since the World began;
And for to show have done their Cure,
How long they trust it shall endure:
And eke how many Ages been,
As in their Works it may be seen.
But to declare these Questions,
There are diverse Opinions,
Some Writers have the World divided
In six Ages, as been decided,
Into *Fasciculis temporum*,
And *Chronica chronicorum*:
And by the Sentence of *Elie*,
The World divided is in three,
As cunning Master *Carion*,
Hath made plain Exposition.
How *Elie* says withoutten Wears,
The World shall last six thousand Years;
Of whom I follow the Sentence,
And let the other Books go hence.
From the Creation of *Adam*,
Two thousand Years to *Abraham*,
From *Abraham* by this Narration,
To CHRIST His Incarnation,
Right so hath been two thousand Years,
As by their Prophecies appears:
From CHRIST, as they make to us kend,
Two thousand Years to the Worlds End,
The which are by-gone, as I ween,
A thousand six hundred, ten and thirteen,
And so remains to come but Wear,
Three hundred, threescore and eighteen Year,
And then the LORD Omnipotent,
Shall come to His great Judgment.
CHRIST says, The Time shall be made short,
As *Matthew* plainly doth Report,
That for the Worlds Iniquity,

The latter Time shall shortned be:
 For Pleasure of the chosen Number,
 That they may pass from Care and Cumber,
 So by this Count it may be kend,
 The World is drawing near an End:
 For Legions are come no Doubt,
 Of *Antichrist* were they sought out;
 And many Tokens do appear,
 As after shortly thou shalt hear:
 How that Saint *Jerome* doth indite,
 That he hath read in *Hebrew* Writ,
 Of fifteen Things in special,
 Before that Judgment general:
 Of some of them I take no Cure,
 Which I find not in the Scripture.
 A Part of them though I declare,
 First, I will to the Scripture fare:
 CHRIST says: Before that Day of Doom,
 There shall be Signs of Sun and Moon:
 The Sun shall hide his Beams bright,
 So that the Moon shall give no Light;
 The glistring Stars by Mens Judgment;
 Shall fall forth of the Firmament.

Of these Signs, ere we farther gone,
 Some moral Sense we will expone,
 As cunning Clerks have oft declar'd,
 And have the Sun and Moon compar'd,
 The Sun to the State spiritual,
 The Moon to Princes temporal.
 Right so the Stars they do compare,
 To Laick common popular.
 The Moon and Stars have no Light,
 But the Reflex of Phebus bright:
 So when the Sun of Light is dark,
 The Moon and Stars must needs be mirk,
 Right so when Pastors spirituals,
 Popes, Bishops and Cardinals,
 In their Beginning shews great Light,
 The temporal State was ruled right:
 But now, alas, it is not so;
 Their shining Lamps been long ago,
 Their radious Beams are turn'd to Reek,

For

For now in Earth nothing they seek,
 Except Riches and Dignity,
 Following their Sensuality.
 Many Prelates are now reigning,
 The which no more do understand
 What doth pertain to their Office,
 Then they can kindle Fire with Ice,
 Wo be to Popes, I say for me,
 That suffers such Enormity,
 That ignorant worldly Creatures
 Should in the Church have any Cures.
 No marvel though the People slide,
 When they have blind Men to their Guide:
 For a Prelate that cannot preach,
 Nor GOD's Law to People teach,
Esay compares them in his Wark,
 To a dumb Dog that cannot Bark:
 And CHRIST him calleth in His Grief,
 Most like a Murderer or a Thief.
 The cunning Doctor *Augustine*,
 To Wolves and Devils doth them define.
 The Canon Law doth them defame,
 That of a Prelate bears the Name,
 And will not preach the divine Laws,
 As the Decrees plainly shaws.
 But those that have Authority,
 To provide spiritual Dignity,
 Might if they pleased to take Pain,
 Cause them light all their Lamps again,
 But ever, alas that is not done,
 So darkned been both Sun and Moon.
 Were Kings Lives well declared,
 The which are to the Moon compared,
 Men might consider their Estate,
 From Charity degenerate,
 I think they should think meikle Shame
 Of CHRIST for to take their Surname:
 They live not like to *Christians*,
 But more like *Turks* or *Pagans*.
Turks contrair *Turks* makes little Wear,
 But *Christian* Princes takes no Fear,
 Which should agree as Brother with Brotheri
 But

But now each one dings down another :
 I know no reasonable Cause wherefore,
 Except Pride, Covetous, and vain Glore :
 The Emperor moves his Ordinance
 Contrair the potent King of *France*,
 And *France* right so with great Rigor,
 Contrair his Friend the Emperor :
 And right so *France* against *England*,
England also against *Scotland*,
 And eke the *Scots* with all their Might,
 Do fight for to defend their Right
 Between the Realms of *Albion*,
 Where Battels have been many one,
 Can be made no Affinity,
 Nor yet no Consanguinity :
 Nor by no Way they can consider,
 That they may have no Peace together :
 I dread these Wars make no ending,
 Till they be both under one King.
 Though CHRIST the Sovereign KING of Grace,
 Left in His Testament Love and Peace,
 Our Kings from War will not refrain,
 Till there be many a Thousand slain :
 Great Damage made by Sea and Land,
 As all the World may understand.

C. Father, I think that temporal Kings
 May fight for to defend their Reigns :
 For I have seen the spiritual State
 Make War, their Rights for to debate,
 I saw Pope *Julius* manfully,
 Pass to the Field triumphantly,
 With a right awful Ordinance
 Contrair *Lewis* the King of *France*;
 And for to do him more Despire,
 He did his Region interdite.

E. My Son, said he, as I suppose,
 That belongs well to our Purpose,
 How Sun and Moon are both denude
 Of Light, as Clerks do conclude :
 Comparing them, as you heard tell,
 To spiritual State and temporal :
And common People have despai'd,

Which

Which to the Stars have been compared.
Laick People follow ay their Heads,
And specially into their Deeds,
The most part of Religion
Been turned to Abusion.

What doth avail religious Weeds,
When they are contrair to their Deeds?
What Holiness is there within
A Wolf clad in a Wedders Skin?
So by these Tokens doth appear,
The Day of Judgment draweth near.

Now let us leave this moral Sense,
Proceeding to our Purpose hence,
And of this Matter speak no more,
Beginning where we left before.
The Scripture says: After these Signs,
Shall be seen many marvellous Things,
Then shall rise Tribulations
In Earth, and great Mutations,
As well here under, as above,
When Power of the Heavens shall move,
Such cruel Wars shall be ere than,
Was never since the World began:
The which shall cause great Indigence,
As Dearth, Hunger and Pestilence:
The horrible Sound of the Sea,
The People shall perturb and flee:
Jerome says: It shall rise on hight
Above the Mountains by Mens Sight:
But it shall not spread over the Land,
But like a Wall shall straight upstand,
Then settle down again so low,
That no Man shall the Water know:
Great Whales shall rumish, rout and rair,
Whose Sound redounding shall in the Air,
All Fish and Monsters marvellous,
Shall cry with Sounds odious,
That Men shall wither on the Eird,
And weeping warie shall their Weird,
With loud Alas and Wail-away,
That ever we Lived to See that Day,
And specially Those that dwelling be,

Upon

Upon the Coasts of the Sea.
Right so, as *Jeremie* concludes,
Shall be seen Ferlies on the Floods:
The Sea with moving marvellous,
Shall burn with Flames furious:
Right so shall burn Fountains and Flood,
And Herb and Trees shall sweat like Blood,
Fowls shall fall forth out of the Air,
Wild Beasts to the Plain repair,
And in their Manner make their Moan,
Howling with many grievly Groan.
The Bodies of the dead Creatures,
Appear shall on their Sepulchres;
Then shall both Men, Women and Bairns
Come crying forth of dark Caverns,
Where they for Dread were hid before,
With Sighs and Sobs, and Heart full sore,
Wandering about as they were wood,
Affamished for Fault of Food:
None may make other Comforting,
But double Grief and Lamenting.
What may they do but Weep and Wonder,
When they see Rocks shake all Asunder,
Through trembling of the Earth and quaking.
Of Sorrow then shall be no slaking.
They that are living in those Days,
May tell of terrible Affrays.
Then Riches, Rents, and great Treasure,
That Time may do them small Pleasure;
But when such Wonders do appear,
Men may be sure that Day draws near,
The just Men shall pass to the Glore,
Unjust to Pain for evermore.

C. Father, said I. we daily read
An Article into our Creed,
Saying that CHRIST Omnipotent,
Into that general Judgment,
Shall Judge both Quick and Dead also;
Wherefore Declare me ere I go,
If there shall any Man or Wife,
That Day be founded upon Life?

E. Said he, As to that Question,

I shall

I shall make some Solution :
 The Scripture plainly doth Expone,
 When all Tokens are come and gone,
 Yet many an hundred thousand Men,
 That self-same Day shall be livand,
 Albeit there shall no Creature,
 Neither of Day nor Hour be sure :
 For CHRIST shall come so suddenly,
 That no Man shall the Time espy,
 As it was in the Time of Noy,
 When GOD did all the World Destroy :
 Some on the Field shall be Laboring,
 Some in the Temple Marrying,
 Some before Judges making Plea,
 And some Men sailing on the Sea:
 Those that be on the Field going,
 Shall not return to their Lodging :
 Who been upon the House above,
 Shall not have Leisure to Remove.
 Two shall be in the Mill grinding,
 Which shall be taken without Warning,
 The one to everlasting Glore,
 The other lost for evermore.
 Two shall be lying in one Bed,
 The one to Pleasure shall be led,
 The other shall be left alone,
 Weeping with many a grievous Grone.
 And so, my Son, thou mayst well trow,
 The World shall be as it is now,
 The People using Businels,
 As Holy Scripture doth exprefs.
 Since no Man knows the Hour nor Day,
 The Scripture bids us Watch and Pray,
 And for our Sins be Penitent,
 As CHRIST would come incontinent.

*The Manner how CHRIST shall come to His
 Judgment.*

When all the Tokens are brought to End,
 Then shall the SON of GOD descend:
 As Fire-flaughts hastily glancing,
 Descend shall the great Heavenly KING.

As

As Phebus in the Orient
Lightneth in haste the Occident,
So pleasantly He shall appear,
Among the Heavenly Clouds clear,
With great Power and Majestie,
Above the Countrey of Indie,
As Clerks have concluded haill,
Direct above the lusty Vale
Of Josopbat, and Mount Olivet:
All Prophecy there shall be compleat,
The Angels of the Orders nine,
Environ shall the Throne divine,
With humble Adoration,
Making him Ministrations:
In His Presence there shall be born
The Sign of Cross, and Crown of Thorn,
Slate and Nails, Scourges and Spear,
With every thing that did Him dear,
The Time of His grim Passion.
And for our Consolation,
Appear shall in His Hands and Feet,
And in His Side, the Print compleat
Of His five Wounds precious,
Shining like Rubies radious,
To Reprobates Confusion:
And for final Conclusion,
He sitting in His Tribunal,
With great Power Imperial,
Then shall an Angel blow a Blast,
Which shall make all the World Agast,
With hideous Voice and vehement,
Rise up dead Folk, come to Judgment,
With that all reasonable Creature,
That ever was formed by Nature,
Shall suddenly rise up at once,
Conjoined with Soul, Flesh, Blood and Bones.
That terrible Trumpet, I heat tell,
Shall be heard in Heaven, Earth and Hell:
Those that were Drowned in the Sea,
That boistrous Blast they shall obey,
Where ever the Body buried was,
Shall be found into that Place,

Angels

Angels shall pass in the four Airts
Of Earth, and bring them from all Parts,
And with an instant Diligence,
Present them to His Excellence.
Saint *Jerome* thought continually
On this Judgment so ardently:
He said: Whether I eat or drink,
Or wake or sleep, forsooth I think,
That terrible Trumpet like a Bell,
So quickly in mine Ears doth knell,
As instantly as it were present;
Rise up dead Folk, come to Judgment;
If Saint *Jerome* took such Affray,
Alas, what shall we Sinners say.
All those that shall be found alive,
Then shall Immortal be believe:
And in the twinkling of an Eye,
With Fire they shall Translated be,
And never for to Die again,
As divine Scripture sheweth plain:
As ready both for Pain and Glore,
As they which died long Time before,
Some Authors say, they shall appear
In Age of three and thirty Year,
Whether they Die young or old,
Whose great Number may not be told.
That Day shall not be mist one Man,
Which as Born since the World began.
The Angel shall them separate
As doth an Herd, Sheep from the Goat,
And those that be of Belial's Band,
Trembling upon the Earth shall stand,
On the left Hand of that great Judge,
But esperance to get Refuge;
But these that are predestinate,
Shall from the Earth be elevate:
And that most happy Company,
Shall Ordered be triumphantly,
At the Right Hand of CHRIST our KING,
High in the Air with loud Loving,
Full gloriously there shall compear,
More bright than *Phobus* in his Sphear.

The

The Virgin Mary QUEEN of Queens,
 With many a thousand of Virgins,
 The Fathers of the Old Testament,
 Which were to GOD Obedient,
 Whether *Adam* shall them convoy,
 With *Abel*, *Seth*, *Enoch* and *Noy*.
Abraham with all his faithful Warks,
 With all the prudent Patriarchs:
 On the *Baptist* shall there compear,
 The Principal and last Messenger,
 Which came but half a Year before
 The Coming of the KING of Glorie.
Moses and *Esaias* honorable,
 With all true Prophets venerable.
David with all the faithful Kings,
 Which vertuously did rule their Reigns,
 The noble Chiffran *Josue*,
 With gentle *Judas* Maccabe,
 With many a noble Champion,
 Which in their Time with great Renown
 Mansfully to their Lives end,
 The Law of GOD they did defend.
 With *Eve* that Day shall be present,
 The Ladies of the Old Testament:
Sarah, *Adam's* Daughtr dear,
 With four most lusty Ladies clear,
 Which kept were in the Ark with *Noy*.
Sara and *Keturah* with Joy,
 The which to *Abraham* Wives been,
 With good *Rebecca* there shall be seen,
 The prudent Wives of *Israel*,
 Good *Leah*, and the fair *Rachel*,
 With *Judeth*, *Hester* and *Susanna*,
 And the right sapient Queen *Saba*.
 There shall compear *Peter* and *Paul*.
 With CHRIST His good Disciples all.
Lawrence and *Steven* with their blest Band,
 Of Martyrs mo than Ten thousand.
Gregorie, *Ambrose* and *Augustin*,
 With Confessors a triumphant Train.
 With Saint *Francis* and *Benedick*,
 Saint *Bernard*, and Saint *Dominick*,
 With

With small Number of Monks and Friars,
Of *Carmelites* and *Cordeliers*.
That for the Love of CHRIST only,
Renounc'd the World unfeignedly:
With *Elizabeth* and *Anna*,
All good Wives shall compear that Day,
The blest and holy *Magdalen*,
That Day before her sovereign.
Right pleasantly He shall present,
All Sinners that were penitent,
Which of their Guilt here asked Grace,
In Heaven with her shall have a Place,
But Wo be to that bailful Band,
Which shall stand low at His left Hand;
Wo then to Kings and Emperors,
That were unrighteous Conquerors,
For their Glorie and particular Good,
Caus'd shed so meekle sakeless Blood,
Both Scepter, Crown, and Robe Royal,
That Day they shall make Count of all,
And for their cruel Tyranny,
Shall punisht be perpetually,
Ye Lords and Barons more and less,
That our poor Tenants did Oppress,
By great Girsun and double Mail,
More than your Lands were avail,
With sore exorbitant Carriage,
With Merchets of their Marriage,
Tormented both in Peace and Wear,
With Burdens more than they can bear,
Be they have payed to you their Mail,
And to the Priest the Teinds haill:
And when the Land again is sown,
What rests behind, I would were known,
I trust, they and their poor Household,
May tell of much Hunger and Cold,
Except ye have of them Pity,
I dread you shall get no Mercy,
That Day when CHRIST Omnipotent,
Comes to His general Judgment.
Wo be to publick Oppressors,
To Tyrants and to Transgressors,

To

o Murtherers and common Thieves,
 hat did not mend their great Mischiefs;
 ornicators and Usurers,
 ommon publick Adulterers,
 ll perverse wicked Hereticks,
 ll false deceitful Schismaticks,
 ll shall be present in that Place,
 With many lamentable Alas,
 he curst *Cain* that never was good,
 With all Shedders of lakeless Blood,
Imrod the Founder of *Babylon*,
 With false Idolaters many one,
Ninus the King of *Assyria*,
 With great Dole shall compear that Day,
 Which first invented Imagery,
 Wherethrough came great Idolatry,
 or making of that Image *Bell*,
 hat Day his Hire shall be in Hell. ■
 he great Oppressor *Pharao*,
 hat Tyrant Emperor *Nero*,
 shall with them curst King *Herod* bring,
 With many other careful King.
 he cruel King *Antiochus*,
 With the most furious *Olofernus*,
 reat Oppressors of *Israel*,
 hat Day their Hire shall be in Hell,
 With *Judas* shall compear a Clan
 of false Traytors to GOD and Man. v
 here shall compear of every Land,
 With *Ponce Pilate* a bailful Band
 of Temporal and Spiritual States,
 alse Judges with their Advocates,
 here shall our Senators of the Session,
 of all their Faults make clear Confession,
 here shall be seen the fraudulent Failries,
 With Sheriffs, Provost, and of Baillies:
 fficials with their consistory Clerks,
 shall make Count of their wrongous Works,
 hey and their perverse Procutors,
 ppressors both of Rich and Poors,
 rough Dilatours full of false Deceit,
 Which many one caus'd beg their Meate.

Great Dole that Day to Judges been,
 That comes not with their Conscience clean,
 That Day shall pass by Peremptors
 Without Cautel, or Dilators,
 No *duplicandum* nor *triplicandum*,
 But shortly pass to *sententiandum*,
 Without Continuations,
 Or any Applications.
 That Sentence shall not be retreated,
 Nor with no Man of Law debated,
 Ye Laborers of Sea and Lands,
 Perfect Crafts-men, and rich Merchands,
 Leave your Deceits and crafty Wiles,
 Which silly simple Folk beguiles:
 Make Recompence here as ye may,
 Remembring on that dreadful Day,
 With *Mahomite* shall compear, no doubt,
 Of *Antichrists* an hideous rout.
 Bishop *Annas* and *Caiaphas*,
 With them in Company shall pass.
 The Scribes and false Pharisiens,
 Which wrought on CHRIST great Violence,
 With many a *Turk* and *Saracen*,
 With great Sorrow there shall be seen,
 Popes with their Traditions,
 Contrair CHRIST's Institutions,
 With many a Cowl and clipped Crown,
 Which CHRIST's Laws hath beaten down:
 And would not suffer for to preach
 The Verity, nor the People teach,
 But Laick-men put to great Torment,
 Which used CHRIST His Testament.
 All Kings and Queens there shall be kend,
 The which such Laws do defend,
 To that Court shall come many one
 Of that black Byk of *Babylon*,
 The innocent Blood that Day shall cry
 A loud Vengeance full piteously,
 On these cruel bloody Butchers
 Of Martyrs, Prophets and Preachers:
 Some with the Fire, some with the Sword,
 Which plainly preached GOD His Word.

That

That Day they shall Rewarded be,
 Conform to their Iniquity.
 The *Sodomites* and *Gemorrhance*,
 On whom GOD wrought so great Vengeance,
 With *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiron*,
 With their Assutants many one:
 The Holy Scripture will thee tell,
 How they sank down all to the Hell,
 With *Simon Magnus* shall resort,
 Of proud Priests a shameful Sort.
 The self-same Day there shall be seen,
 Many a cruel careful Queen:
 Queen *Semiramis*, King *Ninus* Wife,
 A Tyger full of Sturt and Strife,
 Together with Queen *Jezabel*,
 Which was covetous and cruel.
 The false deceitful *Dalila*,
 With cruel Queen *Clytemnestra*,
 The which did Murther in the Night,
Agamemnon both Wise and Wight.
 The which was her Sovereign Lord,
 As *Greek* Stories do record:
 With cruel Queens many one,
 Which longsome were for to Exponc.
 Ye wanton Ladies and Burgeſſs Wives,
 That now for Sideſt-tails ſtrives,
 Clapping the Filth among your Feet,
 Raising the Duſt into the Street,
 That Day for all your Pomp and Pride,
 Your Tails ſhall not your Hips hide,
 Theſe Vanities ye ſhall repent,
 Unleſſ that ye be penitent.
 Which *Pythoniſſa*, I hear tell,
 Which raiſed the Spirit of *Samuel*,
 That Day with her there ſhall reſort,
 Of rank Witches a ſorrowful Sort,
 Brought from all Parts many a Mile,
 From *Savoy*, *Athol*, and *Argyle*,
 And from the Rynds of *Galloway*,
 With a woful Wail-away.
 Ye Brethren of Religion,
 Time leave your Abuſion,

With

With which ye have the World abused,
Or ye that Day shall be refused.
I speak to you all in general,
Not to one Order special;
That Day all Creatures shall ken,
If ye were Saints or worldly Men,
Or if ye took the Chapelry,
That ye might live most pleasantly,
And get good large Portion,
Or for a godly Devotion,
That Day your fained Sanctitudes
Shall not be known by your Moods:
Your superstitious Ceremonies,
Participate with Idolatries.
Cords, cutted Shoes, nor clipped Head,
That Day shall stand you in no stead;
For Cowls black, gray, nor begard,
Ye shall that Day get your Reward.
Your polit painted Flattery,
Your dissimulate Hypocrisie,
That Day they shall be clearly known,
When they shall Reap as they have Sown:
Therefore in Time be Penitent,
Or else that Day ye shall be shent,
I pray you heartily, as I may,
Remember on that dreadful Day.
Ye Abbots, Priors, or Prioresses,
Consider what ye do confesse;
And how that your Promotion
Was nothing for Devotion,
But to obtain the Abbacy:
Ye made your Vow of Chastity,
Of Poverty and Obedience:
Therefore remord your Conscience.
How these three Vows been observed,
And what Reward hath been deserved:
Wherefore Repent while ye have Space,
Since GOD is liberal of His Grace.
C. Father, said I, Declare to me,
Where shall our Prelates ordered be,
Which now are in the World livand?
With whom shall come that spiritual Band?

E, Said

E. Said he, As Saint Bernard describes,
 Except that they amend their Lives,
 And leave their wanton vicious Works,
 Not with the Prophets, nor Patriarchs,
 Nor with the Martyrs and Confessours,
 The which to CHRIST were true Preachers;
 Their Predecessors Peter and Paul,
 That Day will them misknow at all:
 So shall they not, I say for me,
 With the Apostles ordered be:
 I trust they will dwell on the Border
 Of Hell, where there shall be no Order,
 Enlong the Flood of *Phlegeton*,
 Or on the Brayes of *Acheron*,
 Crying on *Charon*, I conclude,
 To ferry them over that furious Flood,
 To eternal Confusion,
 Except they leave their Abusion,
 I trust, these Prelates more and less,
 Shall make clear Count of their Riches,
 That dreadful Day with Hearts full sore,
 And what Service they did therefore.
 The Princely Pomp, or Apparel
 Of Pope, Bishop, or Cardinal,
 Their Royal Rents and Dignitie,
 That Day shall not regarded be.
 There shall no Tails, as I hear say,
 Of Bishops be born up that Day.
 Come they not with their Conscience clean,
 On them great Sorrow shall be seen,
 Except that they their Lives amend
 A Time, and so I make an End.

The Manner how CHRIST shall give His Sentence.

W Hen all these Congregations
 Are brought out of all Nations,
 Which shall be without Process
 Though I have made so long Digress:
 Or in the twinkling of an Eye;
 All Mankind shall presented be,
 Before that Kings Excellence,
 When shortly shall he give Sentence:

G

First,

First, saying to that blessed Band,
Which ordered be at His Right Hand,
Come with my Father's Benediction,
And receive your Possession,
Which was for you preordinate
Before the World was first create;
When I was Hungry, ye me Fed:
When I was Naked, ye me Cled:
Oft-times ye gave me Harbery,
And gave me Drink when I was Dry?
And visit me with Minds meek,
When I was Prisoner and Sick;
In all such Tribulation,
Ye gave me Consolation.
Then shall they say: O potent KING,
When saw we Thee desire such Thing?
We never saw Thine Excellence
Subdued to such Indigence.
Yet shall He say, I you assure,
When ever ye did receive the Poor,
And for My Sake made them Supplie, 1
That Gift doubtles ye gave to Me:
Therefore shall now begin your Glore,
Which shall endure for evermore.
Then shall He look on His left Hand,
And say unto that hateful Band,
Pass with My Malediction,
To eternal Affliction,
In Company with Fiends fell,
In everlasting Fire of Hell.
When I stood Naked at your Gate,
Hungry and Thirsty, Cold and Wet,
Right Feeble, Sick and like to Die,
I never got of you Supplie:
And when I lay in Prison strong,
Of you I might have Lyen full long,
Without your Consolation,
Or any Supportation.
Trembling for Dread, then shall they say,
With many hideous Harm-say:
Alas, Good LORD, when saw we Thee
Subject to such Necessitie?

When

When saw we Thee come to our Door,
 Hungry and Thirsty, Naked and Poor?
 When saw we Thee in Prison ly,
 Or Thee refused Harbery?
 Then shall that most Precellent KING,
 To these Wretches make Answering:
 That Time when ye refus'd the Poor,
 Which needful cryed at your Door,
 And of your Superfluity,
 For My Sake made them no Supply:
 Refusing them, ye Me refused,
 With Wretchedness, so ye were Abused:
 Therefore ye shall have to your Hire,
 The everlasting burning Fire,
 Without Grace, Peace, or Comforting.
 Then shall they Cry full sore Weeping:
 That we were Made, alas, Good LORD:
 Alas is there no Misericord?
 But thus withoutten Hope of Grace,
 Tyne Presence of that Pleasant Face,
 Alas for us it had been Good,
 We had been Smored in our Cod.
 Then with a Rear the Earth shall Rive,
 And Swallow them both Man and Wife,
 Then shall these Creatures forlorn,
 Wary the Hour that they were Born,
 With many an hideous Cry and Yell,
 From Time they feel the Flames fell,
 Upon their tender Bodies bite,
 Whose Torment shall be infinite.
 The Earth shall close, and from their Sight
 Shall taken be all Kind of Light,
 There shall be Howling and Weeping,
 Withoutten Hope of Comforting.
 In that inestimable Pain,
 Eternally they shall remain,
 Burning in furious Flames red,
 Ever Dying, but never Dead:
 That the small Minute of an Hour,
 To them shall be so great Dolour,
 They shall think they have done remain
 A thousand Years into that Pain,

Alas, I Tremble to hear tell,
That terrible Tormenting of Hell.
That painful Pit for to deplore,
Which must endure for evermore.
Then shall these glorified Creatures,
With Mirth and infinite Pleasures,
Conveyed with Joy Angelical,
Pass to the Heavens Imperial,
With CHRIST JESUS our Sovereign KING,
In Glore everlastingly to Reign;
Of Man which passeth the Engine,
The thousand Part for to Define,
Allannerly to the least Pleasure
Preordinate for one Creature.
Then shall a Fire as Clerks fain,
Make all the Hills and Valleys plain,
From Earth up to the Heavens Impire,
All shall renew'd be by that Fire,
Purging all Things material,
Under the Heavens Imperial:
Both Earth and Water, Fire and Air,
Shall be more perfect made and fair,
The which before had mixed been,
Shall then be purifi'd and made clean.
The Earth like Crystal shall be clear,
And every Planet in his Sphear,
Shall rest withoutten more Moving,
Both starry Heaven and Crystalin.
The first and highest Heavens moveable,
Will stand but Turnings, firm and stable,
The Sun into the Orient,
Will stand, and in the Occident
Rest shall the Moon, and be more clear
Than now is *Phebus* in his Sphear:
And eke the Lantern of the Heaven,
Shall give more Light by Degrees seven,
Than it gave since the World began:
The Heavens renewed shall be then.
Right so the Earth with such Device,
Compared to the heavenly Paradise:
So Heaven and Earth shall be all one,
As meaneth the Apostle *John*,

The great Sea shall no more appear,
 But like a Cryſtal pure and clear,
 Paſſing Imagination
 Of Man, to make Narration.
 Of Glore, which GOD hath done prepare
 To every one which cometh there:
 The which with Ears, nor yet with Een
 Of Man may not be heard nor ſeen;
 With Heart it is unthinkable,
 And with Tongue unpronounceable:
 Whoſe Pleaſures ſhall be ſo perſite,
 Having in GOD ſo great delite,
 The Space now of a thouſand Year,
 That Time ſhall not an Hour appear;
 Which cannot Comprehended be,
 Till we that pleaſant Sight ſhall ſee:
 When *Paul* was raviſht in the Sprite
 To the third Heaven of Glore replear;
 He ſays, the Secrets which he ſaw
 They were not lawful for to ſhow
 To no Man on Earth livand;
 Wherefore preſs not to underſtand,
 Albeit thereto thou haſt Deſire,
 The Secrets of the Heavens Empire.
 The more Men look on *Phobus* bright,
 The more feeble ſhall be their Sight.
 Right ſo let no Man ſet his Cure
 To ſeek the high Divine Nature.
 The more Men ſtudy I ſuppoſe,
 Shall be the more from their Purpoſe.
 To know whereto ſhould Men intend,
 Which Angels cannot comprehend:
 But after this great Judgment,
 All things to us ſhall be patent.
 Let us with *Paul* our Minds addreſs,
 He being full of Heavenlineſs,
 Full humbly he teacheth us
 Not for to be too Curious:
 Albeit Men be of great Ingine,
 To ſeek the high Secrets Divine,
 Whole Judgments are unſearchable,
 His Ways ſtrange and inveſtigable,

That is to say, Past our finding,
Of whom no Man can find ending.
It sufficeth us for to implore,
Great GOD to bring us to His Glore.

Of certtain Pleasures of the glorified Bodies.

Since there is none in Earth may comprehend
The heavenly Glore, and Wisdom infinite:
Wherefore, my Son, I pray thee not pretend
Too far to seek that Matter of Delite,
Which passeth natural Reason to endite,
That GOD before that He the World create,
Prepar'd to them which are Predestinate.

All mortal Men shall be made Immortal,
That is to say, never to die again:
Impossible, and so celestial,
That Fire nor Sword may do to them no Pain,
Nor Heat, nor Cold, nor Frost, nor Wind, nor Rain,
Though such things were, may do to them no dear,
These Creatures right so shall they be as clear.

As flaming *Phœbus* in his Mansion,
Considering then if there shall be great Light,
When every one into his Region
Shall shine like to the Sun, and be as bright:
Let us with *Paul* desire to see that Sight,
To be Dissolv'd *Paul* had a great Desire,
With CHRIST to be into the Heaven's Empire.

And moreover, as Clerks can describe,
These marvellous Lights they been incompareable
Among the Rest, in all their Senses five,
They shall have sensual Pleasures delectable,
The heavenly Sound which shall be inenarrable,
Into their Ears continually shall ring,
And eke the Sight of CHRIST JESUS our KING.

Into this triumphant Throne Imperial,
With His Mother the Virgin, QUEEN of Queens,
There shall be seen the Court celestial,
Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors and Virgins,
Brighter than *Phœbus* in his Sphear that shines,
The Patriarchs and Prophets venerable,
There shall be seen in Glore inestimable.

And

And with their Spiritual Eyes shall be seene
That Sight which is most Superexcellent,
GOD as He is, and evermore hath been,
Continually that Sight contemplant.
Augustine saith: He rather take in hand
To be in Hell, he seeing the Essence
Of GOD, than be in Heaven without His Presence,

Who seeing GOD in his Divinity,
He seeth in Him all other pleasant things,
The which with Tongue cannot pronounced be:
What Pleasure been to see the KING of Kings?
The greatest Pain the damned Folk down thrings,
And to the Devil's most punishment,
It is of GOD to lack Fruition.

And moreover they shall feel such a Smell,
Surmounting far the steepe of earthly Flowers:
And in their Mouth a Taste, as I hear tell,
Of sweet and supernatural Sapours:
Als they shall see the heavenly bright Colours,
Shining among these Creatures divine,
Which to describe transcendeth Man's Ingine,

And eke they shall have such Agility,
In one Instant to pass for their Pleasure,
Ten thousand Miles in twinkling of an Eye,
So that their Joys shall be without Measure,
They shall reioice to see the great Delor
Of damned Folk in Hell, and their Torment,
Because it is of GOD the just Judgment.

Subtillity they shall have marvellous,
Supposing that there were a Wall of Brasse,
A glorious Body may right hastily,
Out through the Wall without Impediment pass,
Such like as doth the Sun-beams out through the
As CHRIST to His Disciples did appear, (Glas,
All Entres clost, and none of them did fear,

Albeit in Heaven though every Creature
Have not alike Felicity and Glore,
Yet every one shall have so great Pleasure,
And so Content, that they desire no more:
To have more Joy they shall no more implore,

But they shall all be Satisfied and Content,
Like to this rude Example subsequent.

Take a Crowat, a Pint stop, and a Quart,
A Gallon Pitcher, a Puncheon and a Tun
Of Wine, or Balm, give every one his Part,
And fill them full till they be over-run:
The little Crowat, in comparison,
Shall be so full, that it shall hold no more
Of such Measures, though they were twenty score,

Into the Tun, or in the Puncheon,
So that these Vessels in one Quantity
May hold no more, except they over-run,
Yet have they not alike in Quantity:
So by this rude Example thou mayst see,
Though every one be not alike in Glore,
Art Satisf'd that they desire no more.

Though presently by GOD His Purveyance,
Both Beasts and Fowls, and Fishes in the Sea,
Are necessary for Man's Sustenance,
With Corns, Herbs, Flowers, and fruitful Trees,
Then shall there be no Commodity:
The Earth shall bear no Plant, nor Beast brutal;
But as the Heavens shall be bright like Crystal.

Suppose some be on Earth walking here down,
Or high above, where ever they please to go,
Of GOD they have ay clear Fruition,
Both East and West, Up, Down, or To and Fro:
Clerks have declared Pleasures many mo,
Which doth transcend all mortal Man's Engine,
The thousand Part of those Pleasures divine.

Into the Heaven they shall perfectly know
Their tender Friends, their Father and their Mother,
Their Predecessors whom they never saw:
Their Spouses, Children, their Sister & their Brother
And every one shall have such Love to other,
Of others Glore and Joy they shall rejoyce,
As of their own, as Clerks do suppose.

Then shall be seen that bright *Jerusalem*,
Which *John* saw in his *Revelation*:
We mortal Men, alas, are sore to blame,

That

That will not have Consideration,
And a continual Contemplation,
With hot Desire to come unto that Glorie,
Which Pleasure shall endure for evermore.

O LORD, our GOD, and King Omnipotent,
Which knew ere Thou the Heavens and Earth create,
Who would to Thee be Disobedient,
And so deserve for to be Reprobate:
Thou knowst the Number of Predestinate,
Whom Thou didst call, and hast them justified,
And shall in Heaven with thee be Glorified.

Grant us to be, LORD, of that chosen Sort,
Which of Thy Mercy Superexcellent
Didst purifie, as Scripture doth Report,
With the Blood of that Holy Innocent,
JESUS, which made Himself Obedient
Unto the Death, and starved on the Rood:
Let us, O LORD, be purged with that Blood,

All Creatures that ever GOD created,
As writeth *Paul*, they wish to see that Day:
When the Children of GOD predestinated,
Shall do Appear in their new fresh Array,
When Corruption shall be cleans'd all away,
And chang'd shall be their mortal Quality,
In the great Glorie of Immortality.

And moreover all things corporal,
Under the Concave of the Heaven's Empire,
That now to Labour subject are and thral:
Sun, Moon and Stars, Earth, Water, Air and Fire,
In a manner they have an hot Desire,
Wishing that Day, that they may be at Rest,
As *Erasmus* expoundeth manifest.

We see the great Globe of the Firmament
Continually in moving marvellous:
The seven Planets contrary their Intent,
Are rest about with Course contrarious,
The Wind and Sea with Storms furious,
The troubled Air, with Frost, and Snow and Rain,
Until that Day, they travel ay in Pain.

And all the Angels of the Orders nine,

Having Compassion on our Miseries,
 They wish after that Day, and to that Fine
 To see us freed from our Infirmities,
 And cleansed from these great Calamities,
 And troublous Life which never shall have end
 Until that Day, I make it to be kend.

*An Exhortation given by Father Experience,
 unto his Son the Courtier.*

MY Son, now mark well in thy Memory,
 Of this false World the Troubles transitory,
 Whose dreadful Days do now draw near an End:
 Then call on GOD to be thine Adjutorie,
 And every Day, my Son, *Memento mori*;
 And wotst not when or where that thou shalt wend,
 Here to remain, I pray thee not pretend,
 And since thou knowst the Time is very short,
 In CHRIST His Blood set all whole thy Comfort.

Be not so much so list in temporal things,
 Since thou perceiv'st Pope, Emperor nor Kings
 Into the Earth have no Place permanent;
 Thou seest that Death them dolefully down thrings,
 And reaves them from their Rents, Riches, & Reigns:
 Therefore on CHRIST confirm thy whole Intent,
 And of thy Calling be right well content:
 Then GOD that feedeth the Fowls of the Air,
 All needful Things He shall for thee prepare.

Consider in thy Contemplation,
 Ay since the Worlds first Creation,
 Mankind hath suffered this Misery mortal:
 Ay tormented with Tribulation,
 With Dolor, Dread and Desolation:
Gentiles, and chosen People of *Israel*,
 To this Unhap, are all subject and thral:
 Which Misery no doubt shall ever endure
 Till the last Day, my Son, thereof be sure,

That Day, as I have made Narration,
 Shall be the Day of Consolation,
 To all the Children of the chosen Number:
 There ended shall be their Desolation,
 And eke I make thee Supplication,

Of the Mountain. 155
In earthly Matters take thee no more Cumber,
Dread not to Die, for Death is but a Slumber:
Live a just Life, and with a joyous Heart,
And of thy Goods take pleasantly thy Part.

Of our Talking now let us make an End:
Behold how *Phœbus* downward doth descend,
Toward his Palace in the *Occident*:
Dame *Cynthia*, I see, she doth pretend,
Into her watery Region to ascend,
With Visage pale into the *Orient*.
The Dew now donks, the Roses redolent.
The Mary-golds that all Day were rejoyced
Of *Phœbus* heat, now craftily are closed.

The blisful Birds are bowning to their Trees,
And cease from their heavenly Harmonies.
The Corn-craik in the Craft I hear her Cry:
The Bat, the Howler, feeble of their Eyes,
For their Pastime now in the Evening flies,
The Nightingale with mirthful Melodie,
Her natural Notes do pierce up through the Sky,
To *Cynthia* making her Observance,
Which on the Night doth take her Daliance.

I see *Pole Arctick* in the North appear,
And *Venus* rising with her Beams clear,
Wherefore, my Son, I hold it Time to go,
Would GOD, said I, you did remain all Year,
That I might of your heavenly Lessons lear:
Of your Departing I am very wo.
Take Patience, said he, it must be so:
Perchance I shall return with Diligence.
Thus I departed from Experience.

And sped me Home with Heart sighing full sore,
And entered in my quiet Oratore:
I took Paper, and there began to write
This Misery, as you have heard before.
All Gentle Readers heartily I implore.
For to Excuse my rural rude Endite:
Though *Pharisees* would have at me Despite,
Which would not that their Craftiness were kend,
Let GOD be Judge, and so I make an End.

F I N I S. quoad L I N D S A T.

The

*The Testament and Complaint of our Sovereign Lord
King James the fifth his Papingo, lying sore
wounded, and may not die, till every Man have
heard what she says: Wherefore Gentle Readers
haste you, that she may be put out of Pain.
Compyled by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Knight, alias Lyon, King of Arms.*
Livor post fata quiescit.

THE PROLOGUE.

Although I had Inguine Angelical,
With Sapience more than Solomonical,
I wot not what Matter put in Memory:
The Poets old in Stile Heroical,
In brief and subtil Terms Rhetorical,
Of every Matter, Tragedy and Story,
So ornatly to their high Laud and Glory,
Have done endite, whose Supream Sapience
Transcendeth far my dull Intelligence.

Of Poets now into our vulgar Tongue,
For why, the Bell of Rhetorick been rung
By *Chancer Gower*, *Ligat laurear*,
Who dare presume those Poets to impugn,
Whose sweet Sentence through *Albion* been sung?
Or who can now the Works counterfeit
Of *Kennedie*, with Terms aureat,
Of wise *Dumbar*, who Language had at large,
As may be seen into his Golden Targe?

Quintin, *Mercer*, *Roul*, *Henderson*, *Hay* and *Holand*,
Though they be dead, their Lives are livand:
Which to rehearse, makes Readers to rejoice.
Alas, for once that Lamp was in this Land,
Of Eloquence the flowing balmy Strand:
And in our *English* Rhetorick the Rose,
As of Rubies the Carbuncle is chose,
And as *Phebus* doth *Cynthia* precel,
So *Gawn Douglass* Bishop of *Dunkel*,

Had when he was into this Land alive,

Above

Above vulgar Poets prerogative,
Both in practick Speculation :
I say no more : good Readers may describe
His worthy Works, in Number no than Five :
And specially the true Translation,
Of *Virgil*, which been Consolation
To cunning Men, to know his great Inigne,
As well in natural Science, as divine.

And in the Court been present in these Days,
That Ballads, brieves, lustily and layes,
Which to our Prince daily they do present :
Who can say more than Sir *James English* says,
In Ballads, Farces, and in pleasant Plays?
But *Culross* hath his Pen made impotent :
Rid in cunning and practick right prudent :
And *Stewart* who desires a stately Stile,
Full ornat Works daily compyle.

Stewart of *Lorn* will carp most curiously,
Galbraith, *Kinloch*, when they list them apply,
Into that Art are crafty of Inigne :
But now of late is start up hastily
A cunning Clerk, which writeth craftily,
A Plant of Poets, called *Ballenstine*,
Whose ornat Writs, my Wits cannot define :
Get he into the Court Authority,
He will precel *Quintine* and *Kennedy*.

So though I had Inigne, as I have none,
I know not what to write, by sweet *St. John* :
For why, in all the Earth, of Eloquence
Is nothing left, but barren Stock and Stone,
The polite Terms are pulled every one,
By these surnamed Poets of prudence :
And since I find none other true Sentence,
I shall declare ere I depart you fro,
The Complaint of a wounded *Papingo*.

Wherefore because my Matter is but rude,
Of Sentence and of Rhetorick denude,
To rural Folk my Writing is directed,
Far seemed from the Sight of Men of Good :
For cunning Men I know will soon conclude,

It nothing dowses, but for to be dejected;
 And when I hear my Matter is detracted:
 Then shall I swear, I made it but in Mowes,
 To Landwart Lasses, that milk the Kine and Ewes.

The Complaint of the Papingo,

WHO climbs too hy, perforce his Foot must fail,
 Expream I shall thee by Experience,
 If that thou please to hear a piteous Tale,
 How a fair Bird by fatal Violence,
 Devored was and might not make Defence
 Contrair the Death, so failed natural Strength,
 As after I shall show you at more Length.

A *Papingo*, right pleasant and perfitte,
 Presented was to our most Noble King,
 Of whom his Grace a long Time had delite,
 More fair in Form, I wot flew never on Wing,
 This proper Bird he gave in Governing
 To me, which was his simple Serviture,
 To which I did my Diligence and Cure.

To learn her Language artificial,
 To play Plat-foot, and Whissel, Foot before;
 But of her Inclination natural,
 She counterfeit all Fowls less and more:
 Of her Courage she would without my Lore,
 Sing like the Merle, and Crow like the Cock,
 Pew like the Gled, Chant like the Laverock.

Bark like a Dog, and Kekkile like a Kae,
 Bleat like an Hog, and Buller like a Bull,
 Gail like a Gouk, and Weep when she was Wae:
 Climb on a Cord, and Laugh and play the Fool,
 She might have been a Menstrel against Yool,
 This blessed Bird was to me so pleasant,
 Where ever I sure, I bare her on mine Hand.

And so befell upon a mirthful Morrow,
 Into my Garth I past me to repose,
 This Bird and I, as we were wont beforow,
 Among the Flowers fresh, fragrant and formose:
 My Viral Spirits duly did rejoice,
 When *Phebus* rose, and rave the Clouds sable,
 Through Brightness of his Beams amiable.

Without

Without Vapor was well purificate,
 The temperate Air, soft, sober, and seren;
 The Earth by Nature so edificate,
 With wholsome Herbs, blew, white, red and green,
 Which elevare my Spirit from the Spleen,
 That Day *Saturn* and *Mars* durst not appear,
 Nor *Eole* from his Cave he durst not fear,

That Day perforce behoved to be fair,
 By Influence and Course celestial,
 No Planet press'd for to perturb the Air:
 For *Mercury* by moving natural,
 Exalted was into the Throne triumphal
 Of his Mansion, into the fifteen Gree,
 In his own Sovereign Sign of Virginie,

That Day did *Phebus* pleasantly depart
 From *Gemini*, and entred into *Cancer*:
 That Day *Cupido* did extend his Dart:
Venus that Day conjoyned with *Jupiter*.
 That Day *Neptunus* hid him like a Skar:
 That Day dame Nature with great Business,
 Furthered *Flora* to show her Craftiness.

And retrograde was *Mars* in *Capricorn*,
 And *Cynthia* in *Sagitar* assailed:
 That Day came *Ceres*, Goddess of the Corn,
 Full joyfully *John*-upon-land she pleased:
 The bad respect of *Saturn* was appeased
 That Day by *Juno*, of *Jupiter* the Joy,
 Perturbing Spirits causing to hold coy.

The Sound of Birds surmounting all the Skys,
 With Melody of Notes musical,
 The balmy Drops of Dew *Titan* up drys,
 Hanging upon the tender Twists small,
 The heavenly Hew and Sound Angelical,
 Such perfect Pleasures printed in mine Heart,
 That with great Pain from them I might depart,

So still among those Herbs amiable,
 I did remain a Space for my Pastance,
 But worldly Pleasure is so variable,
 Mixed with Sorrow, Dread, and Inconstance,
That thereunto is no Comparifance;

So might I say, my short Solace, alas,
Was driven to Dolor in a little Space.

For in that Earth among these fragrant Flowers,
Walking alone, none but my Bird and I:
Unto the Time, that I had said mine Hours,
This Bird I set upon a Branch me by,
But she began to speak right speedily,
And in that Tree did so highly ascend,
That by no Way I might her Apprehend.

Sweet Bird, said I, beware, mount not too hie,
Return in Time, perchance thy Feet may failie,
Thou art right Fat and not well us'd to flie:
The greedy Gled, I dread she thee assailie.
I will, said she, Vailie *quod* Vailie,
It is my Kind to climb ay to the Hight;
Of Feather and Bone, I wot well I am Wight.

So on the highest little tender Twist,
With Wings display'd, she sat full wantonly:
But Boreas blew a Blast ere ever she wist,
Which brake the Branch, and blew her suddenly
Down to the Ground with many a careful Cry;
Upon a Stob, she lighted on her Breast,
The Blood rusht out, and she cry'd for a Priest.

GOD wot, if then mine Heart was wo begone,
To see that Fowl fighter among the Flowrs,
Which with great Mourning gan to make her Mone,
Now coming are, said she, the fatal Hours
Of bitter Death, now must I shole the Showrs:
O Dame Nature, I pray thee of thy Grace,
Lend me Leisure to speak a little Space.

For to complain my Fate unfortunate,
And to dispoone my Goods ere I Depart,
Since of all Comfort I am desolate,
Alone except the Death here with his Dart,
With awful Chear, ready to pierce mine Heart:
And with that Word she took a Passion,
Then flatly fell, and swapp'd into Swoon.

With sorry Heart pierc'd with Compassion,
And salt Tears distilling from mine Een,

To hear that Birds Lamentation,

I did approach under an Haw-thorn Green,
Where I might hear and see, and not be seen:
And when this Bird had swooned twice or thrice,
She began to Speak, saying on this wise:

O! false Fortune, why hast thou me beguil'd?
This Day at Morn, who knew this careful Case,
Vain Hope, through thee my Reason was exil'd,
Having such Trust into thy fained Face:
That ever I was brought to the Court, alas,
Had I in Forrest flown among my Feers,
I might full well have lived many Years.

Prudent Counsel, alas, I did refuse,
Against Reason using mine Appetite:
Ambition did so mine Heart abuse,
That *Eolus* at me had great Despite.
Poets of me have Matter to indite:
Which clamb so high, and was me therefore,
Not doubting that the Death should me devour.

This Day at Morn my Form and Feathers fair,
Above the proud Peacock was precelling:
And now a cative Carion full of Care,
Bathing in Blood down from Heart distilling,
And in mine Ears the Bell of Death is knelling.
O World so false, and changeable Felicity,
Fly on thy Pride, Avarice and Immundicity.

In thee I see nothing is permanent,
Of thy short Solace, Sorrow is the End:
Thy false unfortunate Gifts been to us lent;
This Day full proud, the Morn nothing to spend,
Oh, ye that do pretend ay to ascend,
My fatal End have in Remembrance,
And you defend from this unhappy Chance.

Whether that I was stricken in Extrasic,
Or through a strong Imagination;
But it appeared in my Fantastic,
I heard this dolent Lamentation:
Thus dulledd into Desolation,
Me thought this Bird did brieve in her Manner
To Her Counsel to the King, as you shall hear.

The

*The first Epistle of the Papingo, directed
to King James the fifth.*

PRepotent Prince peerless in pulchritude,
Glore, Honor, Land, Triumph, and Victory
Be unto thine high excellent Celsitude,
With martial Deeds condign of Memory.
Since *Atropos* consumed hath my Glory,
And dolent Death, alas, must us depart,
I leave to thee my true unfained Heart.

Together with this Schedul subsequent,
With most reverent Recommendation:
I grant thy Grace gets many Document,
By famous Fathers Predication:
With many notable Narration,
By pleasant Poets in Stile heroical,
How thou shouldst guide thy Seat Imperial.

Some do deplore the great Calamities,
Of divers Realms the Transmutation,
Some piteously do treat of Tragedies,
All for thy Graces Information:
So I intend but Adulation,
Into my barren rustical indite,
Among the rest (Sir) something for to write;

Sovereign conceive this simple Similitude,
Of Officers serving thy Seneyorie:
Who guides them well, get at thy Grace great Good;
Who are unjust, degraded are of Glory,
And cancellate out of thy Memory:
Providing them more pleasant in their Place.
Believe right so GOD shall do with thy Grace,

Consider well thou be Officiar,
And a Vassal to that King incomparable:
Press thou to please that puissant Prince preclare
Thy rich Reward shall be inestimable,
Exalted high in Glore interminable.
Above Archangels, vertuous Potestats,
Pleasantly placed among the Principats,

Of thy Vertue Poets perpetually
Shall make Mention until the World be ended

If thou exerce thine Office prudently,
In Heaven and Earth thy Grace shall be commended:
Wherefore effear that He be not Offended,
Who hath Exalted thee to such Honor,
Of His People to be a Governor,

And in the Earth hath made such Ordinance,
Under thy Feet all things terrestrial,
Are subject to thy Pleasure and Pastance:
Both Fowls and Fishes, and Beasts pastoral:
Men to thy Service, and Women they are thral;
Hauking, Hunting, Arms, and lawful Armour,
Preordinate by GOD for thy Pleasure.

Masters of Musick to recreate thy Sprit,
With daunted Voice, and pleasant Instrument:
Thus mayst thou be of all Pleasures compleat,
If in thine Office thou be diligent:
But be thou found Slothful and Negligent,
Or unjust in thine Execution,
Thou shalt not fail divine Punition.

Wherefore since thou hast such Capacity
To Learn to Play so pleasantly, and Sing,
Ride Horse, run Spear, with great Audacity,
Shoot with Hand-bow, Cross-bow, and Culvering:
Among the best, Sir, Learn to be a King:
Kyth on that Craft thy pregnant fresh Ingine,
Granted to thee by Influence divine.

And since the Definition of a King,
Is for to have of People Governance,
Address thee first, above all other thing,
To put thy Body to such Ordinance,
That thy Vertue thine Honor may advance:
For how should Princes Govern their Regions,
That cannot duly Guide their own Persons?

And if thy Grace would Live right pleasantly,
Call thy Council, and cast on them thy Cure:
Their just Decrees defend and fortifie:
Without good Counsel may no Prince long endure:
Work with Counsel, then shall thy Work be sure.
Choose thy Council of the most Sapient,
Without Regard to Blood, Riches or Rent,

Among

Among all other Pastime and Pleasure,
 Now in thine adolescent Years young,
 Wouldst thou each Day Study but half an Hour,
 The Regiment of princely Governing,
 To thy People it were a pleasant thing,
 There mightst thou find thine own Vocation,
 How thou shouldst use the Scepter, Sword and Crown.

The Chronicles to know, I thee Exhort,
 Which may be Mirror to thy Majesty;
 There shalt thou find both Good and Ill Report,
 Of every Prince after his Quality:
 Though they be dead, yet their Works shall not die
 Trust well thou wilt be Stiled in that Story,
 As thou deserves to be put in Memory.

Request that Roy which was rent on the rood
 Thee to Defend from Deeds of Defame,
 That no Poet report of thee but Good:
 For Princes Days endure but as a Dream:
 Since first King *Fergus* bare a Diadem,
 Thou art the last King of fivescore and five,
 And all are dead, and none but thou alive.

Of whose Number fifty and five were slain,
 And most part of their own Misgovernance:
 Wherefore, I thee beseech, my Sovereign,
 Consider of their Lives the Circumstance:
 And when thou knowst the Cause of their Mischance
 On Vertue then Exalt thy self on Hie,
 Trusting in GOD t' escape that Deslinie.

Treat each true Baron as he were thy Brother,
 Which must at need thee and thy Realm Defend
 When suddenly one doth Oppress another,
 Let Justice mixt with Mercy them amend.
 Have thou their Hearts, thou hast enough to spend
 And by the contrair, thou art but King of Bone,
 From time that their Hearts are from thee gone.

I have no Leisure for to write at length,
 My whole Intent unto thine Excellence:
 Decreased so I am in Wit and Strength,
 My mortal Wound doth me such Violence:
 People of me may have Experience:

Because

Because, alas, I was uncounsellable:
Now must I die a Cative miserable.

*The second Epistle of the Papingo, directed
to her Brethren of Court.*

Brethren of Court, with Mind precordial,
To the Great GOD heartily I Commend you:
I print my Fall into your Memorial,
Together with this Schedul that I send you:
I pretends over high, I pray you, not pretend you,
This vain ascense of Court who will consider,
Who sits most hie, shall find his Seat most slider.
So ye that now go lanching up the Ladder,
Take heed in time, fastning your Fingers fast.
Who climbs most hie, most diat hath of the Weather,
And least Defence against the bitter Blast
Of false Fortune, which never taketh rest:
It now redoubted daily the down thrings,
Not sparing Popes, Emperors nor Kings.
Though ye be mounted up above the Skys,
And have both King and Court in Governance:
Some were as high, which now right lowly lyes,
Complaining sore the Court its Variance:
The preterit Time may be Experience,
Which through vain Hope of Court did climb so hie,
When lacked Wings, when they thought best to flie,
Since each Court is untrust and transitory,
Hanging as oft as Weather-cock in Wind,
Making some Glad, and other some right Sory:
Yemost this Day, the Morn may go behind,
It not vain Hope of Court your Reason blind.
It well some Men will give you Lands as Lords,
That would be glad to see you Hang on Cords.
I durst declare the Miterability
Of diverse Courts, were not my Time is short;
The dreadful Change, vain Glore, and Vility,
The painful Pleasures, as Poets do Report.
Sometime in Hope, sometime in Discomfort:
And how some Men do spend their Youthhood hail
In Court, and ends into the Hospital,

How

Because

How some in Court are quiet Countellers,
Without Regard to Common-weal of Kings,
Casting their Cure for to be Conquerers:
And when they were high raised in their Reign
How change of Court them dolefully down thring
And when they were from their Estate deposed,
How many of their Fall been right rejoyced.

And now fond fained Fools and Flatterers,
For small Service obtain oft great Rewards:
Panders, Pike-thanks, Cultrons, and Clatterers,
Lowps up from Lands, then lights among the Laird
Blasphemators, Beggars, and common Bards,
Sometime in Court have more Authority,
Than devout Doctors of Divinity.

Who in some Courts been Bairns of Beliel,
Full of dissimulate painted Flattery,
Provoking by intoxicate Counsel,
Princes to Whoredom and to Harlotry:
Who do in Princes put such Hefatry,
I say for me, such peart Provocators,
Should punish't be above all strong Traytors.

What Travel, Trouble, and Calamity
Have been in Court within these hundred Years
What mortal Changes, and what Miseries?
What Noble-men been brought upon their Beees
Trust well, my Friends, follow you must your Feet
So since in Court been no Tranquility,
Set not on it your whole Felicity.

The Court changes oft-times with such Outrage
That few or none may make it Resistance:
And spareth not the Prince more than the Page
As well appeareth by Experience.
The Duke of *Rothsay* might make no Defence,
Which was pertaining Roy of this Region,
But dolefully Devoured was in Prison.

What Dread, what Dolor had that Noble King
Robert the third, when once he knew the Case
Of his two Sons the dolent Departing,
Prince *David* Dead, and *James* Captive? alas
To true *Scots-men* which was a careful Case

This may ye know, the Court is variand,
When Blood Royal the Change may not Gain-stand.

Who reign'd in Court more hie and triumphand,
Than Duke *Murdock* while that his Day endured?
Was he not then Protector of *Scotland*?
Yet of the Court he was not well assured.
It changed so, his long Service was smored:
He and his fair Son *Walter* but remead,
Forfaulted were, and put to doleful Dead,

King *James* the first, the Patron of *Prudence*,
Gem of *Ingine*, and Pearl of *Policie*,
Well of *Justice*, and Flood of *Eloquence*,
Whose Vertue doth transcend my *Fantasie*,
For to describe; Yet when he stood most hie,
By false exorbitant *Conspiration*,
That prudent Prince was piteously put down.

And *James* the second, Roy of great Renown,
Being in his super-excellent *Glore*,
Through rackless shooting of a great Canon,
The dolent Death, alas! did him Devore.
One thing hath been of which I marvel more,
That Fortune had at him such mortal Feed,
Along fifty thousand to wail him by the Head.

My Heart is pierced with Pains for to panse,
Or for to write that Courts Variance
Of *James* the third, when he had Governance;
The Dolor, Dread, and Desolation,
The Change of Court and *Conspiration*:

and how that *Cochran* with his Company,
That Time in Court clamb so presumptuously.

It had been good these *Bairns* had not been born,
By whom that noble Prince was so abused:

They grew as did the Weeds among the Corn.
That prudent Lords Counsel was refused,
And held him quiet, as he had been Inclused,
As, that Prince by their Abusion,
Was finally brought to Confusion.

They clamb so hie, and got such Audience,
And with their Prince grew so familiar!

His

His German Brethren might get no Presence:
 The Duke of *Albany*, and the Earl of *Mar*,
 Like banish'd Men were holden at the Bar:
 Till in the King there grew such mortal Fead,
 He seem'd the Duke, and put the Earl to dead.

Thus *Cochran* with his captive Company,
 Forc'd them to flee, but yet they wanted Feathers
 Above the high Cedars of *Lebanus*:
 They clamb so hie, till they sap over their Ladders
 On *Lawder* Bridge then keep'd were in Tedders,
 Strangled to Death, they got no other Grace:
 Their King Captive which was a careful Case,

To put in write the Fate unfortunate,
 And mortal Change, perturbeth mine Engine:
 My Wits been weak, my Fingers fatigate,
 To dict or write the Rancour and Ruine,
 The Civil War, the Battel intestine,
 Now that the Son with Banner broad displayed,
 Against his Father in Battel came Arrayed.

Would God that day the Prince had been comfort
 With Sapience of the proud *Solomon*,
 And with the Strength of *Samson* been Support
 With the bold Host of the great *Agamemnon*.
 What should I wish? Remedy there is none:
 At Morn a King, with Scepter, Sword and Crow
 At Night with Death a deformed Carion.

Alas, where is that right redoubted Roy,
 That potent Prince, gentle *James* the Feird?
 I pray to CHRIST his Soul for to convoy:
 A greater Noble never Reign'd on the Eird.
 O *Atropus*! wary may be thy Wierd:
 For he was Mirror of Humility,
 Lead-star and Lamp of Liberality.

During his Time of Justice did prevail,
 The savage *Isles* trembled for Terrour:
Eshdale, *Ewisdale*, *Liddisdale* and *Annandale*,
 Durst not Rebel, doubting his Dirts dour,
 And of his Lords had such perfect Favour,
 So for to show that he appeared not one,
 Out through the Realm he would Ride him alone.

And of his Court through *Europe* sprang the Fame
Of lusty Lords, and tender Ladies ying:
Triumphant Tarneys, justing, and knightly Game,
With all Pastime, according for a King.
He was the Glory of princely Governing:
Who through the ardent Love he had to *France*,
Against *England* did move his Ordinance.

Of *Flowden* Field the Ruine to revolve,
Of that most dolent Day for to deplore,
I will for Dread, lest Dolor you desolve:
Show you that Prince in his triumphant Glorie
Destroyed was, what needeth process more?
Not by the Vertue of the *English* Ordinance,
But by his own wilful Misgovernance.

Alas, that Day had he been counsellable,
He hath obtained Laud, Glore, and Victory:
Whose piteous Process been so lamentable,
Sory to put in Memory.

never read in Tragedy nor Story,
At one Journey so many Nobles slain,
For the Defence and Love of their Sovereign.

Now Brethren, mark into your Remembrance,
A Mirror of these Mutabilities.

so may ye know of the Courts inconstance:
When Princes are thus pulled from their Sees,
After whose Death, what strange Adversities?
What great Misrule into this Region rang,
When our Prince young could neither speak nor gang?

During his tender Youth and Innocence,
What slouth, what reaf, what murder and mischance?
There was nought else but wreaking and mischance,
At that Court there reign'd such Variance;
Diverse Rules made diverse Ordinance.
Sometime our Queen reign'd in Authority,
Sometime the proud Duke of *Albany*.

Sometime the Realm was ruled by Regents,
Sometime by Lieutenants Leaders of the Law:
When reign'd so many Disobedients,
That few or none stood of another Aw:
Oppression did so loud his Bogel blaw,

That none durst ride but into fear of Wear,
John upon-land that Time did lose his Meir,

Who was more high in Honor elevate
 Than was *Margaret*, our high and mighty Princess;
 Such Power was to her appropriate,
 Of King and Realm, that she was Governess,
 Yet came a Change within a short Proceſs:
 That Pearl preclare, that lusty pleasant Queen,
 Lost Time into that Court durst not be seen.

Rich-bishop of St. Andrews James Beton,
 Chancellor and Primate in Power Pastoral,
 Climb next the King, most in this Region;
 The Ladder shook, he lap and got a Fall:
 Authority, nor Power Spiritual,
 Riches, Friendship might not that Time prevail,
 When Dame *Curia* began to stir her Tail.

His high Prudence avail'd him not a Mite,
 That Time the Court bare him such mortal Fead:
 As Prisoner they kept him in despite,
 And sometime wist not where to hide his Head;
 But disguis'd like *John* the Reaff he yeed,
 Had not been Hope bare him such Company,
 He had been strangled by Melancholy.

What Cumber and Care was in the Court of *France*,
 When King *Francis* was taken Prisoner,
 The Duke of *Burbon* amidst his Ordinance,
 Died at one Stroke, right bailful brought to Beer;
 The Court of *Rome* that Time ran all arier,
 When Pope *Clement* was put in Prison strong,
 The noble City put to Confusion.

In *England* who had greater Governance,
 Than their triumphant courtly Cardinal?
 The Common-weal, some says, he did advance,
 By equal Justice, both to great and small:
 There was no Prelate unto him peregal;
English-men says, had he Reign'd longer Space,
 He had deposed Saint *Peter* of his Place.

His princely Pomp, nor papal Gravity,
 His Palace Royal, rich and radious;

Nor yet the Flood of Superfluity
Of his Riches, nor Travel tedious,
When once Dame *Curia* held him odious,
Avail'd him not his Prudents most profound;
The Ladder brake, and he fell on the Ground,

Where been the doughty Earls of *Douglasse*,
Which Royally into this Regron Rang,
Forfault and slain: what needeth more Process?
The Earl of *March* was marshalled them among.
Dame *Curia* them dolefully down throng.
And now of late who clamb more hie among us,
Than did *Archbald*, sometime the Earl of *Angus*?

Who with the Prince was more familiar,
Nor of his Grace had more Authority?
Was he not great Warden and Chancellor?
Yet when he stood upon his highest Gree,
Trusting nothing but Perpetuity,
Was suddenly deposed from his Place,
Forfault and seemed, he got no other Grace,

Wherefore trust not unto Authority,
My dear Brethren, I pray you heartfully;
Presume not in your vain Prosperity:
Confirm your Trust in GOD all utterly,
Then serve your Prince with Heart entire, truly;
And when ye see the Court is at the Best,
I counsel you then draw you to your Rest.

Where is the high triumphant Court of *Troy*?
Or *Alexander*, with his twelve prudent Peers?
Or *Julius*, that right redoubted Roy?
Agamemnon, most worthy in his Wears?
To show their Fine my frayed Heart appears:
Some Murthered were, some Poisoned piteously,
Their careful Courts dispersed dolefully.

Trust well there is no constant Court but one,
Where CHRIST is KING, whose Time interminable,
And high triumphant Glorie shall never be gone;
That quiet Court mitthful and immutable,
Without Variance stands ay firm and stable,
Dissemblance, Flattery, and false Report,
Also that Court shall never get Resort,

Trust well, my Friends, this is no fained Fare,
 For who that is in the Extreame of Dead,
 The Verity doubtless they should declare,
 Without REGARD to Favor, or to Fead.
 While ye have Time, dear Brethren, make Remead:
 Adew for ever, of me ye get no more,
 Beseeching GOD, to bring you to His Glore.

Adew, *Edinburgh*, thou high triumphant Town
 In whose Bounds right Merrily I have been:
 Of true Trades-men the Root of this Region,
 Most ready to receive Court, King and Queen:
 Thy Policy and Justice may be seen,
 Were Devotion, Wisdom and Honesty,
 And Credence lost, it may be found in thee.

Adew, fair *Snadown*, with thy Towers hie,
 The Chapel-royal, Park, and Table round,
May, June and *July* would I dwell in thee.
 Were I a Man might hear the Birds sound,
 Which doth against thy Royal Rock resound.
 Adew, *Lisgow*, whose Palace of pleasance,
 Might be a Pattern in *Portugal* or *France*.

Farewel, *Falkland*, the Fortress sure of *Fife*,
 Thy polite Park under the *Lowmand Law*:
 Sometime in thee I led a lusty Life:
 Thy Fallow-deer to see them rake and raw,
 Court-men to come to thee they stand great aw,
 Saying, thy Burgh been of all Borrowes bail,
 Because in thee they never got Good Ale,

*The Communion between the Papingo, and
 her holy Executors.*

THe Py perceiv'd the *Papingo* in Pain,
 He lighted down, and fained him to greet:
 Sister, said he, alas, who hath you slain?
 I pray you, make Provision for your Sprite:
 Dispose your Goods, and you confess compleat:
 I have Power, by your Contrition.
 Of all your Miis to give you full Remission,

I am, said she, a Channon regular,
 And of my Brethren *Prior* principal:

My

My white Rocket, my clean Life doth declare,
The Black is of the Death memorial:
Wherefore I think all your Goods natural,
Should be submitted whole unto my Cure,
Ye know I am an holy Creature.

The Raven came rousing when he heard the Rair,
So did the Gled with many a piteous Pew,
And fainedly they counterfeited great Care.
Sister, said they, your Recklessness we reu:
Now best it is our Counsel you ensue,
Since ye pretend to this Promotion.
Religious Men of great Devotion.

I am black Monk, said the rattling Raven:
So said the Gled, I am an holy Frier,
And have Power to bring you quick to Heaven:
It is well known my Conscience been clear,
The black Bible pronounce I shall perqueer,
So to our Brethren you will give some Good:
GOD wot, if ye had need of Lives Food.

The Papingo said, Father, by the Rood,
Albeit your Rayment be religious like,
Your Conscience, I suspect, it be not good:
I did perceive when privily ye did pike
A Chicken from an Hen under a Dike.
I grant, said he, That Hen she was my Friend,
And I that Chicken took but for my Teind.

You know, the Faith by us must be sustain'd,
So by the Pope it is preöordinate,
That spiritual Men should live upon their Teind;
But well I wot you-been predestimate,
In your Extreame to be so Fortunate,
To have such holy Consolation:
Wherefore we make you Exhortation.

Since dame Nature hath granted you such Grace,
Leisure to make Confession general,
Show forth your Sin in Time while you have Space,
Then of your Goods make a Memorial.
We three shall make your Feast Funeral,
And with great Bliss bury we shall your Bones,
Then Trentals twenty trattle all at once,

The Rukes shall rear, that Men shall on them rev,
 And cry, *Commemoratio animarum* :
 We shall make Chickens peep, and Gassings pew,
 Although the Geese and Hens should make *Alarm* :
 And we shall serve *Secundum usum sarum*,
 And make you safe, we find Saint Blaise to Burgh,
 Crying to you the careful Corinogh.

And we shall sing about your Sepulture,
 Saint *Mungo's* Matins, and the meekle Creed,
 And then devoutly say, I you assure,
 The old *Placito* backward on the Beed :
 And we shall wear for you the Mourning Weed:
 And through your Sprite with *Pluto* were posselt,
 Devoutly shall your Dirigie be drest.

Father, said he, Your facund Words fair,
 Full sore I dread the contrair to your Deeds :
 The Wives of the Villages cries with Care,
 When they perceive ye mow oresthwart their Meeds,
 Your false Conceit both Duke and Drake fore dreads:
 I marvel soothly, that ye be not ashamed,
 For your Default, being so sore Defamed.

I do Abhor my poor perturbed Sprite,
 To make to you any Confession:
 I hear Men say, you are an Hypocrite,
 Exempted from the Senyie of the Session.
 To put my Goods in your Possession,
 That will I not, so help me dame Nature,
 Nor of my Corps I will give you no Cure.

But if I had the noble Nightingal,
 The gentle Jay, the Merl, and Turtle true,
 Mine Obsequies and Feasts Funeral,
 Order they would with Notes all of the New,
 The pleasant Pown most Angel-like of Hew :
 Would GOD I were with him this Day confest,
 And my Devise duely by him addrest.

The mirthful Mavice, with the gay Goldspink,
 And lusty Lark, would GOD they were present,
 Mine Infortune forsooth they would fore-think,
 And Comfort me that been so Impotent.
 The swift Swallow in Practick most prudent,

- I know

I know she would my Bleeding stanch believe,
With her most vertuous Stone restrinctive.

Count me the Case under Confession,
The Gled said proudly to the *Papingo*:
And we shall swear by our Profession,
Counsel to keep, and show it no mo.
We thee beseech, ere thou depart us fro,
Declare to us some Causes reasonable,
Why we are holden so abominable?

By thy Travel thou hast Experience,
First being bred into the *Orient*:
Then by thy good Service and Diligence,
To Princes made here in the *Occident*:
Thou knowest the vulgar Peoples Judgment,
Were thou transcurred the hot Meridional,
Then next the Pole the Plage Septentrional.

So by thine high Ingine superlative,
Of all Countries thou knowst the Qualities;
Wherefore I thee Conjure by GOD alive,
The verity declare withoutten Lies,
What thou hast heard by Lands or by Seas,
Of us Church-men, both good and evil Report,
And how they judge, show us, we thee Exhort?

Father, said she, I catiye Creature,
Dare not presume with such Matter to mell:
Of your Cases, ye know, I have no Cure:
Demand them which with Prudence do Excel:
I may not pew, my Pains have been so fell:
Also perchance ye will not stand Content,
To know the vulgar People their Judgment,

Yet will Death a little withdraw his Dart,
All that lieth in my Memorial,
I shall declare with true unfained Heart.
And first, I say to you in general,
The common People sayeth, ye be all
Degenerate from your holy Primitives,
As testifies the Proceſs of your Lives.

Of your Peerless prudent Predecessors,
The Beginning, I grant, was very good:

Apostles, Martyrs, Virgins and Confessors,
 The Sound of their Excellent Sanctitude,
 Was heard over all the World, by Land and Flood
 Planting the Faith by Predication,
 As CHRIST had made to them Narration,

To fortifie the Faith they took no Fear
 Before Princes, preaching right prudently
 Of dolorous Death they doubted not dear,
 The Verity declaring fervently,
 And Martyrdom they suffered patiently
 They took no Cure of Lands, Riches, nor Rent:
 Doctrine and Death were both equivalent.

To show their Works at length were great Wonder,
 Whose Miracles they were so manifest,
 In Name of CHRIST they healed many hunder,
 Raising the Dead, and purging the Posselt
 With perverse Spirits which had been Opprest:
 The Crooked ran, the Blind Men got their Een,
 The deaf Man heard, and Lepers were made clea.

The Prelates spoused were with Poverty,
 Into those Days when they flourisht with Fame,
 And with her genred Lady Chastity,
 And Dame Devotion notable of Name:
 Humble they were, simple, and full of shame,
 Thus Chastity, and Dame Devotion,
 Were principal Cause of their Promotion.

Thus they continued in this Life divine,
 Ay till there reigned in Rome's great City:
 A potent Prince, was named *Constantine*,
 Perceived the Church had spoused Poverty,
 With good Intent, and moved with Pity,
 Cause of Divorce he put between them two,
 And parted them withoutten Words mo.

Then shortly with a great Solemnity,
 Withoutten any Dispensation,
 The Church he spoused with Dame Property,
 Which hastily by Proclamation,
 To Poverty caus'd make Narration.
 Under the Pain of piercing of her Een,
 That with the Church she never should be seen.

Saint

Saint *Sylvester* the Time reign'd Pope in Rome,
Which first consented to the Marriage
Of Property, of which began the Bloom,
Taking the Cure on her with his Courage;
Devotion drew her to an Hermitage;
When she considered Lady Property
So high Exalted into Dignity.

O *Sylvester*! where was thy Discretion,
Which *Peter* did Renounce, thou didst Receive:
Andrew and *John* they did leave their Possession,
Their Ships and Nets, their Lines, and all the leave:
Of temporal Substance nothing would they have;
Conversious to their Contemplation,
But soberly their Sustentation.

John the *Baptist* went to the Wilderness,
Lazarus, *Martha*, and *Mary Magdalen*,
Left Heritage and Goods, both more and less:
Prudent Saint *Paul* thought Property prophane,
From Town to Town he ran, in Wind and Rain
Upon his Feet, teaching the Word of Grace,
And never was subjected to Riches.

The Gled then said: I hear nothing but Good
Proceed shortly, and thy Matter advance.
The *Papingo* said, Father, by the Rood,
It were too long to hear the Circumstance,
How Property with-her new Alliance,
Grew great with Child, as true Men to me told,
And bare two Daughters goodly to behold.

The eldest Daughter named was Riches,
The second Sister Sensuality,
Which did increase within a short Process,
Per-pleasant to the Spirituality,
In great Substance and excellent Beauty,
These Ladies two grew so within few Years;
That in the World were none might be their Peers.

Thus Royal Riches and Lady Sensual,
From that Time forth they took whole Governance
Of the most part of the Spiritual:
And they again with humble Observance,
Amorously their Wits they did advance,

As true Lovers their Lady for to please:
 GOD wot if then their Hearts were right at Ease.

Some they forgot to Study, Pray and Preach,
 They grew so Subject to Dame Sensual;
 And thought but Pain poor People for to Teach;
 Yet they decreed it into their Counsel,
 They would no more to Marriage be thrall,
 Trusting surely to observe Chastity,
 And all beguil'd, said Sensuality.

Apperantly they did expel their Wives,
 That they might live at large without Thirlage,
 At Liberty to lead their lusty Lives,
 Thinking Men thrall that been in Marriage:
 For new Faces provoke do new Courage.
 Thus Chastity they turn into Delight,
 Wanting of Wives been cause of Appetite.

Dame Chastity did steal away for shame,
 When once she did perceive their purveyance:
 Dame Sensual a Letter did proclaim,
 And her exiled *Italy* and *France*.
 In *England* could she get no Ordinaoce,
 Then to the King, and to the Court of *Scotland*
 She turned her withoutten more Demand.

Trusting into that Court to get Comfort,
 She made her humble Supplication:
 Shortly they said, she should get no Support,
 But threatned her with Blasphemation:
 To Priests go make your Protestation,
 It is, said they, many a hundred Year,
 Since Chastity had any Entrance here.

Tyred for Travel, she to the Priests past,
 And to the Rulers of Religion:
 Of her Presence shortly they were agast,
 Saying: They thought it but Abusion
 Her to receive: so with Conclusiō,
 With one Advice Decreed and gave Doom,
 They would receit no Rebel out of *Rome*.

Should we receive that *Romans* have refused,
 And banish *England*, *Italy* and *France*,

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For your Flattery, then were we well abused?
 Pass hence, said they, and fast your Ways advance,
 Among the Nuns go seek your Ordinance:
 For we have made Oath of Fidelity
 To Dame Riches and Sensuality.

Then patiently she made Progression
 Towards the Nuns with Heart sighing full sore:
 They gave her presence with Procession,
 Receiving her with Honor, Laud and Glore,
 Purposing to preserve her evermore:
 Of that Novels came to Dame Property,
 To Riches, and to Sensuality.

Which sped them at the Post right speedily,
 And set a Siege proudly about that Place:
 The silly Nuns did yield them hastily,
 And humbly of that Guilt they asked Grace,
 Then gave their Bands of perpetual Peace:
 Receiving them, they cast up Doors wide,
 Then Chastity, there no longer might bide.

So for Refuge fast to the Friars she fled,
 Who said, they would of Ladies take no Cure.
 Where is she now? then said the greedy Gled,
 Not among you, said she, I you assure:
 I trust she be upon the Borrow-moor,
 By south *Edinburgh*, and that right many Means,
 Predest among the Sisters of the Seans.

There hath she found her Mother Poverty,
 And Devotion her own Sister carnal:
 There hath she found Faith, Hope and Charity,
 Together with the vertuous Cardinal,
 There hath she found a Convent yet unthral
 To Dame Sensual, nor yet with Riches abused;
 So quietly these Ladies are inclosed.

The Pyat said: I dread that they assailed,
 They render them, as did the holy Nuns.
 Doubt not, said he, for they are so artailed,
 They purpose to Defend them with their Guns:
 Ready to shoot, they have six great Canons,
 Perseverance, Constance and Conscience,
 Austerity, Labor and Abstinence,

To

To resist subtil Sensuality,
 Strongly they are enam'd Feet and Hand
 By Abstinence, and kept Poverty,
 Contrair Riches, and all her false Servands.
 They have a Bombard bras'd up in Bands,
 To keep their Port, in the midst of their Closs,
 Which is called, *Domine, custodi nos.*

Within whose Shot there dare no Enemies
 Approach their Place, for dread of Dints down
 Both Night and Day they work as busie Bees,
 For their Defence, ready to stand in Stour:
 And have such Watches on their outer Tower,
 That Dame Sensual with Siege dare not assaily,
 Nor come within a Shot of their Artailly.

The Pyat said: Whereto should they presume,
 For to resist sweet Sensuality,
 Or Dame Riches which Rulers are at Rome?
 Are they more constant in their Quality,
 Than the Princes of Spirituality,
 Which pleasantly withoutten Obstinacie,
 Have them received in their Habitacie.

How long trust ye, these Ladies shall remain
 So solitar in such Perfection?

The *Papings* said: Brother, in certain,
 So long as they obey Correction,
 Choosing their Heads by Election,
 Unthral to Riches and to Poverty,
 But as requireth their Necessity.

O prudent Prelates, where was your Prescience
 That took in Hand to observe Chastity
 But austere Life, Labor and Abstinence?
 Perceive ye not the great Prosperity,
 Apparently to come of Property?
 Ye know great Cheat, great Ease and Idleness
 To Lecherie was Mother and Mistress.

Thou rav'st unrock'd, the Raven said, by the Root
 So to reprove Riches and Property:

Abraham and *Isaac* were rich, and very good:
Jacob and *Joseph* had Prosperity.

The *Papings* said: that is of Verity:

Riches

Riches, I grant, is not to be refused,
Providing als that they be not abused.

Then laid the Raven a replication,
And said: Thy Reason is not worth a Mite,
As I shall prove with Protestation:
That no Man take my Word into despite;
I say, the temporal Princes have the Wire,
That in the Church such Pastors do provide,
To govern Souls, themselves that cannot guide.

Long Time after the Church took Property,
The Prelates liv'd in great perfection,
Unthral to Riches or Sensuality,
Under the holy Spirits protection,
Orderly chosen by Election,
As *Gregorie, Jerome, Ambrose and Augustine,*
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Cleto, and Line.

Such patient Prelates entred by the Port,
Pleasing the People by Predication:
Now Dyke-lowpers do in the Church resort,
By Symonie and Supplication
Of Princes, by their Presentation:
So silly Souls that are the LORD's Sheep,
Are given to hungry ravenous Wolves to keep.

No marvel is though we Religious Men,
Degenred be, and in our Life confused,
But Sing and Drink, none other Craft we ken,
Our spiritual Fathers have us so abused:
Against our Will these Traytors been intrused.
Laick Men have now Religious Men in Cures,
Profest Virgins in keeping of strong Whores.

Princes, Princes, where is your high Prudence,
In Disposition of your Benefices?
The guardoning of your Courticiens,
Is some Cause of these great Enormities;
There is a Sort waiting like hungry Flies,
For spiritual Cure, though they be nothing able,
Whose greedy Thirst been ay insatiable.

Princes, I pray you be no more abused,
To vertuous Men having so small Regard:

Why

Why should Vertue through Flattery be refused,
That Man of Cunning can get no Reward:
Alas, that ever a Bragger or a Baird,
A Whore-master, or common Hazarture,
Should in the Church get any kind of Cure.

Were I a Man worthy to wear a Crown,
Ay when there vaked any Benefices;
I should cause call a Congregation,
The Principal of all the Prelacies,
Most cunning Clerks of Universities,
Most Famous Fathers of Religion,
With their Advice make Disposition.

I should Dispone all Offices pastoral,
To Doctors of Divinity or Jure;
And caused Dame Vertue pull up all her Sails,
When cunning Men had in the Church most Cure.
Cause Lords send their Sons, I you assure,
To seek Science, and Famous Schools frequent,
Then them promote that were most Sapient.

Great Pleasure 'twere to hear a Bishop preach,
A Dean, a Doctor of Divinitie,
An Abbot which could well the Convent teach,
A Parson flowing in Philosophie.
I tine my Time to wish which will not be.
Were not the Preaching of the begging Friers,
Lost were the Faith amongst the Seculiers.

As for their Preaching, said, the *Papingo*,
I them excuse, for why, they been so thral
To Property, and her dign Daughters two,
Dame Riches, and fair Lady Sensual:
They may not use no Pastime spiritual:
And in their Habits take such great delite,
They have refused Ruslet and Rapluch white.

Taking to them Scarlet and Cramosie,
With Menever, Mertrick, Greece and rich Armine;
Their low Hearts exalted are so hie,
To see their papal Pomp it is a Pine.
More rich Array is now with Frinyies fine,
Upon the bairding of the Bishops Mool,
Than ever had *Peter* or *Paul* against Yool.

Their

Their fair Ladies their Chains may not escape,
 Dame Sensual such Seed in them hath sown:
 Less Skaith it were with Licence of the Pope,
 That each Prelate a Wife had of his own,
 Then see their Bastards throughtout the Country blown:
 For now be they well comed from the Schools,
 They fall to Work as they were common Bulls.

Pew, said the Gled, thou preacheest all in vain,
 Ye secular Folks have of your Cate no Cures.
 I grant, said she, yet Men will speak again,
 How ye have made an hundred thousand Whores,
 Which had not been, were not your lecherous Lures,
 And if I lie, heartily I me Repent:
 Was never a Bird, I know more Penitent.

Then she her shrove with devout Countenance,
 To that false Gled, which fained him a Frier:
 And when she had fulfilled her Pennance,
 Full subtilly at her he can enquire:
 Choose you, said he, which of us Brethren here,
 Shall have of your natural Goods the Cures:
 You know none been more holy Creatures.

I am content, said the poor *Papingo*,
 That you Frier Gled, and Corby Monk your Brother,
 Have Cure of all my Goods, and eke no mo,
 Since at this Time Friendship I find no other,
 We shall be to you true, as to our Brother,
 Said they, and swore to fulfil her Intent,
 Of that, said she, I take an Instrument.

The Pyat said: What shall mine Office be?
 Over-man, said she, unto the other two.
 The rousing Raven said: Sweet Sister, let see
 Your whole Intent, for it is Time to go.
 The greedy Gled said: Brother, do not so:
 We will remain, and here hold up her Head,
 And never depart from her till she be Dead,

The *Papingo* thanked them tenderly,
 And said, since ye have tane on you the Cure,
 Then part my natural Goods equally,
 That ever I had or have of Dame Nature,
 First to the Howlat indigent and poor,

Which

Which on the Day for Shame dare not be seen
To her I leave my gay Galbert of Green,

My bright depured Eyes as Crystal clear,
Unto the Bat ye shall them both present,
In *Phobus* Presence which dare not appear,
Of natural Light he is so Impotent.

My birnisht Back I leave with good Intent
Unto the gentle piteous Pelican,
To help to pierce her tender Heart in twain,

I leave the Gouk which hath no Song but one,
My Musick with my Voice Angelical;
And to the Goose give ye when I am gone,
Mine Eloquence and Tongue Rhetorical;
And take and dry my Bones great and small,
Then close them in a Case of Ebur fine,
And them present unto the Phenix syne,

To burn with her when she her Life renews,
In *Arabie* ye shall her find but Weer,
And shall her know by her most heavenly Hews,
Gold, Azure, Gowls, Purple and Syneper:
Her Date is for to live five hundred Year,
Make to that Bird my Commendation,
Also I make you Supplication.

Since of my Corps I have given you the Cure,
Ye speed you to the Court but tarrying,
And take mine Heart of perfect Portraiture,
And it present unto the Soveraign King:
I know ye will it close into a Ring.
Commend me to his Grace, I you exhort,
And of my Passion make him true Report.

Ye three my Tripes shall have for your Travel,
With Liver and Lung to part equal among you,
Praying *Pluto* the potent Prince of Hell,
If ye Failye, that in his Net he Fang you:
Be to me true, though I nothing belong you,
Sore I suspect your Conscience been too Large.
Doubt not, said they, we take it with the Charge,

Adew Brethren, said the poor *Papings*,
To talk no more, I have no Time to tarry:
But since my Sprit must from my Body go,

recommēd it to the Queen of *Paris*.

ternally into her Court to tarrie,

in WilderNESS among the Holts More.

Then she inclin'd her Head, and spake no more,

Plunged into her mortal Passion,

full grievously she gripped to the Ground,

it were too long to make Narration,

With Sighs full sore, with many a Sting and Stound,

Out of the Wound the Blood did so abound,

A Compass round was with her Blood made red;

Without Remead there is nothing but Dead,

And by she had in *Manns* thus said,

Extincted was her natural Senses five:

Her Head full softly on her Shoulders laid,

Then yield the Spirit with Pains pungitive.

The Raven began rudely to Rug and Rive,

full ravenous-like, his empty Throat to Feed,

Eat softly Brother (said the greedy Gled.)

While she is hot, let part her even among us,

Take thou one half, and reach to me the other:

into our Right, I wot no Wight dare wrong us.

The Pyat said, the Fiend receive the other,

Why make ye me Step-bairn, and I your Brother.

You do me Wrong (Sir Gled) I shrew your Heart

Take here, said he, the Puddings for thy Part:

Then wot ye well mine Heart was wonder Sair,

For to behold that dolent Departing:

Her Angel Feathers flying in the Air,

Except the Heart was left of her nothing.

The Pyat said, that pertains to the King,

Which to his Grace I purpose to present.

Thou (said the Gled) shalt Fail of thine Intent.

The Raven said, GOD nor I Rax in a Rope,

If thou get this to either King or Duke:

The Pyat said, plain I not to the Pope,

Then in a Smiddy I be Smor'd with Smook.

With that the Gled the Piece caught in his Clook,

And fled his Way, the Rest with all their Might,

To Chase the Gled, flew all out of my Sight.

Now

Now have ye heard the little Tragedie,
 The fore Complaint, the Testament and Mischance
 Of this poor Bird which did ascend so hie;
 Beseeching you excuse mine Ignorance,
 And rude endite, which is not to advance,
 And to the Quier I give Commandement,
 Make no Repair where Poets been present.

Because thou been of Rhetorick so denude,
 Be never seen near hand none other Book:
 With King nor Queen, with Lord, nor Men of Good
 With Coat unclean, claim Kindred to some Cook
 Steal in an Nook, when they list on thee look.
 For Smell of Smook Men will abhor to hear thee,
 Here I forswear thee, wherefore to Lurk go lear thee.

*The Dream of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount
 Knight, familiar Servitor to our Sovereign
 Lord, King James the fifth.*

The Epistle to the King's Grace

Right potent Prince, of hie Imperial Blood,
 Unto thy Grace I trust it be well known,
 My Service done unto thy Celstitude,
 Which needeth not at length for to be shown,
 And though my Youth-hood near be overblown,
 Exerc'd in Service of your Excellence:
 Hope hath me height a goodly Recompence.

When thou wast young I bare thee in mine Arm
 Full tenderly till thou began to Gang:
 And in thy Bed oft happed thee full warm,
 With Lute in Hand then sweetly to thee Sang,
 Sometime in Dancing fiercely I flang,
 And sometimes playing fairfes on the Flure,
 And sometime of mine Office taking Cure.

And sometime like a Feind transfigurate,
 And sometime like a greefly Ghost of gay,
 In diverse Forms oft-times disfigurate,
 And sometimes disguised full pleasantly,
 So since thy Birth, I have continually
 Been Exercis'd and ay to thy Pleasure:

and sometimes Steward, Capper, and Caryour,

Thy Purse-master and Secret Thesaurer,
 mine Usher ay since thy Nativity:
 and in thy Chamber Chief Cubicular,
 which to this Hour hath kepted my Lawtie,
 owing be to the Blessed TRINITY,
 that such a wretched Worm hath made so able,
 to such a Prince to be so agreeable.

But now thou art by natural Influence,
 right of Ingine, and right inquisitive,
 of antique Stories and Deeds martial:
 more pleasantly the Time for to overdrive,
 have at length the Stories to describe,
 of Hektor, Arthur, and gentle Julius,
 of Alexander and worthy Pompeius.

Of Jason and Medea all at length,
 of Hercules the Acts honorable,
 and of Samson supernatural Strength,
 and of the leel Lovers the Stories amiable.
 and oft-times have I fained many a Fable
 of Troylus the Sorrow and the Joy,
 and Sieges all of Tyr, Thebes and Troy.

The Prophecies of Rymer, Bede and Merlin,
 and many other pleasant History,
 of the red Erin, and Gyre Carlin:
 comforting thee when that I saw thee Sory:
 now with Support of the KING of Glory,
 shall thee shew a Story of the new,
 the which before I never to thee shew.

But humbly I beseech thine Excellence,
 With ornat Terms though I cannot express
 this simple Matter for lack of Eloquence:
 yet notwithstanding all my Business,
 With Heart and Hand my Mind I will address,
 as best I can and most compendious.
 Now I begin, the Matter hapned thus.

The Prologue.

Into the Kallends of January,
 When fresh Phebus by moving circular,
 From

From *Capricorn* was entred in *Aquarie*,
 With Blasts that had the Branches made full
 The Snow and Sleet perturbed all the Air,
 And seemed *Flora* from every Bank and Bush,
 Through the Support of austere *Zeus*.

After that I the longsome Winter Night
 Had lyed waking in my Bed alone:
 Through heavy Thought; that no way sleep I might
 Remembring of divers things by-gone.
 So up I rose and cloathed me anone:
 By this fair *Titan* with his Beams light,
 Over the World had spread his Banner bright.

With Cloke and Hood I dressed me believe
 With double Shoes and Mittans on mine Hand
 Albeit the Air was right penetrative,
 Yet sure I forth, lanching ov'r through the Land
 Toward the Sea, to Sport me on the Sands;
 Because unbloomed was both Bank and Braye,
 And so as I was passing by the Way,

I met Dame *Flora* in Dole-wed disguised,
 Which into *May* was Dulce and delectable,
 With sturdy Storms her Sweetness was surpris'd
 Her heavenly Hews were turned into sable,
 Which sometime were to Lovers amiable:
 Fled from the Frost the tender Flowrs I saw,
 Under Dame Natures Mantle lurking law.

The small Fowls in Flocks saw I flee,
 To Nature making Lamentation:
 They lighted down beside me on a Tree:
 Of their Complaint I had Compassion,
 And with a piteous Lamentation,
 They said, Blessed be Summer with thy Flowrs,
 And wearied be thou Winter with thy Showrs.

Alas, *Aurora*, the silly Lark can cry,
 Where hast thou left thy balmy Liquor sweet
 That us rejoiced, we mounting in the Sky?
 Thy Silver Drops are turned into Sleet.
 O lary *Phebus*, where is thy whole some Heat?
 Why sufferest thou thy heavenly pleasant Face,
 With misty Vapors be obscur'd? alas,

Where art thou *May* with *June* thy Sister Sheen,
All bordered with Desires of Delight?
Gentle *July* with thy Mantle green,
Balmed with Roses both red and white?
Old and cold *January* in despite,
Takes from us all Pastime and Pleasure:
What gentle Heart may this endure?
Overfyled with the Clouds odious,
Is the Golden Skys of the *Orient*:
Singing in Sorrow Songs melodious,
Which we had wont to sing with good Intent,
Sounding to the Heavens Firmament:
Now our Day is changed into Night.
That they rose, and flew out of my Sight,
Offensive in Heart, passing full soberly,
To the Sea forward I past anone:
The Sea was out, the Sand was smooth and dry,
Then up and down I mused mine alone,
That I spy'd a little Cave of Stone,
In a Craig, upward I did approach,
Without staying, and clamb up to the Roach,
And purposed for passing of the Time,
To Defend from Orisity,
With Pen and Paper to Register in Rime,
A merry Matter of Antiquity:
And Idleness, Ground of Iniquity,
Made so dull my Spirits me within,
That I knew not at what End to begin.
But sate still in that Cave, where I might see
The Waltering of the Waves up and down:
And this false World's Instability,
To the Sea making Comparison,
And of this wretched World's Variation;
Them that fixes all their whole Intent,
Considering who most had, should most Repent,
So with my Hood I happed me full warm:
And in my Cloke I folded both my Feet:
Thought my Corps with Cold should take no Harm:
My Mittans held my Hands full well in heat:
The scouling Rock me covered from the Sleet,

There

There still did I sit my Bones for to rest;
Till *Morpheus* with Sleep my Sprit oppress.

So through the boistrous Blasts of *Eolus*,
And through my waking on the Night before
And through the Seas moving marvellous,
By *Neptunus*, with many a Rout and Roar,
Constrain'd I was to sleep withouten more,
And what I dreamed in Conclusion,
I shall you tell a most marvellous Vision.

The Dream of Sir David Lindsay.

I Thought a Lady of portraiture perfite,
Did Salute me with benign Countenance:
And I which of her Presence had Delite,
To her again made humble Reverence,
And her demanded, saving her Pleasure,
What was her Name? she answer'd courteously,
Dame Remembrance, said she, called am I.

Which come now is for Pastime and Pleasure,
Of thee, and for to bear thee Company;
Because I see thy Sprit without Measure,
So sore perturbed by Melancholy;
Causing thy Corps to wax both cold and dry,
Therefore get up and go anone with me.
So were we both in Twinkling of an Eye.

Down through the Earth in midst of the Center
Ere ever I wist, into the lowest Hell:
And in that careful Cave when we did enter,
Youting and Youling we heard with many a Yell,
In Flame of Fire right furious and fell,
Was crying many careful Creature,
Blaspheming GOD, and warring Nature.

There saw we divers Popes and Emperors,
Without Recover many careful King,
There saw we many wrongous Conquerors,
Withouten Right Reavers of other Reigns:
The Men of Kirk lay bonden into Bings.
There saw we many careful Cardinal,
And Arch-bishops in their Pontifical.

Proud and perverse Prelates out of Number,
Priors, Abbots, and false flattering Friars:

to Specific them all, it were a Cumber:
 regular Chanons, churle Monks and Charterers,
 various Clerks, and Priests Seculars;
 there was some Part of each Religion,
 holy Kirk which did Abusion.

Then I demanded Dame Remembrance,
 the Cause of these Prelates Punition?
 he said the Cause of their unhappy Chance,
 was covetous Lust and Ambition,
 the which now makes them lack Fruition
 of GOD, and here eternally must dwell,
 to this painful poisoned Pit of Hell.

And they did not Instrukt the Ignorant,
 provoking them to Penitence by preachings;
 that served Worldly Princes insolent,
 and were promoted by their fained Fleitching,
 not for their Science, Wisdom, nor their Teaching;
 for *Simonie* was their Promotion,
 more for Deniers, than for Devotion.

Another Cause of the Punition
 of these unhappy Prelates imprudent,
 they made not equal Distribution
 of holy Kirk Patrimony, nor Rents;
 that temporally they have it all mispent,
 which should have been triparted into Three;
 first, to Uphold the Kirk in Honesty.

The second Part, to sustain their Estates;
 the third Part to be given to the Poors;
 that they Dispose these Goods all other Gates,
 in Carts and Dice, or Harlotry and Whores,
 whose Carives took no cure of their Cures,
 their Church Ruine, their Ladies cleanly Cled,
 and Richly Ruled both in Boord and Bed.

Their Bastard Bairns proudly they provided,
 the Kirk Goods largely they did on them spend;
 in their Default their Subdites were misguided,
 and Counted not their GOD for to Offend,
 which caus'd them lack Grace at the latter End,
 telling that Ront, I saw in Cups of Brass,
 upon *Magus*, and Bishop *Cajaphas*,

Bishop

Bishop *Annas*, and the Traitor *Judas*,
Mahomet that Prophet poisonable:
Cere, *Dathan* and *Abiram* there was.
 Hereticks we saw innumerable,
 It was a Sight right wondrous Lamentable.
 How that they lay into these Flames fleeting,
 With careful Cries, sore Groaning and Weeping.

Religious Men were Punisht painfully,
 For vain Glory and Disobedience,
 Breaking their Constitutions wilfully:
 Not having their Over-men in Reverence,
 To know their Rule they took no Diligence:
 Unlawfully they used Property.
 Passing the Bounds of wilful Poverty.

Full sore Weeping, with Voices Lamentable,
 They Cried loud: O Emperor *Constantine*,
 We may wite thy Possession poisonable,
 Of all our great Punition and Pain:
 Albeit your Purpose was to a good Fine,
 Thou Banish from us true Devotion,
 Having such Eye to our Promotion.

There we beheld a Den full Dolorous,
 Where that Princes and Lords temporal
 Were Cruciate with Pains rigorous.
 But to Expreame their Pains in special,
 It doth exceed all my Memorial:
 Importable Pain they had but Comforting:
 Their Blood Royal made them no Supporting.

Some cative King for cruel Oppression,
 And other some for their wrongous Conquest,
 Were Condemned they and their Succession.
 Some for publiek Adultery and Incest,
 Some suffered People never to live in Rest,
 Delited so in Pleasure sensual,
 Wherefore their Pain was there perpetual.

There was the cursed Emperor *Nero*,
 Of every Vice the horrible Vessel.
 There was *Pharaoh*, with many Princes mo,
 Oppressors of the Children of *Israel*.
Herod, with many mo than I can tell,

Poor Pilate was there Hanged by the Halse,
With unjust Judges, for their Sentence false.

Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Barons and Knights,
With their Princes was Punisht painfully,
Participant they were of their Unrights.
Forward we went, and let these Lords ly,
And saw where Ladies Lamentably,
Like mad Lions were carefully crying
In Flame of Fire right furiously Frying.

Empresses, Queens, and Ladies of Honor,
Many Dutches, and Countesses full of Care,
They pierst mine Heart these tender Creatures,
So pined in that Pit full of Despair.
Plunged in Pain with many ruthful Rare,
Some for their Pride, some for Adultery,
And for their tyling of Men to Lechery.

Some had been Cruel and Malicious,
Some for making of wrongous Heritors,
Or to rehearse their Lives Vicious,
They were a great Stay to the Auditors.
Of Lechery they were the very Lures,
With their provocative Impudicity,
Brought many a Man to Infelicity.

Some Women for their Pusillanimity,
Pre-set with Shame they did them neverative,
Of secret Sins done into quiety,
And some Repented never in their Life.
Withouthen ruth those Ruffians did them reive
Rigorously withouthen any Compassion,
Great was their Dool and Lamentation.

That we were made, they cry'd full oft, Alas!
Thus Tormented with Pains intolerable,
We minded not when we had Time and Space, 1
But took in Earth our Lusts delectable:
Therefore with Fiends ugly and horrible,
We are Condemn'd for evermore, Alas,
Eternally withouthen hope of Grace.

Where is the Meat and Drink delicious,
With which we fed our careful Carions:
Gold, Silver, Silk, and Pearls precious,

Our Riches, Rents, and our Possessions,
 Withoutten hope of our Remissions,
 Alas, our Pains they are insufferable,
 And our Torments to count innumerable.

Then we beheld where many a Thousand
 Common People lay fighting in the Fire;
 Of every State there was a bailful Band,
 There might be seen many a sorrowful Syre,
 Some for Envy suffered, and some for lie,
 And some for lack of Restitution,
 Of wrongous Goods without Remission.

Mensworn Merchants for their wrongous winning
 Heurders of Gold, and common Usurers:
 False Men of Law in cautels right cunning:
 Thieves, Reavers, and publick Oppressers:
 Some Part there were of unleal Laborers,
 Craftsmen there saw we out of Number:
 Of each Sort to declare, it was a Cumber.

Also longsome for me is to indite,
 Of this Prison the Pains in special:
 The Heat, the Cold, the Dolor and Despite,
 Wherefore I speak of them in general,
 That doleful Den, that Furnace infernal,
 Whose Reward is to rew without Remead,
 Ever Dying, and never to be Dead.

Hunger and Thirst instead of Meat and Drink
 And for their Clothing, Toads and Scorpions;
 That dark Mansion is tapissed with Stink,
 They see nothing but horrible Visions:
 They have but Scorns and Derision,
 Of foul Fiends, and Blasphemations,
 Their Feeling is impottable Passions;

For Melody, miserable Mourning:
 There was no Solace, but Dolor infinite,
 In bailful Beds bitterly Burning,
 With Sobbing, Sighing, Sorrow, and with Spite
 Their Consciences their Hearts so did Bite:
 To hear them Flyte, it was a Cause of Care,
 So in Despite plunged into Despair,

A little above that dolorous Dungeon,
We entred into a Countrey full of Care,
Where that we saw many a Legion,
Weeping and Howling with many a ruthful Rail;
What Place is that, said I, of Bless so bare?
She Answered, and said, *Purgatory*,
Which purgeth Souls ere they come to Glory.

I see no Pleasure here, but meikle Pain;
Wherefore, said I, leave we this Sort in thral,
I Purpose never to come here again.
But yet I do believe, and ever shall,
That the true Kirk can no ways erre at all;
Such things to be as Clerks do conclude,
Albeit my Hope stands most in CHRIST's Blood.

Above that, in the third Prison anone,
We entred in a Place of Perdition,
Where many Babes were making drearie Moan,
Because they lacked the Fruition
Of GOD, which was the great Punition
Of Baptism, they lacked the Ensensie,
Upward we went, and left that mirthless Menyie.

Into a Vault above that Place of Pain,
Unto the which but Sojourn we ascended,
That was the Limb, in the which did remain
Our Fore-fathers, because *Adam* Offended,
Eating the Fruit, the which was so Offended,
Many a Year they dwelt in that Dungeon,
With Darknes, and with Desolation.

Then through the Earth of Nature cold and dry,
Glad to escape those Places perilous;
We hasted us right wonder speedily,
Yet we beheld the Secrets marvellous.
Of Mines of Gold and Stones precious:
Of Silver, and of every fine Metal,
Which to declare it were too long to dwell.

Up through the Water shortly we intended,
Which environs the Earth withouten doubt:
Then through the Air shortly we ascended,

His Regions through beholding in and out:
Which Earth and Water closed round about,
Syne shortly upward through the Fire we went,
Which was the highest and hottest Element,

When we had all the Elements overpast,
That is to say, Earth, Water, Air and Fire:
Upward we went withoutten any red,
To see the Heavens was our most Desire:
But ere we might win to the Heaven's Empire,
It behoved us to pals the Way full even,
Up through the Spheres of the Planets seven,

First to the Moon, and visit all her Sphere,
Queen of the Sea, and Beauty of the Night:
Of Nature moist and cold, and nothing clear,
For of her self she hath none other Light,
But the Reflex of *Phebus* Beams so bright,
The twelve Signs she passeth round about,
In eight and twenty Days withoutten doubt,

Then we ascended to *Mercurius*,
Which Poets call the God of Eloquence:
Right Doctor-like with Terms delicious,
In Art expert, and full of Sapience,
It was Pleasure to pause on his Prudence:
Painters and Poets are subject to his Cure,
And hot and dry he is of his Nature.

Also as cunning Astrologers says,
He doth compleat his Course naturally,
In three hundred and eight and thirty Days,
Then upward we ascended hastily
To fair *Venus*, where she right lustily
Was set into a Seat of Silver sheen,
That fair fresh Goddess, that lusty Loves Queen,

They pierc'd mine Heart, her Blinks amorous,
Albeit that sometime she is changeable:
With Countenance, and cheerful colourous,
Sometime right pleasant, glad and delectable:
Sometime constant, and sometime variable,
Yet her Beauty resplendent as the Fire,
Swages the Wrath of *Mars* that God of Ire.

Thi

This pleasant Planet, if I can right describe,
She is both hot and moist of her Nature:
This is the Cause she is provocative
To all them that are subject to her Cure
To *Venus* Works so that they may endure,
And she complears her Courses natural,
In twelve Months withouten any fail.

Then past we to the Sphere of *Phabus* bright,
That lusty Lamp, and Lantern of the Heaven:
And gladder of the Stars with his clear Light,
And Principal of all the Planets seven,
And set in midst of them all full even,
As Roy royal selling into his Sphere,
Full pleasantly into his Golden Chair.

Whose Influence and vertue excellent,
Giveth the Life to every earthly thing:
Which Prince of every Planet precellent,
Doth foster Flowers, and causeth Herbs to spring
Through the cold Earth, and causeth Birds to sing:
Also his regular reigning in the Heaven,
Is just under the Zodiack full even.

For to describe his Diadem Royal,
Bordered about with Stones shining full bright:
His Golden Cart or Throne imperial,
The four Steeds that draweth it full right,
I leave to Poets, because I have no Slight:
But of his Nature he is hot and dry,
Compleating in one Year his Course truly.

Then up to *Mars* inby we hasted us,
Wonder hot, and dryer than the Thunder,
His Face flaming as Fire furious,
His Boast and Brag more awful than an Hunder,
Made all the Heaven most like to shake asunder:
Who would behold his Countenance and Fear,
Might call him well the God of Men of Weir,

With Color red, and Look malicious,
Right Cholerick of his Complexion,
Auster, angry, sweer and teditious,
Principal Cause of the Destruction
Of many good and noble Region,

Were not *Venus* his Ire doth mitigate,
This World of Peace would be right desolate.

The God of Grief withouten sojourning,
In Years two his Course he doth compleat.
Then past we up where *Jupiter* the King,
Sat in his Sphere right amiable and sweet,
Complexionat with Moistness and with Heat.
That pleasant Prince, fair, dulce, and delicate,
Provoked Peace, and banished Debate,

The old Poets by Superstition,
Held *Jupiter* the Father principal
Of all these Gods, in conclusion,
Of his Prerogative in special,
And by his Vertues into general,
To old *Saturn* he maketh Resistance,
When in his Malice he would work Vengeance,

Thus *Jupiter* withouten sojourning,
Passeth through all the twelve Signs full even,
In Years twelve: then without tarrying,
We past into the highest of the Seven,
To *Saturnus*, which troubleth all the Heaven;
With heavy Chear, and Color pale as Lead,
In him we saw but Dolor to the Dead.

And cold and dry is he of his Nature,
Foul like an Owl, of evil Condition,
Right unpleasant he is of Portraitour.
His intoxicat Disposition,
It puts all things in Perdition:
Ground of Sicknes and melancholious,
Perverse and poor, both false and envious.

His Quality I cannot Love but lack,
As for his moving naturally but Weer,
About the Signs of all the Zodiack,
He doth compleat his Course in thirty Year:
And so we left him in his frosty Sphere:
Upward we did ascend incontinent,
But rest, till we came to the Firmament,

The which was fixed full of Stars bright,
Of Figure round, right pleasant, and perfit;
Whose Influence and right excellent Light,

And

And whose Number cannot be put in Write,
 Yet cunning Clerks do naturally indite,
 How he doth end his Course withoutten Weer,
 In the Space of an hundred and thirty Year.

Then the ninth Sphere and Mover principal
 Of all the Rest, we visit all the Heaven,
 Whose daily Motion is continual,
 Both Firmament and all the Planets seven,
 From East to West making them go full even,
 Into the Space of four and twenty Years,
 Yet by the Mind of the Astronomers.

The Seven Planets into their proper Spheres,
 From East to West they move naturally:
 Some swift, some slow, as to their Kind effeers,
 As I have shown before especially:
 Whose Motion causeth continually,
 Right melodious Harmony and Sound,
 And all through moving of these Planets round.

Then mounted we with right fervent Desire,
 Up through the Heaven called the Crystalline:
 And so we entred into the Heaven's Empire,
 Which to describe it passeth mine Engine,
 Where GOD into His holy Throne divine,
 Reigns in His Glory inestimable,
 With Angels clear which are innumerable.

In Orders nine these Spirits glorious
 Are divided, the which excellently,
 Making loving with Sound melodious:
 Seeing *Sanctus* right wonder fervently.
 These Orders nine they are full pleasantly
 Divided into Hierarchies three,
 And three Orders in every Hierarchie.

The lowest Order are the Angels bright,
 As Messengers to this low Region:
 The second Orders Arch-angels full of Might,
 Vertues, Potestats, Principats of Renown.
 The sixth is called, Domination:
 The seventh *Thronus*, the eighth high *Cherubin*,
 The ninth and highest called, *Seraphin*:

And next unto the blessed TRINITIE,

In his triumphing Throne Imperial,
 Three into one, and one Substance in three,
 Whose indivisible Essence eternal,
 The rude Engine of Mankind is too small
 To comprehend; whose Power infinite,
 And divine Nature, no Creature can write.

So mine Engine is not sufficient,
 For to Treat of His high Divinity:
 All mortal Men are insufficient
 To consider these Three in Unity.
 Such subtile Matter I must needs let be,
 To study on my Creed it were full fair,
 And let Doctors of such Matters declare.

Then we beheld the Blest Humanity
 Of CHRIST sitting upon His Seat Royal,
 At the right Hand of the Divinity:
 With an excellent Court celestial,
 Whose Exercition continual
 Was in loving their Prince with Reverence,
 And on this wise they kept Ordinance,

Next to the Throne we saw the QUEEN of Queens,
 Well Companied with Ladies of Delite:
 Sweet was the Song of these blessed Virgins,
 No mortal Man their Solace may endite.
 The Angels bright innumerable infinite,
 Every Order into their own Degree,
 Were Officers unto the DEITY.

Patriarchs and Prophets honorable,
 Collateral Counsellors in His Consistory;
 Evangelists, Apostles venerable,
 Were Captains unto the KING of Glory,
 Which Chittan-like had won the Victory,
 Of that triumphant Court celestial:
 Saint Peter was Lieutenant General.

The Martyrs were as noble stalwart Knights
 Discomfited of cruel Battels three,
 The Flesh, the World, the Fiend, and all their Might,
 Confessors, Doctors in Divinity,
 As Chappel-clerks unto His DEITY;
 And last we saw infinite Multitude,

Making

Making Service unto His Celſitude.

Which by the High Divine Permiſſion,
Felicity they had invariable:
And of His GOD-Head clear Cognition,
And compleat Peace they had interminable.
Their Glore and Honor was inſeparable:
That pleaſant Place repleat of pulchritude,
Unmeaſurable it was of Magnitude.

There is Plenty of all Pleaſures perfect,
And clear Brightneſs without Obſcurity,
Withoutten Dolor, Vulcor; and Delite:
Withoutten Rancour, perfect Charity:
Withoutten Hunger, Satiability:
O happy are the Souls predeſtinate,
When Soul and Body ſhall be glorificate.

These marvellous Mirths for to declare
By Arithmetick, they are innumerable:
The Portraiture of that Palace preclare,
By Geometrie it is unmeaſurable,
By Rhetorick alſo inpronounceable:
There is no Ears may hear, nor Eyes may ſee,
Nor Heart may think this their Felicity.

Whereto ſhould I preſume for to endite,
The which Saint *Paul*, that Doctour ſapient,
Cannot expreſs, nor into Paper write,
The high excellent Work indeſicient,
And perfect Pleaſures ever permanen,
In Preſence of that Mighty KING of Glore,
Which was and is, and ſhall be evermore.

At Remembrance I humbly did deſire,
If I might in that Pleaſure ſtill remain.
Said ſhe, againſt Reaſon is thy Deſire,
Wherefore my Friend, thou muſt return again
Into the World where thou muſt ſuffer Pain,
And thole the Death with cruel Pains ſore,
Ere thou begin to Reign with him in Glore.

Then we returned, ſore againſt my Will.
Down through the Spheres of the Heavens clear:
Her Commandment behov'd I to fulfil,

With sory Heart, wot ye withoutten Weer,
 I would full fain have stayed there all Year.
 But she said to me, there is no Remead,
 Ere thou remainest here first thou must be Dead.

Said I, I pray you heartfully, Madame,
 Since that we have such Contemplation
 Of heavenly Pleasures; yet ere we pass hame,
 Let us have some Consideration
 Of Earth, and of her Situation.
 She answered and said, That shall be done,
 So were we brought into the Air full soon:

Where we might see the Earth all at one Sight,
 But like a Mote so it appear'd to me,
 In the Respect of the Heavens bright.
 I have Marvel, said I, how this may be,
 The Earth it seems of a small Quantity:
 The least Star fixed in the Firmament,
 Is more than all the Earth, by my Judgment.

She said, Son, thou hast shown the Verity,
 The smallest Star fixt in the Firmament,
 Indeed it is of greater Quantity
 Than all the Earth, after the Intent
 Of wise and cunning Clerks sapient.
 What Quantity is then the Earth? said I,
 That shall I show, said she, to thee shortly.

After the Names of the Astronomers,
 And specially the Author of the Sphere,
 And other divers great Philosophers,
 The Quantity of the Earth circular,
 Is fifty thousand Leagues withoutten Wear,
 Seyen hundred and fifty and one mo,
 Dividing ay one League in Miles two:

And every Mile in eight Stades divided,
 Each Stade an hundred Pace twenty and five:
 A Pace five Foot, who would them right divide:
 A Foot four Palm, as I can right describe:
 A Palm four Inch. And who so would believe
 The Circuit of the Earth, pass round about,
 Must be considered in this wise, no doubt.

Suppone

Suppone that there were no Impediment,
 But that the Earth but Peril were and plain,
 Then that the Person were right Diligent;
 And went each Day ten Leagues in certain,
 He might pass round about, and come again
 In four Years, and fifteen Weeks, and Days two,
 Go read the Author, and thou shalt find it so.

The Division of the Earth.

Then certainly she took me by the Hand,
 And said, My Son, come on thy Way with me
 And so she made me clearly Understand,
 How that the Earth divided was in Three,
 In *Africa*, *Europe* and *Asia*,
 After the Mind of the *Cosmographers*;
 That is to say, the two Worlds Descriptions,

First, *Asia* is contained in the *Orient*,
 And is well more than both the other twain:
Africa, and *Europe*, in the *Occident*,
 And are divided by the Sea certain.
 And that is called, the Sea *Mediterran*,
 Which at the Strait of *Marock* hath Entrie,
 That is between *Spanye* and *Barbarie*.

Toward the South-west lyeth *Africa*:
 On the North-west *Europe* doth stand,
 And all the East containeth *Asia*,
 On this wise is divided the firm Land.
 It were meikle for me to take in Hand,
 These Regions to declare in special,
 Yet shall I show their Names in general,

In many divers famous Regions,
 Is divided this Part of *Asia*,
 Well plenisht with Cities, Towrs, and Towns,
 The great *Inde* and *Mesopotamia*,
Pentapolis, *Persia* and *Syria*,
Cappadocia, *Seres* and *Armenie*,
Babylon, *Chaldea*, *Parth* and *Arabie*,

Sydon *Judea* and *Palestina*,
 Upper *Scythia*, *Jure* and *Galltee*,
Hyberia, *Bactria* and *Philestina*,

Hircania,

Hircania, Campesina and Samaria,
 In little *Asia* stands *Galathie,*
Pamphilia, Isauria and Lede,
Rhegia, Archusia, Assyria and Medea;

Secondly, We considered *Africa,*
 With many fruitful famous Regions,
 As *Ethiopia* and *Tripolitana,*
Zeuges, where standeth that triumphant Town,
 Of noble *Carthage*, that City of Renown,
Garamantes, Napaber and Lybia,
Egypt also and Mauritania.

Fex, with *Numidia*, and *Tingitane,*
 Of *Africa* these are the Principal:
 Then *Europe* we considered in certain,
 Whose Regions shortly rehearse I shall:
 These Principal I find above them all,
 Which are *Spainyie, Italie, and Franco:*
 Whole Sub-regions were meekle to advance.

Nether *Seythia, Thrace* and *Caramanie,*
Austria Histria, and Pannonia:
Denmark, Gothland, Grunland, and Almanie;
Pole, Hungarie, Boeme, Norica, Rhetia.
Helveria, and divers ma.
 Also in four divided is *Italie,*
Toscane, Hettruria, Naples, and Campanie.

And Sub divided sundry other ways,
 As *Lumbardie, Venice,* and other ma,
Calaber, Romanes, and Genoways.
 In *Greece, Epirus, and Dalmatia,*
Theffalia, Africa, and Illyria,
Achaia, Boetia, and Macedone,
Arcadie, Pierie, and Lacedemone;

And *France* we saw divided into Three,
Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitane:
 And Sub-divided in *Flanders, Picardie,*
Normandie, Gascoin, Burgundie, and Britain:
 And others divers *Dutcheries* in certain,
 The which were too long for to declare;
 Wherefore of them as now I speak no mare.

In Spanyle lyes *Casile* and *Arragons*,
Navar, *Galice*, *Portugal*, and *Granate*;
 Then saw we famous Isles many one,
 Which in the Ocean Sea were situat;
 Them to describe my Wit were desolate:
 Of *Cosmographie* I am not so expert.
 For I did never Study in that Art.

Yet I shall some of her Names declare,
 As *Madagascar*, *Gades*, and *Taproban*,
 And other divers Isles both good and fair,
 Situate into the Sea *Mediterran*:
 As *Cyper*, *Caddie*, *Corfica*, and *Saban*,
Crete, *Abydos*, *Thoes*, and *Sicilia*,
Tapsus, *Bolie*, and many others ma.

Who would at length hear the Description
 Of every Isle, as well as the firm Land:
 And Property of every Region,
 To Study and to Read must rake in Hand,
 All the Authentick Works to understand
 Of *Plinius*, and worthy *Ptolomie*.
 Who were expert into *Cosmographie*.

There shall they find the Names and Properties
 Of every Isle, and each Region:
 Then I inquired of earthly Paradise,
 Of the which *Adam* lost Possession:
 Then shew'd she me the Situation
 Of that precelling Place full of Delite,
 Whose Properties were long for to endite.

OF PARADISE.

THis Paradise of all Pleasures perfect,
 Situate I saw into the *Orient*:
 That glorious Earth of every Flower dorth fleet,
 The lusty Lillies, and Roses redolent,
 Fresh wholesome Fruits indeficient,
 Both Herb and Tree there groweth ever green,
 Through Vertue of the temperat Air serene,

The sweet wholesome Aromatick Odors,
 Proceeding from the Herbs medicinal:
 The heavenly Hew of those fragrant Flowrs,

It was a Sight wonder celestial,
The Perfection to shew in special,
And Joys of the Region divine,
Of Mankind it exceedeth the Engine.

And eke so high in Situation,
Surmounting the mid Region of the Air:
Where no manner of Perturbation
Of Weather may ascend so high as there.
For Floods flowing from a Fountain fair,
As *Tygres, Ganges, Euphrates* and *Nile*,
Which in the East transcurreth many a Mile,

The Countrey closed is about full right,
With Walls high of hot and burning Fire,
And straitly kepted by an Angel bright.
Since the Departing of *Adam* our Grandfyr,
Which through his Crime incurred GOD's Ire,
And of that Place lost the Possession,
Both from himself and his Succession.

When this lovesome Lady Remembrance,
All this foresaid, had caus'd me understand,
I prayed her of her Benevolence,
To shew to me the Countrey of *Scotland*,
Well Son, said she, that shall I take in Hand:
So suddenly she brought me in certain,
Even just above the broad Isle of *Britain*.

Which standeth North-west into the Ocean Sea,
And divided into famous Regions two:
The South Part *England* a full rich Countrie,
Scotland the North, with many Isles mo,
By West *England*, *Ireland* doth stand also,
Whose Properties I will not take in Hand
To shew at length, but only of *Scotland*.

Of the Realm of SCOTLAND.

WHich after my simple Intendment,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I shall declare the Truth and Veriment:
As I best can, and into Terms short,
Wherefore effectually I you Exhort,
Albeit my Writing be not to advance,

Yet

Yet where I fail, excuse mine Ignorance,

When that I had Over-seen this Region,
The which of Nature is both good and fair:
I did propone a little Question,
Beseeching her the same for to Declare,
What is the Cause our Bounds been so bare
(said I) or what doth move our Misery:
Or wherefore doth proceed our Poverty?

For through the Support of your high Prudence,
Of *Scotland* I perceive the Properties:
Also consider by Experience,
Of this Countrey the great Commodities:
First, the Abundance of Fishes in our Seas,
And fruitful Mountains for our Bestial,
And for our Corn full many lusty Vail.

The rich Rivers pleasant and profitable,
The lusty Loths with Fishes of sundry Kinds;
Hunting, Hawking, for Nobles convenable,
Forrests full of Doe, Roe, Harts and Hinds.
The fresh Fountains whose wholesome crystal Strands
Refreshing so the flourishing green Medes,
So lack we nothing that to Nature needs.

Of every Metal we have the rich Mines,
Both Gold, and Silver, and Stones precious;
Albeit we lack the Spices and the Wines,
Or other strange Fruits delicious,
We have as good, and more needful for us:
Meat, Drink, Fire, Clothes might there be caus'd a-
Which else is not into the Mappe found. (bound,

More fairer Men, nor of greater Ingine,
Nor of more Strength, great Deeds for to endure:
Wherefore I pray you, that you would define
The principal Cause wherefore we are so poor?
For I marvel greatly, I you assure,
Considering the People and the Ground,
That Riches should not in this Realm abound,

My Son, said she, by my Discretion,
I shall make Answer as I understand:
I say to thee, under Confession,
The Fault is not, I dare well take in Hand,

Neither

Neither into the People, nor the Land.
As for the Land, it lacks none other thing
But Labor, and the Peoples Governing.

Then wherein lyes our Inprosperity,
Said I, I pray you heartfully, Madam,
You should declare to me the Verity?
Or who shall bear of our Barran the Blame?
For by my Truth, to see I think great Shame,
So pleasant People, and so fair a Land,
And so few vertuous Deeds taken in Hand.

Said she, I shall after my small Judgment,
Declare some Causes into general:
And into Terms short show mine Intent,
And then transcend unto more special,
So this is my Conclusion final,
Lacking of Justice, Policy and Peace,
Are Cause of this Unhappiness, alas.

It is difficile Riches to encrease,
Where Policy maketh no Residence:
And Policy may never have Entress,
But where that Justice doth its Diligence.
To punish, where there may be found Offence,
Justice may not have Domination,
But where Peace maketh Habitation.

What is the Cause, then would I understand,
That we should lack Justice and Policy,
More than doth *France, Italy, or England*?
Madam said I, show me the Verity?
Since we have many Laws in this Countrey,
Why lack we of Laws Exercition,
Who would put Justice to Execution?

Wherein doth stand our principal Remeed?
Or who may make Amends for this Mischief?
Said she, I find the Fault into the Head:
For they in whom doth ly our whole Relief,
I find them Roor and Ground of all our Grief:
For when the Heads they were not Diligent,
The Members must of needs be Negligent.

So I Conclude, the Causes principal

of

Of all the Troubles of this Nation,
 Are in the Princes into special,
 The which have the Gubernation,
 And of the People Domination:
 Whose continual Exercition
 Should be in Justice Execution.

For when the sloathful Herd doth slug and sleep,
 Taking no Care in keeping of his Flock:
 Who would go Search among such Herds Sheep,
 May able find many poor scabbed Crock:
 And going Wild at large withoutten Lock,
 Then *Lupus* comes, and *Laurence* in a ling,
 And without Ruth the silly Sheep down thring.

But the good Herd Wakerife and Diligent,
 Doth so that all the Flock are Ruled right,
 To whose Whissel are all Obedient:
 And if the Wolves do come by Day or Night
 Them to Devore, then they are put to Flight,
 Hunted and Slain by their well daunted Dogs,
 So are they sure both of Ews, Lambs and Hogs;

So I conclude through the Negligence
 Of our fatuate Heads insolent,
 Is Cause of all this Realm's Indigence,
 Which in Justice have not been Diligent:
 But to good Counsel Disobedient,
 Having small Eye unto the Common-weal,
 But to the singular Profit every Deal.

For when these Wolves by Oppression,
 The poor People but Pity do Oppress,
 Then should the Princes make Punition,
 And cause these Rebels for to make Redress,
 That Riches might buy, and Policy increase:
 But right difficle it were to make Remead,
 When that the Fault is so into the Head,

*The Complaint of the Common-wealth
 of SCOTLAND.*

ANd thus as we were walking to and fro,
 We saw a boistrous Beern come ore the Bent
 But Horse, on Foot, as fast as he might go, 
 Whole

Whose Raiment was all ragged, torn and rent,
 With Visage lean, as he had fasted Lent :
 And forward fast his Way he did advance,
 With a right melancholious Countenance.

With Scrip on Hip, and Pike-staff in his Hand,
 As he had purposed to pass from Hame :
 Said I, Good-man, I would fain understand,
 If that you please, to show what were your Name !
 Said he, My Son, of that I think great Shame :
 But since ye would of my Name have a Feel,
 Forsooth they call me, *John the Common-weal*.

Sir Common-weal, who hath you so disguised ?
 Said I, or what makes you so Miserable :
 I have Marvel to see you so Surprised,
 The which that I have seen so Honorable :
 To all the World you have been Profitable,
 And well Honored in every Nation :
 How happens now your Tribulation ?

Alas, said he, thou seest how it doth stand.
 With me, and how I am Discherished,
 Of all my Grace, and must pass from *Scotland*,
 And go before where I was Cherished,
 Remain I here, I am but Perished,
 For there are few to me that taketh Tent,
 Which makes me go thus Ragged, Riven and Rent,

My tender Friends are all past to the Flight,
 For Policy is fled again in *France* :
 My Sister Justice, almost hath lost her Sight,
 That she cannot hold rightly the Ballance,
 Plain wrong is Captain of the Ordinance,
 The which debarreth Lawty and Reason,
 And small Remead is found for open Treason.

Into the South, alas, I was near Slain,
 Over all the Land I could find no Relief :
 Almost between the *Mers* and *Lockmabane*,
 I could not know a leel Man by a Thief.
 To show their Reef, Theft, Murther and Mischief,
 And vicious Works, it would Infect the Air,
 Also too longsome for me to declare,

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Into the Highland I could find no Remead,
But suddenly I was put to Exile:
Those sweer Swingers they took of me no Heed,
Nor among them let me remain a While.
Also in the Out-Isles, and in *Argyle*,
Unthrifft, Sweetness, Falshood, Poverty and Strife,
Put Policy in Danger of her Life.

In the Law-Land I came to seek Refuge,
And purpos'd there to make my Residence:
But singular Profit caus'd me soon delodge,
And did me great Injuries and Offence:
And said to me, Soon, Harlot, hie thee hence,
And in this Countrey see thou take no Cures,
So long as mine Authority endures.

And now I may no longer make Debate,
For I know not to whom I should me Mean:
For I have fought all the Spiritual State,
Which took no Count for to hear me Complain:
Their Officers they held me at Disdain,
For *Simony* he rules up all that Rout,
And Covetice that Churle caus'd bar me out.

Pride hath chased from them Humility,
Devotion is fled unto the Friers:
Sensual Pleasure hath banisht Chastity:
Lords of Religion they go like Seculiers,
Taking more Count in telling their Deniers,
Than they do of their Constitution:
Thus are we Blinded by Ambition.

Our Gentle-men are all Degenerate:
Liberality and Lawty both are lost,
And Covetice with Lords laureat:
Knightly Courage turned to Brag and Boast:
The Civil War misguideth every Hoast:
There is nought else, but each Man for himself,
That makes me go thus banisht like an Elf.

Therefore, adieu, I may no longer tarry:
Farewel, said I, and with Saint *John* to borrow:
But wot ye well mine Heart was wondrous Sory,
When Common-weal so supped was in Sorrow.
Yet after the Night, come the glad Morrow.

Wherefore,

Wherefore, I pray you show me in certain,
When that you purpose for to come again?

That Question it shall soon be Decided,
Said he; There shall no Scot have Comforting
Of me until I see the Countrey guided
By Wisdom of a good and prudent King,
Which shall delight him most above all thing,
To put Justice to Execution,
And on strong Traytors make Punition.

And yet to thee I say another thing,
I see right well that Proverb is full true:
Wo to the Realm that hath too young a King.
With that he turn'd his Back, and said: Adew.
Over-Firth, and fell, right fast from me he flew:
Whose Departing to me was displeasand:
With that Remembrance took me by the Hand.

And soon I thought she brought me to the Roch,
And to the Cave where I began to sleep:
With that a Ship did speedily approach,
Full pleasantly sailing upon the Deep:
And then did slack her Sails, and gan to creep
Toward the Land, anent where that I lay:
But wot you well, I got a fellow Fray.

All her great Cannons she let crack at once,
Down shook the Streams from the top Castell:
They spared not the Powder nor the Stones:
They shor their Boats, and down their Anchors fell:
Their Mariners they did shout and yell,
Then hastily I start out of my Dream,
Half in a Fray, and speedily past Hame.

And highly Din'd with list and Appetit:
Then after past unto an Orator:
I took my Pen, and there began to write
All the Vision that I have shown before.
Sir, of my Dream, as now thou gets no more.
But I beseech GOD for to send thee Grace,
To Rule thy Realm in Unity and Peace.

The

The Exhortation to the King's Grace.

Sir, since that GOD of His Preordinance,
 Hath granted thee to have the Governance
 Of His People, and created thee a King,
 Fail not to Print in thy Remembrance,
 That He would not Excuse thine Ignorance,
 If thou be Careless in thy Governing:
 Wherefore Address thee above all other thing,
 Of His Laws to keep the Observance,
 If thou think long in Royalty to Reigh.

Thank Him that hath commanded Dame Nature,
 To Paint thee of so pleasant Portraitour:
 Her Gifts they may be clearly on thee known:
 To Dame Fortune thou needs no Procatour,
 For she hath largely shown on thee her Cure,
 Her Gratitude she hath unto thee shown:
 And since that thou must reap as thou hast sown,
 Have all thy Hope on GOD the Creator,
 And ask Him Grace, that thou mayst be His own.

And then consider thy Vocation,
 That for to have the Gubernation
 Of this Kingdom thou art predestinate.
 Thou mayst well know by true Narration,
 What Sorrow and what Tribulation
 Hath been in this poor Realm infortunate:
 Now Comfort them that hath been Desolate,
 And of thy People have Compassion,
 Since thou by GOD art so Preordinate.

Take Manly Courage, and leave Insolence,
 And use Counsel of Noble Dame Prudence:
 Ground thee firmly on Faith and Fortitude,
 Draw to the Court Justice and Temperance,
 And to thy Common-wealth have Attendance,
 And also I beseech thy Celstrude,
 Hate vicious Men, and love them that are Good:
 And each Flatterer thou fleem from thy Presence,
 And false Report out of thy Court exclude.

Do equal Justice both to great and small,
 And be Example to the People all.

Exercising

Exercising vertuous Deeds honorable;
 Be not a Wretch, for ought that may befall;
 To that unhappy Vice, if thou be thrall,
 To all Men thou shalt be Abominable.
 Kings nor Knights are never convenable
 To Rule the People, be they not Liberal.
 Was, never yet no Wretch too honorable.

And take Example of the wretched Ending,
 Which made *Midas* of *Thrace*, the mighty King
 That to his Gods made Invocation,
 Through Greediness, that all substantial things,
 That ever he toucht, should turn but tarrying
 Into fine Gold: he got his Supplication:
 All that he toucht without Delation,
 Turned in Gold, both Meat, Drink and Clothing
 And died for Hunger without Recreation.

And I beseech thy Majesty serene,
 From Lechery thou keep thy Body Clean:
 Taste never that intoxicat Poison:
 From that unhappy sensual Sin abstain,
 Till that thou get a lusty pleasant Queen,
 Then take thy Pleasure with my Benison:
 Take heed how prideful *Tarquin* lost his Crown
 For the Deforcing of *Lustre* the Sheen,
 And was deprived and banisht *Rome's* Town.

And in Despite of his lecherous Living,
 The *Romans* would be Subject to no King.
 Many long Years, as Stories do Record,
 Till *Julius* by vertuous Governing,
 And princely Courage gan on them to Reign,
 And chosen of *Romans* Emperor and Lord.
 Wherefore, my Sovereign, in thy Mind remord,
 That vicious Life makes oft an evil Ending,
 Except it be by special Grace restor'd.

And if thou wouldst thy Fame and Honor grow
 Use Counsel of thy Prudents Lords rew:
 And see thou not presumptuously pretend
 Thine own particular Will for to ensue.
 Work with Counsel, so shalt thou never rew.
 Remember of thy Friends the fatal End,

Which

The Complaint of Sir David Lindsay.

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Which to good Counsel would not condescend,
Till bitter Death, alas, did them pursue.
From such Unhap, I pray, GOD thee Defend,

And finally, remember thou must die,
And suddenly pass from this mortal Sea,
And art not sicker of thy Life two Hours;
Since there is none from that Sentence may flee,
King, Queen, nor Knight, of low Estate, nor hie,
But all must thole of Death the bitter Showrs.
Where are they gone those Popes and Emperors?
Be they not Dead? So shall it fare on thee,
Is no Remead, Strength, Riches, and Honors;
And so with Confusion,
Make you Provision,
To get the Infusion
Of his high Grace,
Which Bled with Effusion,
With Scorn and Derision,
And Died with Confusion,
Confirming your Peace,

*The Complaints of Sir DAVID LINDSAY,
of the Mount, Knight, directed to the
King's Grace.*

SIR, I beseech thine Excellence,
Hear my Complaint with Patience:
My dolent Heart doth me constrain
Of mine Infortune to complain,
Albeit I stand in great Doubtance,
Whom I shall blame of my Mischance,
Whether *Saturnus* Cruelty,
Reigning in my Nativity,
By bad Aspects which work Vengeance,
Or other heavenly Influence;
Or if I be predestinate,
In Court to be Infortunate,
Which have so long in Service been,
Continually with King and Queen,
And entered to thy Majesty,
The Day of thy Nativity:
Wherethrough my Friends been ashamed,
And with my Foes I am Defamed,

Seeing

Seeing that I am not Regarded,
 Nor with my Brethren of Court Rewarded:
 Blaming my slothful Negligence,
 That seeks not for some Recompence,
 When divers Men do me demand,
 Why getst thou not some Piece of Land,
 As well as other Men have gotten?
 Then wish I to be Dead and Rotten,
 With such extream Discomforting,
 That I can make no Answering.
 I would some wise Men did me Teach,
 Whether that I would Flatter or Fleach;
 I will not Flyr, that I conclude,
 For crabbing of thy Celitude:
 And to Flatter, I am defamed:
 Lack I Reward, then am I shamed:
 But I hope thou shalt do as well,
 As did the Father of *Famel*,
 Of whom CHRIST maketh Mention,
 Who for a certain Pension,
 Hired Men to Work in his Vineyard:
 But who came last, got first Reward,
 Wherethrough the first Man were displeased,
 But he them prudently Appeased:
 For though the last Men first were Served,
 Yet got the first that they Deserved,
 So I am sure thy Majestie,
 Shall once Regard me ere I Die,
 And rub the Rust off mine Incline,
 Which is for Languor like to Time:
 Although I bare not like a Bard,
 Long Service yerneth ay Reward.
 I cannot blame thine Excellence,
 That I so long lack Recompence:
 Had I solisted like the Lave,
 My Reward had not been to Grave:
 But now I may not understand,
 A dumb Man yet wan never Land:
 And in the Court Men gets nothing
 Without importunate Asking.
 Alas my Sloath and Shamefastness
 Debar'd me from all Greediness:

Greedy

Greedy Men that are Diligent,
 Light oft do obtain their Intent,
 And fail not for to Conquest Lands,
 And namely at young Princes Hands.
 But I took never no other Cure
 In special, but for thy Pleasure:
 But now I am no more Dispar'd,
 But I shall get princely Reward:
 The which shall be to me more Glorie,
 Than them thou didst Reward before,
 When Men do Ask ought at a King,
 Should ask his Grace a noble Thing.
 To his Excellence Honorable,
 And to the Asker profitable.
 Though I be in mine Asking slider,
 Pray thy Grace, for to Consider,
 Thou hast both made Lords and Lairds,
 And hast given many rich Rewards
 To them which were full far to seek,
 When I lay mightly by thy Cheek:
 Take the Queens Grace, thy Mother,
 Thy Lord Chancellor, and many other,
 Thy Nurse, and thine old Mistress,
 Take them all to bear Witness:
 Old *Willie Dillie* were he alive,
 Thy Life full well he could Describe,
 Now as a Chap-man bears his Pack,
 Bore thy Grace upon my Back:
 And sometimes stridlings on my Neck,
 Dancing with many Bend and Beck.
 The first Syllabs that thou didst mure,
 Was Pa-da-lyne upon the Lure.
 When plaid I twenty Springs perqueer
 Which were great Pleasure for to hear,
 From Play thou lest me never Rest:
 At *Ginkerson*, thou lov'dst ay best,
 And when thou camest from the School,
 When I behov'd to play the Fool:
 I at length into my Dream,
 Of sundry Service did expream:
 Though it be better, as faith *thou Wife*,
 To the Court, than good Service:

I know thou Lovest me better then,
Than now some Wife doth her Good-man :
Then Men to other doth Record,
Said, *Lindsay* would be made a Lord.
Thou hast made Lords, Sir, by Saint *Gail*,
Of some that hath not Serv'd so-well.
To you, my Lords, that do stand by,
I shall you show the Causes why :
If you list to tarry, I shall tell
How my Misfortune thus befell :
I prayed daily on my Knee,
My young Master that I might see,
Of Age in his Estate Royal,
Having Power Imperial :
Then trusted I without Demand,
To be promoted to some Land :
But mine Asking I got too soon,
Because th' Eclipse fell in the Moon,
The which all *Scotland* made on steer,
Then did my Purpose run areer,
The which were longsome to Declare :
And eke mine Heart is wonder fair,
When I have in Remembrance,
The sudden Change of my Mischance :
The King was but twenty Yeats of Age,
When new Rulers came in their Rage,
For Common-weal no taking Care,
But for their Profit singular ;
Imprudently like witless Fools,
They took the young Prince from the Schools,
Where he understood Obedience,
Was learning Vertue and Science,
And hastily put in his Hand,
The Governance of all *Scotland* :
As who would in a stormy Blast,
When Mariners been all Agast,
Through Danger of the Seas Rage,
Would take a Child of tender Age,
Which never had been on the Sea,
And to his Bidding all Obey.
Giving him the whole Governal,
To Ship, Merchant, and Marinal,

For

For dread of Rocks, and for Lane,
 To put the Ruther in his Hand:
 Without GOD's Grace is no Refuge,
 If there be Danger ye may judge,
 Give them to the Devil of Hell,
 That first devised that Counsel:
 Will not say it was Treason,
 But I dare swear it was no Reason:
 Pray GOD let me never see Reign
 Into this Realm so young a King.
 May not tarry to Decide it,
 How then the Church a while was Guided,
 By them that partly took in Hand,
 To Guide the King and all Scotland,
 And eke longsome for to Declare,
 Their facund flattering Words fair:
 Sir (some would say) your Majestie
 Shall now go to your Libertie:
 Thou shalt to no Man be coasted,
 Nor to the School no more subjected.
 We think them very natural Fools,
 That Learns over meikle at the Schools.
 Sir, you must learn to turn a Spear,
 And guide you like a Man of Wear:
 For we shall put such Men about you,
 That all the World, and mo shall doubt you,
 When to his Grace they put a Guard,
 Which hastily got their Reward,
 Each Man after their Quality,
 They did solist his Majesty.
 Some caus'd him revel at the Racker,
 Some harl'd him to the Hurlie Hacker.
 And some to show their courtly Corfes,
 Would ride to Leith and run their Horses,
 And mightily gallop over the Sands,
 They neither spared Spur nor Wands:
 Casting Gamonds with Bends and Becks,
 For Wantonness some broke their Necks:
 There was no Play but Cards and Dice,
 And ay Sir Flattery bare the Price,
 Bounding and Rouking one to another,
 Like thou my Part (said he) my Brother:

And make between us sicker Bands,
 When ought shall vaik among our Hands,
 That each Man stand to help his Fellow;
 I hold thereto Man, by alhallow,
 So you Fish not within my Bounds,
 That shall I not, by great Wounds,
 Said he, but rather take thy Part,
 So shall I do, by my Heart,
 And if the Thesaurer be our Friend,
 Then shall we both get Tack and Teind:
 Take he our Part, then who dare wrong us,
 And we shall part the Pelf among us.
 But haste us while the King is young,
 But let each Man keep well his Tongue,
 And in each Quarter have a Spy,
 Us to advertise hastily,
 When any Casualties
 Shall happen into our Countries,
 Let us make sure Provision,
 Ere he come to Discretion.
 No more he knows than doth a Saint,
 What Thing it is to Have or Want:
 So ere he come to perfect Age,
 We shall be sicker of our Wage,
 And then let each Carl crave another,
 That Mouth speak more, said he, my Brother:
 For GOD nor I rax in a Rope,
 Thou mightst give Counsel to the Pope.
 Thus labor'd they within few Years,
 That they became no Pages Peers:
 So hastily they made a Band,
 Some gathered Gold, some Conquest Land,
 Sir, some would say, By Saint Denice,
 Give to me some fat Benefice,
 And all the Profit you shall have:
 Give me the Name, take you the Lave.
 But by his Bulls were well come Hame,
 To make Service he would think Shame,
 Then slip away withoutten more,
 When he had gotten that he sought for.
 Me thought it was a piteous Thing,

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To see that fair young tender King,
 Of whom these Gallants stood none Aw,
 To Play with him pluck at the Crow,
 They became Rich, I you assure,
 But ay the Prince remained Poor,
 There was few of that Garison,
 That Learned him a good Lesson:
 But some to Crack, and some to Clatter:
 Some playd the Fool, and some did Flatter,
 Said one, Devil stick me with a Knife,
 But (Sir) I know a Maid in Fife
 One of the lustiest wanton Lasses,
 Whereto (Sir) by *Mary* she passes,
 Hold thy Tongue, Brother, said the other,
 I know Fairer by fifteen fother.
 Sir, when ye please to *Lithgow* pass,
 There shall ye see a lusty Lats.
 Now trittle trattle, trow low,
 Said the third Man thou dost but mow,
 When his Grace comes to fair *Stirling*,
 There shall he see a Days Darling.
 Sir (said the Fourth) take my Counsel,
 And go all to an high Bordel:
 There may ye lowp at Liberty,
 Withoutten any Gravity.
 Thus every Man said for himself,
 And did among them part the Pelf.
 But I, alas, ere ever I wist,
 Was trodden down into the Dust:
 With heavy Charge withoutten more,
 But I knew never yet wherefore.
 And hastily before my Face,
 Another slipped in my Place:
 Which full lightly got his Reward,
 And stiled was, The ancient Laird.
 That Time I might make no Defence,
 But took perforce in Patience:
 Praying to send them a Mischance
 That had the Court in Governance:
 The which against me did malign,
 Contrair the Pleasure of the King.
 For well I know his Graces Mind,

Was ever to me True and Kind :
 And contrain their Intention,
 Caus'd pay me well my Pension :
 Though I a while lacked Presence,
 He let me have non Indigence.
 When I durst neither Peep nor Look,
 Yet would I hide me in a Nook,
 To see these uncouth Vanities,
 How they like many busie Bees,
 Did Occupy their Golden Hours,
 With Help of these new Governours ;
 But my Complaint for to compleat,
 I got the Sowr, and they the Sweet.
 And *John Maerier* the King's Fool,
 Got double Garments against Yool,
 Yet in his most triumphant Glorie,
 For his Reward got the Glenigore :
 Now in the Court seldome he goes,
 In dread Men tread upon his Toes.
 As I that Time durst not be seen,
 In open Court for both mine Een :
 Alas, I have no Time to tarry,
 To show you all the Feery Fairy,
 How these that had the Governance,
 Among themselves rais'd Variance,
 And who most to my Skaith Consented,
 Within few Years full sore Repented,
 When they could make me no Remead,
 For they were har'd out by the Head :
 And others took the Governing,
 Well worle than they in all kind thing.
 Those Lords took no more Regard,
 But who might purchase best Reward :
 Some of their Friends got Benefices,
 And other some got Bishoprices :
 For every Lord as he thought best,
 Brought in a Bird to fill the Nest,
 To be a Watchman to his Marrow,
 They gan to draw at the Cartharrow.
 The proudest Prelates of the Kirk,
 Were fain to hide them in the Mirk.
 That Time so failled was their Sight,

Sensyn they might not thole the Light
Of CHRIST's true Gospel to be seen,
So blinded are their Corporal Een
With worldly Lusts sensual,
Taking in Realms the Governal,
Both guiding Court and Session,
Contrair to their Profession:
Wherefore I think they should have Shame,
Of Spiritual Priests to take the Name:
For *Isaias* into his Wark
Calls them dumb Dogs that cannot Bark,
That call'd are Priests, and cannot Preach,
Nor CHRIST's Law to the People Teach:
If for to Preach been their Profession:
Why should they mell with Court or Session?
Except it were in Spiritual Things,
Referring unto Lords and Kings,
Temporal Causes to be Decided,
If they their Spiritual Office guided,
Each Man might say they did their Part,
But if they can play at the Carts,
And mollet moylie on a Mool,
Though they had never seen the School,
Yet at this Day, as well as then,
Will be made such a Spiritual Man.
Princes that such Prelates promotes,
Account thereof to give behoves;
Which shall not pass without Punishment,
Except that they Mend and Repent:
And with due Ministratiō,
Work after their Vocation.

¶ I wish the thing that will not be,
The perverse Prelates are so hie:
When once that they be called Lords,
They are Occasion of Discords:
And largely will Propines heght,
To cause each Lord with other fight,
If for their Part it may avail;
So to the Purpose of my Tale,
That Time in Court rose great Debate,
And every Lord did strive for State,
That all the Realm might make no Redding,

Till on each Side there was Blood-shedding.
 All fielded other in Land or Burgh,
 At *Lithgow*, *Melross* and *Edinburgh*,
 But to deplore, I think great Pain,
 Of Noble-men that there were Slain:
 And as longsome to be Reported,
 Of them which to the Court Resorted,
 As Tyrants, Traitors and Transgressors,
 And common publick plain Oppressors,
 Men-murthers, and common Thieves,
 Into that Court got their Relieves.
 There were few Lords in all these Lands,
 But to new Regents made their Bands,
 Then rose a Reck ere ever I wist,
 The which could all their Bands birst.
 Then they alone which had the Guiding,
 They could not keep their Feet from Sliding;
 But of their Lives they had such Dread,
 That they were fain to trot over *Tweed*.

¶ Now potent Prince, I say to thee,
 I thank the Holy TRINITY,
 That I have liv'd to see the Day,
 That all the World is went away,
 And thou to no Man art subjected,
 Nor to such Counsellors coasted,
 The four great Vertues Cardinals,
 I see them with the Principals:
 For Justice holds her Sword on hie,
 With her Ballance of Equitie.
 And in this Realm hath made such Order,
 Both through the *Highland* and the Border,
 That Oppression and all his Fellows,
 Are Hanged high upon the Gallows.
 Dame Prudence hath thee by the Head,
 And Temperance doth thy Bridle lead,
 I see Dame Force makes Assistance,
 Bearing the Targe of Assurance,
 And lusty Lady Chastity,
 Hath banisht Sensuality.
 Dame Riches takes on thee such Cure,
 I pray GOD, that she long endure,
 Of that Poverty dare not be seen,

Into thine House for both her Een:
 But from thy Grace fled many Miles,
 Among the Hunters in the Isles.
 Dissimulance dare not show her Face,
 Which wont for to beguile thy Grace,
 Folly is fled out of the Town,
 Which ay was contrair to Reason,
 Policy and Peace begins to plant,
 That Vertuous Men can never want,
 And all sloathful idle Lowns,
 Shall scattered be in the Galejons,
 John-upon-land been glad, I trow,
 Because the Rush-bush keeps his Kow:
 So is there nought I understand,
 Without good Order in this Land,
 Except the Spirituality,
 Praying thy Grace thereto have Eye:
 Cause them make Ministration,
 Conform to their Vocation:
 To Preach with unfained Intentis,
 And truly use the Sacraments,
 After CHRIST's Institutions,
 Leaving their vain Traditions,
 Which do the silly Sheep illude,
 For whom CHRIST JESUS shed His Blood;
 And Superstitious Pilgrimages,
 Praying to graven Images,
 Exprels against the LORD's Command:
 I do thy Grace to understand,
 If thou to Mens Laws assent,
 Against the LORD's Commandement,
 As *Jeroboam* and many mo,
 Princes of *Israel* also,
 Consenters to Idolatry,
 Which Punisht were right piteously,
 And from their Realms Rooted out,
 So shalt thou be withouten Doubt,
 Both here and there withouten more,
 And lack the everlasting Glore.
 And if thou wilt thine Heart incline,
 And keep His Blessed Law Divine,
 As did the faithful Patriarchs,

Both in their Words, and in their Works:
 And as did many faithful Kings
 Of *Israel*, during their Reigns;
 As King *David* and *Solomon*,
 Who Images would suffer none,
 In their rich Temple for to stand,
 Because: it was not GOD's Command:
 But Destroyed all Idolatrie,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst see,
 Whose rich Reward was Heavenly Bliss,
 Which shall be thine, thou doing this.
 Since thou hast chosen such a Guard,
 Now I am sure to get Reward:
 And since thou art the richest King,
 That ever in this Realm did Reign,
 Of Gold and Stones precious,
 Most Prudent and Ingenious,
 And hast thine Honor done Advance,
 In *Scotland*, *England*, and in *France*,
 By Martial Deeds Honorable,
 And are to every Vertue Able,
 I know thy Grace will not Mischen me,
 But thou wilt either Give or Lend me:
 Would thy Grace Lend me to a Day,
 Of Gold a thousand Pound or tway,
 And I shall fix with good Intent,
 Thy Grace a Day of Payment,
 With sealed Obligation,
 Under this Protestation:
 When the *Bass* and the Isle of *Mail*,
 Beis set upon the Mount *Sindi*.
 When the *Lowmand* beside *Falkland*,
 Beis list up to *Northumberland*.
 When Church-men Earns no Dignity,
 Nor Wives no Sovereignty:
 Winter without Frost, Snow, Wind or Rain,
 Then shall I give the Gold again,
 Or I shall make to thee Payment,
 After the Day of Judgment.
 Within a Month at the least,
 When Saint *Peter* shall make a Feast
 To all the Fishers of *Aberlady*,

So thou have mine Acquaintance ready:

Failing thereof by Saint *Philan*,

Thy Grace gets never a Groat again, }
If thou be not Content of this,

I must request the King of Bless,

That He to me have some Regard,

And cause thy Grace me to Reward:

For *David* King of *Israel*.

Who was the great Prophet Royal,

Saith, GOD hath whole at His Command,

The Hearts of Princes in His Hand,

Then as He lists them for to turn,

That must they do without Sojourn:

Some to Exalt in Dignity,

And some deprived in Poverty.

Sometimes of low Men to make Lords,

And sometimes Lords to bind in Cords,

And them all utterly Destroy,

As pleaseth GOD that noble Roy:

For thou art but an Instrument,

Of that Great GOD Omnipotent.

So when it pleaseth thine Excellence,

Thy Grace shall make me Recompence,

Or he shall cause me stand Content,

Of quiet Life and sober Rent,

And take me in my latter Age,

Unto my simple Hermitage,

And spend what mine Elders have won,

As old *Diogenes* in his Tun.

Of this Complaint, with Mind full meek,

Thy Graces Answer, Sir, I beseech.

Quod Lindsay to the King

*The Tragedie of the Unquibile most Reverend Father,
David, by the Grace of GOD, Cardinal and
Arch-bishop of Saint Andrews, &c. Compyled by
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Knight, alias
Lyon King of Arms.*

Mortales cum nati sitis, supra Deum ne vos exeritis;

THE PROLOGUE.

Not long ago after the Hour of Prime,
Secretly sitting in mine Oratorie,
I took a Book to Exercise the Time,
Where I found many Tragedy and Story,
Which *John Boccas* had put in Memory:
How many Princes, Conquerors and Kings,
Were dolefully Deposed of their Reigns.

How *Alexander* the potent Conqueror,
In *Babylon* was Poisoned piteously,
And *Julus* the mighty Emperor,
Murdered at *Rome*, causeless and cruelly:
Prudent *Pompey* in *Egypt* shamefully,
He Murdered was, what needeth Proceſs more,
Whose Tragedies were pity to Deplore.

I sitting so upon my Book reading,
Right suddenly before me did appear,
A wounded Man abundantly Bleeding,
With Viſage pale, and with a deadly Chear,
Seeming a Man of two and fifty Year,
In Rayment red, Clothed full courteously,
Of Velvet and of Satin cramſie.

With feeble Voice, as Men oppreſt with Pain,
Shortly he made me Supplication,
Saying, My Friend, go Read, and Read again,
If thou canſt find by true Narration,
Of any Pain like to my Paſſion:
Right ſure I am were *John Boccas* alive,
My Tragedy at length he would Deſcribe.

Since he is gone, I pray thee to endite,
Of mine Infortune ſome Remembrance:

Or at the least my Tragedy to write,
As I to thee shall show the Circumstance,
In Terms short of my unhappy Chance,
Since my Beginning to my fatal End,
Which I would to all Creatures were kend.

Can I (said I) make such Memorial,
But of thy Name I had Intelligence?
I am *David*, that careful Cardinal,
Which do appear (said he) to thy Presence,
That sometime had so great Preeminence,
Then he began his Deeds for to endite,
And ye shall hear, and I begin to Write.

The Tragedie of the Cardinal.

I *David Beaton*, sometimes Cardinal,
Of Noble Blood by Line I did descend;
During my Time I had no Peregall,
But now, alas, is come my fatal End.
Ay Gree by Gree upward I did ascend,
So that into this Realm did never Reign,
So great a Man as I under a King.

When I was a young gallant Gentle Man,
Princes to Serve I set my whole Intent:
First to ascend to *Arbroth* I began
An Abbacy of great Riches and Rent.
Of that Estate yet was I not Content,
To get more Riches, Dignity, and Glore,
Mine Heart was set, alas, alas therefore.

I made such Service to our Sovereign King,
He did promote me to more high Estate;
A Prince above all Priests for to Reign,
Arch-bishop of Saint *Andrews* Consecrate:
To that Honor when I was Elevate,
My prideful Heart was not Content at all,
Till that I Create was a Cardinal.

Yet preast I to have more Authority,
And finally was chosen Chancellor:
And for upholding of my Dignity,
Was made Legate, then had I no Compare,
I purchast for my Profit singular,

My

*My Boxes and my Treasures to Advance,
The Bishoprick of Mirepoise in France.*

Of all *Scotland* I had the Governall,
But mine Advice concluded was nothing:
Abbot, Bishop, Arch-bishop and Cardinal,
Into this Realm no higher could I Reign,
But if I had been Pope, Emperour, or King,
For shortness of the Time I am not able,
At length to show mine Acts honorable.

For through my princely Prodigality,
Among Prelates in *France* I bare the Prize:
I show my lordly Liberality,
In Banqueting, playing at Cards and Dice.
Into such Wisdom I was holden Wise,
And spared not to Play with King nor Knight,
Three thousand Crowns of Gold upon a Night:

In *France* I made four honest Voyages,
Where I did Acts dign of Remembrance:
Through me were made triumphant Marriages,
To our Sovereign both Profit and Pleasance.
Queen Magdalen the first Daughter of *France*,
With great Riches was into *Scotland* brought,
That Marriage through my Wisdom was wrought.

After whose Death in *France* I past again,
The second Queen home-ward I did convoy:
That lusty Princess *Mary of Lorain*,
Which was Receiv'd with great Triumph and Joy,
So Served I our right redoubted Roy:
Soon after that *Henry of England* King,
Of our Sovereign desired a Communing.

Of that Meeting our King was well Content,
So that in *York* was set both Time and Place;
But our Prelats and I would never Consent,
That he should see King *Henry* in the Face:
But we were well Content albeit his Grace,
Had sailed the Sea to speak with any other,
Except the King, who was his Mothers Brother;

Whereby there rose great War and mortal Strife,
Great Hereships, Hunger, Dearth and Desolation:

On

On either Side did many lose their Life:
 If I would make a true Narration,
 I caused all that Tribulation:
 For to take Peace I never would Consent,
 Except the King of *France* had been Content,

During this War were taken Prisoners,
 Of noble Men fighting full furiously,
 Many a Lord, Baron, and Batchelers,
 Wherethrough our King took such Melancholy,
 Which drave him to the Death right dolefully:
 Extream Dolor did so overset his Heart,
 That from this Life, alas he did Depart.

But after that both Strength and Speech are lesed,
 A Paper blank I made his Grace Subscribe,
 Into the which I wrote all that I pleased,
 After his Death, which long were to Describe;
 Through that Writing I purposed believe,
 With Support of some Lords Benevolence,
 In this Region to have Preeminence.

As for my Lord, our righteous Governor,
 If I would shortly show the Verity,
 To him I had no manner of Favour,
 During that Time I purposed that he
 Should never come to no Authority;
 For his Support therefore he brought among us,
 From *England*, the noble Earl of *Angus*.

Then was I put aback from my Purpose,
 And suddenly cast in Captivity;
 My prideful Heart to daunt, I do suppose,
 Devised by the high Divinity;
 For in mine Heart sprang no Humility:
 But now the Word of GOD full well I know,
 Who doth Exalt himself, GOD will bring Low.

In the mean Time when I was so Subjected,
 Ambassadors were sent into *England*,
 Where they both Peace and Marriage Contracted,
 And more surely for to observe that Band,
 Were promised divers Pledges of *Scotland*.
 Of that Contract I was no ways Content,
 Nor ever would thereto give my Consent,

To Captains that kept me in Ward,
 Gifts of Gold I gave them great Plenty,
 For to the future Time I had Regard:
 Wherethrough I scaped from Captivity:
 But when I was free at my Liberty,
 Then like a Lyon loosed from his Cage,
 Out through the Realm I gan to Rail and Rage,

Contrair the Governor and his Company,
 Oftentimes made I Insurrection:
 Purposing for to have him hastily
 Subdued unto my Correction,
 Or put him to extreame Subjection:
 During this Time, if it were well decided,
 This Realm by me was utterly divided.

The Governor purposing to Subdue,
 I rais'd an Host of many a bold Baron:
 And made a Rade that *Lithgow* yet may rew,
 For he Destroyed a Mile about the Towne
 For that I got many black Malifoun:
 Yet contrair to the Governor's Intent,
 With our young Prince we unto *Stirling* went,

For high Contemption of the Governour,
 I brought the Earl of *Lennox* out of *France*,
 That lusty Lord living in great Pleasure,
 Did lose that Land and honest Ordinance:
 But he and I fell soon at Variance:
 And through my Counsel was within short Space,
 Forfault and fleemed, he got no other Grace.

Then through my Prudence, Practick and Ingine,
 Our Governor I caused to Consent,
 Full quietly to my Counsel incline,
 Whereof his Nobles were not well Content:
 For why, I caus'd Dissolve in Parliament,
 The Band of Peace Contracted with *England*,
 Wherethrough came Harm and Her ship to *Scotland*.

The Peace broken, arose new mortal Wears
 By Sea, and such Reaf without Relief,
 Which to Report my frayed Heart effears:
 The Verity to show in Terms brief,
 I was the Root of all this great Mischief,

The

The South Countrey may say it had been Good,
That my Nurse had Smor'd me in my Good.

I was the Cause of meikle more Mischance,
For th' Uphold of my Glore and Dignity,
And Pleasure of the potent King of *France*,
With *England* would I have no Unity:

But who consider would the Verity,
We might full well have liv'd in Peace and Rest,
Nine or ten Years, and then Play'd loose or fast.

Had we with *England* kept our Contracts,
Our Noble-men had liv'd in Peace and Rest,
Our Merchants had not lost so many Packs,
Our Common People had not been Opprest,
On either Side all Wrongs had been Redrest:
But *Edinburgh* since, then *Leith* and *Kinghorn*,
That Day and Hour may ban that I was born.

Our Governor to make him to me sure,
With sweet and subtil Words I did him file,
Fill I his Son and Heir got in my Cure:
To that Effect I found a crafty Wile,
That he no manner of Way might me beguile,
Then Leugh I when his Liedges did alledge;
How I his Son had gotten into Pledge.

The Earl of *Angus*, and his German Brother,
purpos'd then to make them lose their Life:
Right so to have Destroyed many other,
Some with the Fire, some with the Sword and Knife;
In Special many Gentle-men in *Fife*:
And purposed to put to great Torment,
All Favors of the Old and New Testament.

Then every Man they took of me such Fear,
That Time when I had so great Governance;
Great Lords dreading I should do them Dear,
They durst not come to Court without Assurance,
Since then there hath not been such Variance;
Now to our Prince, Barons obediently,
Without Assurance come full courteously.

Mine Hope was most into the King of *France*,
Together with the Pope's Holiness,

More

More than in GOD, my Worship to Advance;
 I trusted so into their Gentleness;
 That no Man durst presume me to Oppress,
 But when the Day came of my fatal Hour,
 Far was from me their Support and Succour.

Then to preserve my Riches and my Life,
 I made a Strength of Walls high and braid:
 Such a Fortress was never found in *Fife*,
 Believing there no Man durst me Invade:
 Now find I true the same which *David* said;
 Except GOD of an House be Master of Work,
 He works in vain, though it be never so Strong.

For I was through the whole Power divine,
 Right dolefully Beat down among the Ash,
 Which could not be through mortal Man's Engine;
 But as *David* did Kill the great *Goliath*,
 Or *Holofer* by *Judith* Killed was,
 In midst among his triumphant Army,
 So was I slain into my Chief-city.

When I had greatest Domination,
 As *Lucifer* had in the Heaven's Empire,
 Came suddenly my Deprivation,
 By them which did my dolent Death Conspire:
 So Cruel was their furious burning Ire:
 I got no Time, Leasure, nor Liberty
 To say, *In manus tuas, Domine*.

Behold my fatal Infelicity,
 I being in my Strength incomparable:
 That dreadful Dungeon made me no Supply:
 My great Riches and Rents profitable,
 My Silver-work, Jewels incalculable,
 My papal Pomp of Gold, my rich Treasure,
 My Life and all I lost in half an Hour.

To the People was made a Spectacle
 Of my Death and deformed Carion.
 Some said, It was a manifest Miracle,
 Some said, It was Divine Punition,
 So to be Slain into my strong Dungeon.
 When every Man had judged as he list,
 They Salted me, then clos'd me in a Chist.

I lay unburied five Moneths and more,
 e I was born to Closter, Church or Queer;
 a Dung-hill, great Pity to Deplore,
 ithout Suffrage of Chanon, Monk or Frier,
 ll proud Prelates at me may Lessons lear,
 hich Reign'd so long, and so Triumphantly,
 hen in the Dust dung down so dolefully.

To the Prelates,

O Ye my Brethren, Princes of the Priests,
 I make to you hearty Supplication:
 oth Night and Day revolve into your Breasts,
 he Process of my Deprivation.
 onsider what been your Vocation,
 o follow me I pray you, not pretend you,
 at read at length this Schedul that I send you,
 Ye know how JESUS His Disciples sent
 mbassadors to every Nation,
 o show His Law and His Commandement,
 o all People by Predication:
 herefore to you I make Narration,
 ince ye to them are very Successors,
 e ought to do as did your Predecessors.

How dare ye be so Bold to take in Hand,
 ot to be Heraulds to so great a KING;
 o bear His Messlage both to Burgh and Land,
 e being Dumb, and can pronounce nothing:
 ke Menstrels that can neither Play nor Sing?
 r why should Men give to such Herds an Hire,
 hat cannot guide their Flock about the Mire;

As shame ye not to be CHRIST's Servitors,
 nd for your Hire have great temporal Lands,
 ince of your Office ye cannot take the Cures,
 s Canon Law and Scripture you Commands?
 e will not lack Teind-sheaf nor Offerand,
 eind-wool, Teind-lamb, Teind-calf, Teind-gryse &
 o make Service ye are all out of Use. (Goose,

My dear Brethren, do not as ye were wont,
 mend your Lives now while your Days endures
 rust well ye shall be called to your Count,
 f every thing belonging to your Cures:

Leave

Leave Hastyry, your Harlotry and Whores,
Remembring on mine unprovided Dead,
For after Death may no Man make Remead.

Ye Prelates that have Thousands for to spend
Ye send a simple Frier for you to Preach:
It is your Craft, I make it to be lend,
Your selves into your Temple for to Teach;
But marvel not though silly Friers Fleach;
For if they plainly shew the Verity,
Then will they want the Bishop's Charity.

Wherefore is given to you such Royal Rent,
But for to find the People spiritual Food;
Preaching to them the Old and New Testament.
The Law of GOD doth plainly so conclude,
Put not your Hope into vain worldly Good,
As I have done: behold my great Treasure,
Made me no Help at mine unhappy Hour.

That Day when I was Bishop Consecrate,
The great BIBLE was bound upon my Back:
What was therein I little knew GOD wor,
More than a Beast bearing a precious Pack:
But hastily my Covenant I brake:
For I was obliſt with mine own Consent,
The Law of GOD to preach with good Intent.

Brethren, right so when ye were Consecrate,
Ye obliſt you upon the self-same Ways:
Ye may be called Bishops Counterfeit,
As Gallants busked for to make a Guise.
Now think I, Princes are not to prise,
To give a famous Office to a Fool.
As who would put a Mitre on a Mule.

Alas, if ye that sorrowful Sight had seen,
How I lay bullering bathed in my Blood,
To mend your Lives it had Occasion been,
And leave your old corrupted Conſuetude,
Failing thereof: then shortly I Conclude,
Except ye from your Ribaldry arise,
Ye shall be served on the self-same Wiſe.

To the PRINCES.

Imprudent Princes, without Discretion,
 Having on Earth Power Imperial,
 Have been Cause of this Transgression,
 I speak unto you all in general,
 Which do Dispose all Office spiritual,
 Giving the Souls which are CHRIST's Sheep,
 To blind Pastors but Conscience to keep.

When the Prince doth lack an Officer,
 Baker, Brewer, or a Master-cook,
 trim Taylor, a cunning Cordiner,
 Over all the Land at length he will cause Look,
 To find able Men such Offices to brook.
 Brewer that can brew most wholesome Ale,
 cunning Cook that best can Season Kail.

A Taylor who hath fostered been in *France*,
 That can make Garments of the gayest Guise;
 The Princes, are the Cause of this Mischance
 That when there doth Vaik any Benefice,
 He ought to do upon the self-same Wise.
 Cause search and seek both in Burgh and Land,
 The Law of GOD who doth best understand.

Make him a Bishop that prudently can Preach,
 As doth pertain to his Vocation;
 Parson who his Parochin can Teach,
 Cause Vicars make due Ministration,
 So I make you Supplication;
 Make you Abbots right religious Men,
 Which to the People CHRIST's Law can ken.

But not to Rebels new come from the Rest,
 Nor of a Stuffet stoln out of a Stable:
 He which into the School made never no Cost,
 Nor never was to Spiritual Science able,
 Except the Cards, the Dice, the Chesse and Table,
 Of Rome-rakers nor of rude Ruffians,
 Of Callay-packers nor of Publicans.

Nor of fantastick fained Flatterers,
 Nor most to gather Nettles into May,
 Of Cowhubsies, nor of Clatterers,

That

That in the Church can neither Sing nor Say,
 Though they be cloked up in Clerks Array,
 Like doated Doctors new come out of *Athens*,
 And Mumble over a pair of mangled Marins.

Not Qualified to keep a Benefice,
 But through *Sir Simon's* Solistation :
 I was promoted on the self-same Wise,
 Alas, through Princes Supplication,
 And made at *Rome* through false Narration,
 Bishop, Abbot, but no religious Man :
 Who me promov'd, I now their Bones do Ban.

Albeit I was Legate and Cardinal,
 Little I knew therein what should be done :
 I understood no Science Spiritual,
 No more than did blind *Allan* of the Moon.
 I dread the KING that sitteth high aboon,
 On you, Princes, shall make more Punishment,
 Right so on us through righteous Judgment.

On you, Princes, for undiscreef Giving
 To Ignorants such Offices to use :
 And we for our Importunate Asking,
 Which should have done such Dignity refuse.
 Our Ignorance hath done the World abuse,
 Through Covetice of Riches and of Rent,
 That ever I was a Prelate, I Repent.

O Kings ! take ye no Care to give in Cure,
 Virgins profess into Religion,
 Into the Keeping of a Common Whore ;
 To make, think ye not great Derision,
 A Woman Parson of a Parochin,
 Where there is two thousand Souls to guide,
 That from Harlots cannot their Hips hide ?

What if King *David* lived in these Days ?
 Or out of Heaven, what if he looked down,
 The which did found so many fair Abbeyes,
 Seeing the great Abomination,
 In many Abbeyes of this Nation ?
 He would Repent that narrowed so his Bounds,
 Of yearly Rent Threescore of thousand Pounds,
 Wherefore

Therefore I Counsel every Christian King
 Within his Realm making Reformation,
 To suffer no mo Rebels for to Reign,
 Above CHRIST's true Congregation;
 Telling hereof, I make Narration,
 That the Princes and Prelates all at Once,
 Shall Buried be in Hell, Soul, Blood, and Bones,
 That ever I kepted Benefice, fore I Rew,
 To such Hight so proudly did pretend:
 Must Depart, therefore my Friends, adieu,
 Where ever it pleaseth GOD, now must I wend:
 I pray thee to my Friends me Recommend,
 And faillzie not at Length to put in Write
 My Tragedy, as I have done indite.

*The Deploation of the Death of Queen
 Magdalen.*

O Cruel Death, too Great is thy Puissance,
 Devorer of all earthly living Things:
 Lame, we may blame thee of this Mischance,
 Thy Default this cruel Tyrant Reigns,
 And spareth neither Emperor nor Kings;
 And now, alas, hath rest forth of this Land,
 The Flower of *France*, and Comfort of *Scotland*,
 Father *Adam*, alas, that thou Abusedst
 My Freewill, being Disobedient;
 Thou choosedst Death, and lasting Life refusedst,
 My Succession, alas, that may Repent
 That thou hast made Mankind so Impotent,
 That it may make to Death no Resistance,
 Example of our Queen, the Flower of *France*.

O dreadful Dragon with thy doleful Dart,
 Which did not Spare of *Feminine* the Flower:
 Cruelly didst pierce her through the Heart,
 And wouldst not give her Respite for an Hour,
 To remain with her Prince and Paramour,
 That she at Leisure might have tane Licence,
 And on thee may cry a loud Vengeance.
 Thou let *Methusalem* live nine hundred Year,
 Threescore

Threelcore and nine : but in thy furious Rage,
Thou didst Devour this young Princess but Wee
Ere she was compleat seventeen Year of Age :
Greedy Gormond ; why didst thou not Asswage
Thy furious Rage contrair this lusty Queen,
Till we some Fruit had of her Body seen ?

O Dame Nature; thou didst no Diligence,
Contrair this Thief who all the World confound
Hadst thou with natural Targes made Defence,
That Briber had not come within her Bounds,
And had been saved from such mortal Strounds,
This many a Year, but where was thy Discretion
That let her pass, till we had seen Succession ?

O *Venus*, with thy blind Son *Cupido*,
Fy on you both, that made no Resistance :
Into your Court you never had such Two,
So leel Lovers without Dissimulance,
As *James* the fifth, and *Magdalen* of *France*,
Descending both of Blood Imperial,
To whom in Love I find no Peregal.

For as *Leander* swam out through the Flood,
To his fair Lady *Hero* many Nights :
So did this Prince through bullering Streams woo
With Earls, Barons, Squyers, and with Knights,
Contrair *Neptune* and *Eole* and their Might;
And lest this Realm into great Desperance
To seek his Love, the first Daughter of *France*.

And she like prudent Queen *Penelope*,
Right constantly will Change him for none other
And his Pleasure, left her own Countrey,
Without Regard to Father and to Mother,
Taking no Care of Sister or of Brother,
But shortly took her Leave and left them all,
For Love of him, to whom Love made her thral.

O Dame Fortune, where was thy great Comfort,
To her to whom thou wast so favorable ?
Thy sliding Gift made to her no Support,
Her high Linage nor Riches intellable,
I see thy Puissance is but variable :
When her Father the most dear Christian King

To his dear Child might make no Supporting.

The potent Prince her lusty Love and Knight,
With his most hardy Nobles of *Scotland*;
Contrair that bailful Briber had no Might,
Though all the Men had been at his Command,
Of *France*, *Flanders*, *Italy*, and *England*,
With fifty thousand Millions of Treasure,
Might not prolong that Ladies Life one Hour.

O *Paris*, of all Cities principal,
Who did receive our Prince with Laud and Glory:
Solemnedly through Arches triumphal,
Which Day been dign to put in Memory.
For as *Pompey* after his Victory,
Was into *Rome* received with great Joy,
So thou receivest our right redoubted Roy.

But at his Marriage made upon the Morn,
Such Solace and Solemnisation,
Was never seen before since *CHRIST* was Born,
Nor to *Scotland* such Consolation:
There Sealed was the Confirmation
Of the well kepted ancient Alliance,
Made between *Scotland* and the Realm of *France*.

I never did see a Day more Glorious,
So many in so rich Abullements:
Of Silk and Gold, with Stones precious,
Such Banqueting, such Sound of Instruments,
With Song and Dance, and martial Ornaments.
At like a Storm after a pleasant Morrow,
When was our Solace changed into Sorrow.

O traitor Death, whom none can Contramand,
Thou mightst have seen the Preparation
Made by the Three Estates of *Scotland*,
With great Comfort and Consolation,
Every City, Castle, Tower and Town,
And how each Noble set his whole Intent,
To be Excellent in Abullement.

Thief, saw'st thou not the great Preparatives
At *Edinburgh*, that noble famous Town:
Thou saw'st the People labouring for their Lives,
To make Triumph with Trump and Clarion:

Such Pleasure was never seen in this Region,
As should have been the Day of her Entress,
With great Propines given unto her Grace.

Thou saw'st making right costly Scaffolding,
Depainted well with Gold and Azure fine:
Ready prepared for the Upsetting,
With Fountains flowing Water clear and Wine,
Disguised Folk, like Creatures divine,
On each Scaffold to play a sundry Story,
But all in Weeping turned thou their Glory.

Thou sawest full well many fresh Galland,
Well Ordered for Receiving of their Queen,
Each Craft-man with his bent Bow in his Hand
Right gallantly in short Clothing of Green,
The honest Burgeſſ Clad thou ſhouldſt have ſeen
Some in Scarlet, and ſome in Cloth of Green,
For to have met their Lady Sovereign.

Provost, Baillies, and Lords of the Town,
The Senators in Order ſubſequent,
Clad into Silk of Purple Black and Brown:
Then the great Lords of the Parliament,
With many knightly Baron and Barent,
In Silk and Gold, in Collor Comfortable:
But thou, alas, all turned unto Sable.

Then all the Lords of Religion,
And Princes of the Priests venerable,
Full pleasantly in their Proceſſion:
With all cunning Clerks honorable,
But thiſtoully thou Tyrant treaſonable,
All their great Solace and Solemnities,
Thou turned into doleful Dirigies.

The next in Order paſſing through the Town
Thou ſhouldſt have heard the Noiſe of Inſtrument
And Tabern, Trumpet, Shalm and Clarion,
With Reed reſounding through the Elements;
The Heralds with their awful Veſtiments,
With Maſes upon either of their Hands,
To Rule the Preaſs with burniſht Silver Wands,

Thou laſt of all in Order Triumphant,

That most illustrious Princess honorable,
With her the lusty Ladies of *Scotland*,
Which would have been a Sight most delectable;
Her Rayment to Rehearse I am not able:
Of Gold, and Pearl, and precious Stones bright,
Twinkling like Stars into a frosty Night.

Under a Pale of Gold she should have past,
By Burgeses born, Clothed in Silks fine:
The greatest Master of Household at the last,
With him in Order all the King's Train,
Whose Ornaments were longsome to Define:
On this Manner she passing through the Town,
Should have received many Benison,

Of Virgins and of lusty Burgeses Wives,
Which should have been a Sight celestial:
Vive la Royn, crying for their Lives,
With an Harmonious Sound Angelical:
In every Corner Mirth Musical:
But thou Tyrant, in whom is found no Grace,
Our Alleluia hath turned in Alas.

Thou shouldst have heard the ornat Orators,
Making her Highness Salutation,
Both of the Clergy, Town and Counsellors,
With many notable Narration.
Thou shouldst have seen her Coronation,
In the fair Abbey of the *Holy-wood*,
In presence of a Mirthful Multitude.

Such Banqueting, such awful Ornaments,
On Horse & Foot that Time which should have been:
Each Chappel Royal with such Instruments,
And crafty Musick linging from the Spleen,
In this Countrey was never heard nor seen.
At all this great Solemnity and Game,
Thou turned hast in *Requiem aeternam*.

Unconstant World, thy Friendship I Defy,
No Strength, nor Wisdom, Riches and Honour,
Virtue nor Beauty none may Certifie,
Within thy Bounds for to remain one Hour,
That avails to be King or Emperour,
No princely Puissance may not be excoemed

144
From Death, whose Dolor cannot be expremed.

Since Man on Earth hath no Place permanent,
But all must pass by that most horrible Port:
Let us Pray to the LORD Omnipotent,
That doleful Day to be our great Comfort,
That in this Realm with him we may resort:
Which from the Hell with His Blood Ransom'd been
With *Magdalen* sometime of *Scotland* Queen.

O Death though thou the Body may Devour
Of every Man, yet hast thou not Puissance,
Of their Vertue for to consume their Glore,
As shall be seen of *Magdalen* in *France*,
Sometime our Queen, whom Poets shall Advance
And put her in Imperial Memory,
So shall her Fame of thee have Victory.

Thogh thou hast kill'd the heavenly Flowr of *France*
Which impted was into the Thistle keen:
Wherein all *Scotland* saw their whole Pleasance,
And made the Lyon rejoiced from the Spleen:
Though the Root be pulled from the Leaves green
The Smell of it shall in Despite of thee,
Keep ay two Realms in Peace and Amnity.

*The Answer which Sir David Lindsay made to
the King's Flyting.*

REdoubted Roy, your Ragement I have read,
Which doth perturb my dull Intendement
From your Flyting, would GOD that I were fed
Or else some Tygers Tongue were to me lent,
Sir, Pardon me, though I be impatient,
Which am so with your pruncing Pen detracted,
And rude Report, from *Venus* Court dejected.

Lusty Ladies that on your Libel looks,
My Company do hold Abominable:
Commanding me bear Company with Cooks,
Most like a Devil they hold me detestable:
They Banish me, saying, I am not able
Them to compleasc or please to their Presence!
Upon your Pen I Cry a loud Vengeance,

Were I a Poet I should preass with my Pen,
To wreck me on your venemous Writing:
But I must do as Dog doth in his Den,
Fold both my Feet, or flee far from your Flyting:
The meikle Devil may not endure your Dyting:
Wherefore *Cor mundum crea in me*, I Cry,
Proclaiming you the Prince of Poetry.

Sir, with my Prince pertains me not to Pley,
But since your Grace hath given me such Command
To make Answer, I must it needs Obey:
Though ye be Strong now like an Elephant,
And into *Venus* Works most Valiand,
The Day will come and that within few Years,
That ye will draw at Leasure with your Fears.

What can ye say further, but I am fail'd
In *Venus* Works? I grant, Sir, that is true,
The Time hath been, I was better artailed
Then I am now; but yet full sore I Rew,
That ever I did Mouth-thankless so Pursue:
Wherefore take Heed, and your fine Powder spare,
And waste it not, but if ye know well where.

Though you run rudely like a restless Ram,
Shooting your Bolt at many sundry Shells:
Believe right well it is a biding Game;
Wherefore beware with doubling of the Bells,
For many one do haste their own Souls Kael,
And specially when that the Well goes dry,
Then cannot get again such Stuff to buy.

I give your Counsel to the Fiend of Hell,
That would not of a Princess you provide,
Suffering you run shooting from Shell to Shell,
Wasting your Corps, letting your Time overslide:
For like a basteous Bull you run and ride,
Riotously like a rude Rubiator,
Ay sucking like a furious Fornicator.

On Ladrons ser to loup you will not let,
How ever the Caribalds cry the *Corinough*:
Remember how beside the Masking-Fat,
You cast a Quean overthwart a stinking Trogh:
That Fiend with fusing on her rolled Hogh,

Cast down the Fat, wherethrough Drink, Draff & Jugs,
Came rudely running down about your Lugs.

Would GOD the Lady that loved you best,
Had seen you there ly swattering like a Swine:
But to endite how that Duddron you Drest,
Drouped with Dregs whimpering with many whin,
That Procelss to report it were a Pain.
On your Behalf, I Thank GOD Times ten-score,
That you preserv'd from Gut and from Grandgore.

Now, Sir, farewell, because I cannot Flyte:
And though I could, I were not to Advance
Against your ornat Meetre to endite:
But beware with laboring of your Lance:
Some says, there comes a Buckler out of *France*,
Which will endure your Dints though they be dure.
Farewel, of flowing Rhetorick the Flowr;

*Quoad Lindsay in his Disting
Against the King's Flyting.*

*The Complaint and publick Confession of the King's
old Hound, called Bawty, directed to Bawty, the
King's best beloved Dog, and his Companions.
Made at Command of King James the fifth, by
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Knight, alias
Lyon, King of Arms,*

A Las! to whom should I Complain,
In mine extream Necessity?
Or to whom should I make my Moan?
In Court no Dog will do for me:
Beseeching some for Charity,
To bear my Supplication,
To Scuddler, Lufra and Bawty,
Now ere the King pass from the Town.
I have followed the Court so long,
While in Good-Faith, I may no maist:
The Countrey knows I may not Gang,
I am so Crooked, Old and Sair,

That

That I know not whereto Repair :
 For when I had Authority,
 I thought me so Familiar,
 I never dread Necessity.
 I rew the Case that *Geordy Steel*
 Brought *Bawty* to the King's Presence,
 I pray GOD let him never do Well,
 Since that I got no Audience :
 For *Bawty* now gets such Credence,
 That he lyes on the King's Night Gown,
 Where I perforce for mine Offence,
 Must in the Close ly like a Clown:
 For I have been ay to this Hour,
 A Wirrier of Lamb and Hog,
 A Tyrant and a Tuleyour,
 A Martherer of many a Dog.
 Five Fowls I chaft out through a Scrog,
 Wherefore their Mothers did me warie,
 For they were all drown'd in a Bog,
 Spear at *John Gordon of Pittarrie*,
 Which in his House did bring me up,
 And used me to Kill the Deers:
 Sweet Milk and Meal he made me sup,
 That Trade I learned soon perqueer.
 All other Vertue ran areer.
 When I began to Bark and Flyte :
 For there was neither Monk nor Frier,
 Nor Wife, nor Child, but I would Byte.
 When to the King the Case was known,
 Of mine Unhappy Hardiness,
 And all the Sooth unto him shown,
 How every Dog I did Oppress :
 Then gave his Grace Command express,
 I should be brought to his Presence :
 Norwithstanding my Wickedness,
 In Court I got great Audience.
 I shew'd my great Ingratitude
 To the Captain of *Badyeno*,
 Which in his House did find me Food,
 Two Years with other Hounds mo :
 But when I saw that it was so,
 That I grew High into the Court,

For his Reward I wrought him We,
 And cruelly I did him Hurt.
 So they that gave me to the King,
 I was their mortal Enemy.
 I took Cure of no kind of Thing,
 But to Please the King's Majesty:
 But when he knew my Cruelty,
 My Falshood and my plain Oppression,
 He gave Command that I should be
 Hanged without Confession.
 And yet because that I was Old,
 His Grace thought Pity for to Hang me,
 And let me Wander where I would,
 Then set my Foes for to fang me,
 And every Butcher's Dog down dang me.
 When I trow'd best to be a Laird,
 Then in the Court each Wight did Wrong me,
 And this I got for my Reward,
 I had Wirried black *Mackeson*,
 Were not the Rebels came and red:
 But he was fleemed from the Town,
 When once the King saw how I Bled,
 He caus'd lay me upon a Bed,
 For with a Knife I was Mischieved.
 This *Mackeson* for Fear he fled,
 A long Time ere he was relieved.
 And *Patrick Sterling* in *Argyle*,
 I bare him backward to the Ground,
 And had him Slain within a While,
 Were not the Helping of an Hound:
 Yet got he many a Bloody Wound,
 As yet his Skin will shew the Marks.
 Find me a Dog where ever ye found,
 Hath made so many Bloody Sark.
 Good Brother *Lanceman Lindsay's* Dog
 Which ever hath kept thy Lawtie,
 And never Wirried Lamb nor Hog,
 Pray *Lufra, Sndlar* and *Bawtie*,
 Of me *Bash* for to have Pity,
 And provide me a Portion.
 In *Dunfermling* where I may Dree
 Pennance for mine Extortion,

Get by their Solistation,
 A Letter from the King's Grace,
 That I may have Collation,
 With Fire and Candle in the Place,
 But I will live short Time, alas!
 Lack I good fresh Flesh for my Gambs,
 Between *Ash-wednesday* and *Pasch*,
 I must have Leave to wirry Lambs.
Bawty consider well this Bill,
 And every Point thereof fulfil,
 And read this Schedul that I send you,
 And now in Time of *Mass* amend you.
 I pray you, that you not pretend you,
 To climb too High nor do no Wrong:
 But from your Foes with Right Defend you,
 And take Example how I Gang.
 I was that no Man durst come near me,
 Nor put me forth of my Lodging:
 No Dog durst from my Dinner Skar me,
 When I was Tender with the King.
 Now every Tyk doth me down thring,
 The which before by me was Wronged:
 And Swears I Serve no other thing,
 But in an Halter to be Hanged.
 Though ye be homely with the King,
 Ye *Scudlar*, *Lusfra* and *Bawty*,
 Beware that ye do not down thring
 Your Neighbour through Authority,
 And your Example make by me;
 And believe well you are but Dogs:
 Though ye stand in an High Degree,
 See ye Bite neither Lambs nor Hogs:
 Though ye have now great Audience,
 See that by you none be Opprest,
 Ye will be Punisht for your Offence,
 When once the King be well Confest:
 There is no Dog that hath Transgrest
 Through Cruelty, if he may Fang him,
 His Majesty will take no Rest,
 Till on a Gallows he cause Hang him;
 I was once as far ben as ye are,
 And had in Court such Audience,

And ay pretended to be Higher :
 But when the King's Excellence
 Did know my Falset and Offence,
 And my pridesul Presumption,
 I got no other Recompence.
 But hoyd and hunted out of the Town,
 Was never so unkind a Corse,
 As when I had Authority ;
 Of my Friends I took no Force,
 The which before had done for me,
 This Proverb is of Verity,
 Which I had heard read in a Letter,
 The Higheft in Court nearest the Widdy,
 Except he Guide him all the better,
 I took no more Thought of a Lord,
 Than I did of a Kitchine Knave,
 Though every Day I made Discord,
 I was set up above the Lave,
 The gentle Hound was to me Slave,
 And with the King's own Fingers fed,
 The silly Raches would I reave,
 Thus for mine ill Deeds I was dread.
 Therefore, *Bawry*, look best about,
 When thou art higheft with the King ;
 For then thou standst in greateft Doubt,
 Be thou not good in Governing.
 Put no poor Tyk from his Steeding,
 Nor yet no silly Raches reave :
 He fits above that sees all thing,
 And of a Knight can make a Knave,
 When I came stepping ben the Floor,
 All Raches great Room to me red :
 I of no Creature took Cure,
 But lay upon the King's own Bed :
 With Cloth of Gold though it were fped,
 For Fear each Freek would stand on far :
 With every Dog I was so dred,
 They trembled when they heard me nar :
 Good Brother *Bawry*, hear thee even,
 Though with thy Prince thou be potent :
 It cries a Vengeance from the Heaven,
 For to Oppreis the Innocent ;

In Wealth be thou most Diligent,
 And do no Wrong to Dog nor Bitch,
 As I have, which I now Repent.
 No Messan reave to make thee Rich,
 Nor for augmenting of thy Bounds,
 Ask no Reward, Sir, at the King,
 Which may do Hurt to other Hounds;
 Express against GOD's own Bidding.
 Chase no poor Tyk from his Midding,
 Through cast of Court, nor King's Request;
 And of thy self presume nothing,
 Except thou be a brutal Beast,
 Trust well there is none Oppressor,
 Nor Butcher's Dog, Drawer of Blood,
 A Tyrant nor a Transgressor,
 That shall now of the King get Good,
 From Time forth that his Celsitude,
 Doth clearly know the Verity,
 But he is seem'd : for to conclude,
 Or Hanged high upon a Tree.
 Though ye be cupled altogether,
 With Silk and Sooles of Silver fine,
 A Dog may come out of *Balwhidder*,
 And make you lead a lower Train :
 Then shall your Pleasure turn in Pine,
 When a strong Hunter blows his Horn,
 And all your Credance make you tyne,
 Then shall your Labor be forlorn.
 I say no more, good Friends, adew,
 In dread we never meet again :
 That ever I knew the Court, I rew,
 Was never Wight so well of wane.
 Let no Dog now serve our Sovereign,
 Except he be of good Condition :
 Be he perverse, I tell you plain,
 He hath need of a good Remission,
 That I am on this wise Mischieved,
 The Earl of *Hunty* I may warrie,
 He ween'd that I had been relieved,
 When to the Court he caus'd me carrie :
 Would GOD I were now in *Piscarrie*,
 Because I have been so ill deedie :

Adew,

Adew, I dare no longer tarrie,
I dread I wave into a Widdie.

*A Supplication directed for Sir David Lindsay
of the Mount, to the King's Grace, in
Consempcion of Side Tails, and
Muzzled Faces.*

SIR, though your Grace hath put good Order,
Both in the High-land and the Border,
Yet I make Supplication,
To have some Reformation,
Of a small Fault which is no Treason,
Though it be contrary to Reason;
Because the Matter been so vile,
It may not have an ornate Stile:
Wherefore I pray your Excellence,
To hear me with great Patience:
Of stinking Weeds maculate,
No Man may wear a Rose Chaplate.
Soveraign, I mean of these Side Tails,
Which through the Dust and Dubs trails,
Three Quarters long behind their Heels,
Express against all Common-weals:
Though Bishops in their Pontificals,
Have Men to bear up their Side Tailles,
For Dignity of their Office:
Right so a Queen, or an Emprice,
Albeit they use such Gravity,
Conforming to their Majesty,
Though their Robe Royals be upborn,
I think it but a very Scorn,
That every Lady of the Land,
Should have her Tail so side trailand;
Albeit they be of high Estate,
The Queen they may not Counterfeit;
Where ever they go, it may be seen,
How Church and Causey they sweep clean.
The Images into the Kirk,
May think of their Side Tails great Irk:
For when the Weather been most fair,
The Dust flies highest in the Air,

And

And all their Faces doth begarie.
 If they could speak, they would them Wary,
 To see I think a pleasant Sight,
 Of *Italie* the Ladies bright,
 In their Clothing most triumphand,
 Above all other Christian Land:
 Yet when they travel through the Towns,
 Men sees their Feet beneath their Gowns,
 Four Inches above their proper Heels,
 Circulate above as round as Wheels:
 Wherethrough there doth no Powder rise,
 Their fair white Limbs for to surprize,
 But I think most Abusion,
 To see Men of Religion,
 To bear their Tails thorough the Street,
 That Folks may behold their Feet:
 I trow Saint *Bernard*, nor Saint *Blaise*,
 Caus'd never Man bear up their Claife,
Peter nor *Paul*, nor Saint *Andrew*,
 Caus'd ne'er bear up their Tails I trow,
 But I laugh best to see a Nun,
 Cause bear her Tail above her Bun,
 For nothing else, as I suppose,
 But for to show her lillie white Hose:
 In all their Rules they will not find,
 Who should bear up their Tails behind,
 But I have most into Delpire,
 Poor Clagocks clad with Raploch White,
 Which have scarce two Merks of Fees,
 Will have two Ells beneath their Knees:
Kittock that clecked was Yestreen,
 The Morn will Counterfeit the Queen,
 A Moorland *Meg* that milks the Yows,
 Clagged with Clay above the Hows:
 In Barn or Byre she will not bide,
 Except her Kirtle Tail be side.
 In Borrows wanton Burgess Wives,
 Who may have sidest Tails strives,
 Well Bordered with Velvet fine,
 But following them it is a Pine.
 In Summer when the Streets drys,
 They raise the Dust above the Skys.

None

None may go near them at their Ease,
 Except they cover Mouth and Neese,
 From the Powder to keep their Een :
 Consider if their Cloves be clean.
 Between their Cleaving and their Knees,
 Who would behold their sweaty Thies,
 Begaried with Dirt and Dust,
 It were enough to stanch the Lust
 Of any Man that saw them Naked :
 I think such Giglots are but glaiked,
 Without Profit to have such Pride,
 Harling their clagged Tailles so side.
 I would the Borrowstoun Bairns had Brecks,
 To keep such Mist from Makin's Cheeks,
 I dread rough Makin die for Drouth,
 When such dry Dust blows in her Mouth :
 I think most pain after a Rain,
 To see them touked up again ;
 Then when they step out through the Street,
 Their folding Flaps about their Feet :
 Their loathly Lying forthwith fyled,
 That hath the Muck and Midding wiped :
 They waste more Cloth within few Years
 Than would clothe fifty score of Friers,
 When *Marion* from the Midding goes,
 From her Morn-darg she strips the Nose,
 And all the Day where ever she go,
 Such Liquor she licks up also.
 The Turcumes of her Tail I trow,
 Might be a Supper to a Sow.
 I know a Man which sware great Oaths,
 How he did list a *Kittocks* Clothes ;
 And would have done I wot not what,
 But soon Remead of Love he gat :
 He thought no Shame to make it written,
 How her Side Tail was all Beshtten.
 Of Filth such Flowie strake to his Heart,
 That he behov'd for to depart.
 Said she, Good Sir, me think you Rew.
 Said he, Your Tail casts such a Stew,
 That by Saint *Bride* I cannot byde it :
 You were not Wise that would not hide it.
 Of

Of Tails I will no more endite,
For dread some Dudron me Despite;
Notwithstanding I will Conclude,
That of Side Tails there comes no Good,
Sider than can their Hanclets hide,
The Remanent proceeds of Pride.
And Pride proceedeth of the Devil;
Thus always they proceed of Evil.
Another Fault, Sir, may be seen,
They hide their Face all but the Een;
When Gentle-men bids them Good-day,
Without Reverence they slide away:
That none may know, I you assure,
An honest Woman by an Whore.
Except their naked Face I see,
They get no more Good-days of me.
Hailse a *French* Lady when ye please,
She will discover Mouth and Neese,
And with a humble Countenance,
With Visage bare make Reverence.
When our Ladies do ride in Rain,
Should no Man have them at Disdain:
Though they be covered Mouth and Neese,
In that Case they will none Displease,
Nor when they go to quyet Places,
I them Excuse to hide their Faces,
When they would make Collation
With any lusty Champion:
Though they be hid then to the Een,
Ye may consider what I Mean.
But in the Church and Market Places,
I think they should not hide their Faces:
Except these Faults be sure Amended,
My Flyting, Sir, shall never be Ended.
But would your Grace my Counsel take,
A Proclamation you should make,
Both in the Land and Borrowstouns,
To show their Face and cut their Gowns:
None should from them Exeemed be,
Except the *Queens* Majesty;
Because this Matter is not fair,
Of Rhetorick it must be bair,

Women will say, this is no Bouds,
 To write such vile and filthy Words;
 But would they cleanse their filthy Tails,
 Which over the Myre and Midding trails,
 Then should my Writing ended be;
 No other Mends they got of me.
 The Truth should not be holden close,
Veritas non quarit angulos,
 I know good Women that been Wise,
 This rural Rime will not disprife.
 None will me blame, I you assure,
 Except a wanton glorious Whore;
 Whole Flyting I fear not a Flee.
 Farewel, ye get no more of me.

*Quod Lindsay, in Contempt of Side Tails,
 That Duddrons and Duntibonrs
 Through the Dabbs trails.*

KITTIES CONFESSION.

*Compyled (as is believed) by Sir DAVID
 LINDSAY of the Mount, Knight, &c.*

The Curate and Kittie.

THe Curate, *Kittie* would Confess,
 And she told on both more and less:
 When she was talking as she wist,
 The Curate, *Kittie* would have Kist;
 But yet a Countenance he bure,
 Digest, devout, dain, and demure;
 And yet began her to Exame:
 He was best at the after Game.
 Said he? Have ye any wrongous Gear?
 Said she, I stole a Peck of Bear.
 Said he, that should Restored be:
 Therefore Deliver it to me.
Thibie and *Peter* bade me spear,
 By my Conscience they shall it hear.
 Said he, Live ye in Lecherie?
 Said she, *Willie Lews* now'd me.
 Said he, His Wife that shall I tell,
 To make my Quaintance with her sell.

Said

Said he, Know ye no Herelie?
 I know not what this is, said she.
 Said he, Heard ye no *English* Books?
 Said she, My Master on them Looks.
 Said he, The Bishop shall that know:
 For I am Sworn that for to show.
 Said he, What said he of the King?
 Said she, Of Good he spake nothing.
 Said he, His Grace of that shall wit,
 For he shall lose his Life for it.
 When she in Mind did more revolve,
 Said he, I cannot you Absolve:
 But to my Chamber come at Even,
 Absolved for to be and thriven.
 Said she, I will pass to another,
 And I met with Sir *Andrew's* Brother,
 And he full cleanly did me thrive,
 But he was somewhat talkative:
 He asked many a strange Case,
 How that my Love did me Embrace?
 What Day, how oft, what sort, and where?
 Said he, I would I had been there.
 He me Absolved for a Plack,
 Though he with me no Price would make,
 And meikle *Latine* he did mumble,
 I heard nothing but Humble Bumble,
 He shew me nothing of GOD's Word,
 Which sharper is than any Sword,
 And deep into our Hearts doth Print
 Our Sins, wherethrough we do Repent.
 He put me nothing into Fear,
 Wherethrough I should my Sins forbear.
 He shew me not the Malediction,
 Of GOD for Sin, nor the Affliction,
 And in this Life the great Mischief
 Ordain'd to Punish Whore and Thief.
 He shew me not of the Hell's Pain,
 That I might Fear, and Vice refrain,
 He Counsell'd me not to abstain,
 And lead an Holy Life and clean,
 Of CHRIST's Blood nothing he knew,
 Nor of His Promises full true,

That

That Saveth all that will Believe,
 That Satan shall us never Grieve.
 He taught me not for to traist,
 The Comfort of the Holy Ghaist;
 And bade me not to CHRIST be kind,
 To keep His Law with Heart and Mind,
 And love and thank His great Mercy,
 From Sin and Hell that saved me,
 And love my Neighbours as my sell,
 Of this nothing he could me tell:
 But gave me Pennance every Day,
 An *Ave Maria* for to say,
 And *Fridays* five no Flesh to eat,
 But Butter and Eggs is better Meat;
 And with a Plack to buy a *Mess*,
 From drunken Sir *John* Latine-less.
 Said he: A Plack I will cause *Sandie*
 Give thee again at Handie Dandie:
 Then into Pilgrimage to Pass,
 The very Way to Wantoness.
 Of all this Pennance I was glad,
 I had them all perqueer, I said:
 To Mow and Swear I know the Price,
 I shall it set on Cinque and Syce:
 But he my Counsel could not keep,
 He made him by the Fire to sleep,
 Then cryed: Collops, Beef and Coals,
 Hose and Shoes with double Soals,
 Cakes and Candle, Greese and Salt,
 Coorns of Meal, and Handfuls of Malt,
 Woollen and Linen, Warp and Woft,
 Dame, keep the Keys of your Wool-loft:
 Though Drink and Sleep made him to Rave,
 And so with us they play the Knave.
 Friers Swear by their Profession,
 None be Safe without Confession,
 And make all Men to understand,
 That it is GOD's own Command:
 Yet it is nothing but Man's Dream,
 The People to Confound and Shame:
 It is nought else but Man's Law,
 Made Men's Minds for to know,

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Wherethrough they file them as they will,
And make their Laws conform theretill,
Sitting in Mens Conscience,
Above GOD's Magnificence,
And doth the People teach and tyft,
To serve the Pope and *Antichrist*.
To the great GOD Omnipotent,
Confess thy Sins, and thee Repent,
And trust in CHRIST, as writeth *Paul*,
Which shed His Blood to save thy Saul,
For none can thee Absolve but He,
Nor take away thy Sins from thee,
If of good Counsel thou hast need,
Or hast not learned well thy Creed,
Or wicked Vices reign in thee,
The which thou canst not mortifie,
Or be in Desperation,
And would have Consolation;
Then to the Preacher true thou pass,
And show thy Sin and thy Trespas:
Thou needs not for to show him all,
Nor tell thy Sins both great and small,
Which is impossible to be,
But show the Vice which Troubles thee,
And he shall of thy Fault have ruth,
And thee Instruct into the Truth:
And with the Word of Verity,
Shall Comfort and shall Counsel thee;
The Sacraments show thee at length,
Thy little Faith to Firm and Strength,
And how thou shouldst them rightly use,
And all Hypocrisie refuse.
Confession first was Ordain'd free,
In this Sort in the Church to be:
So to Confess, as I describe,
Was in the Church Primitive,
So was Confession Ordained first,
Though *Codrns* Kyte should cleave and burst.

THE JUSTING,

Between JAMES WATSON, *and* JOHN BARBOUR, *Servitors to King* JAMES *the fifth.* *Compyled by Sir* DAVID LINDSAY *of the Mount, Knight, alias, Lyon, King of Arms.*

IN Saint *Andrew's* on *Whitsenmondays*,
 Two Champions their Man-hood to essay,
 Past to the Barrace enarmed Head and Hands:
 Was never seen such Justing in no Lands,
 In Presence of the King's Grace and Queen,
 Where many lusty Lady might be seen,
 Many Knight, Baron, and Barent,
 Came forth to see that awful Tournament,
 The one of them was Gentle *James Watson*,
 And *John Barbour* that Gentle Champion:
 Unto the King they were Familiars,
 Of his Chamber both Cubiculars.
James was a Man of great Intelligence,
 A Mediciner full of Experience:
 And *John Barbour* he was a noble Leech.
 Crooked Carlings he would cause them get Speech,
 When once they entred were into the Field,
 Full Womanly they weilded Spear and Shield,
 And wightly waded in the Wind their Heels,
 Hobling like Cadgers riding on their Creels:
 But either ran at other with such haste,
 That they could never their Spear get in the rest.
 When Gentle *James* trow'd best with *John* to meet,
 His Spear did fall among his Horses Feet.
 I am right sure, good *James* had been undone,
 Were not that *John* his Marks took by the Moon,
 My Spear is good, now keep thee from my Knocks,
 Said *John*, albeit thou thinks my Legs like Rocks.
 Tarry a While, said *James*, for by my Thrift,
 The fiend a thing can I see but the Lift.
 No more can I, said *John*, by *Mary* bread,
 I see nothing, except the Steeple-head:
 Yet though my Brans be like two Barrow-trams,
 Defend

Defend thee Man, then ran they to like Rams:
 At that rude Rink, *James* had been stricken down,
 Were not that *John* for Fierceness fell in Sown:
 And right so *James* to *John* had done great Dear,
 Were not among his Horse-feet broke his Spear,
 Said *James* to *John*, yet for our Ladies sakes,
 Let us together strike three Market Strakes.
 I hold, said *John*, that shall on thee be wroken:
 But ere he spur'd his Horse, his Spear was broken.
 From time with Spears none can their Marrow meet,
James drew a Sword with a right awful Sprit,
 And ran to *John*, and would raught him a Rout:
John's Sword was rusted, and would no ways come out.
 Then *James* let drive at *John* with both his Fists:
 He mist the Man, and dang upon the Lists:
 And with the Stroke he throw'd the Man was Slain:
 His Sword stick fast, and got it never again.
 By this good *John* had gotten out his Sword,
 And ran to *James* with many awful Word:
 My Furioufness forsooth now shalt thou find.
 Striking at *James*, his Sword flew in the Wind.
 Then Gentle *James* began to Crack good Words:
 Alas, said he, this Day, for lack of Swords,
 Then either ran at other with new Races,
 With Gloves of Plate they beat all others Faces.
 Who wan the Field, no Creature could name,
 Till at the last *John* Cryed: Red, for shame,
 Yea, Red, said *James*, for it is my Desire,
 It is an Hour since I began to Tyre.
 So by they had ended that Royal Rink,
 Into the Field might no Man stand for Stink,
 Then every Man that stood on far, Cry'd, Fy:
 Saying, Adieu; for Dirt parts Company.
 Their Horse-harness, and all things were so Good,
 Loving to both, that Day was shed no Blood,

F I N I S.

Quod LINDSAY, at Command of
 King JAMES the fifth,

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